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THE VILLAGE COMPILATION

OF

Sacred Musick.

BY DANIEL BELKNAP.

Boston :

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR....BY J. T. BUCKINGHAM....1806.

DISTRICT OF MASSACHUSETTS, TO WIT.

(SEAL.) BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the twenty ninth day of October, in the thirty first year of the Independence of the United States of America, *Daniel Belknap* of the said District, has deposited in this Office the title of a book, the Right whereof he claims as Author, in the words following, *to wit* :—"THE VILLAGE COMPILATION OF SACRED MUSICK, BY DANIEL BELKNAP." In conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United States, intitled "An Act for the encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts and Books, to the Authors and Proprietors of such Copies, during the times therein mentioned;" and also an Act intitled "An Act supplementary to an Act, intitled, An Act for the encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts and Books, to the Authors and Proprietors of such Copies during the times therein mentioned; and extending the Benefits thereof to the Arts of Designing, Engraving and Etching Historical and other Prints.

WILLIAM S. SHAW, } *Clerk of the District of Massachusetts.*

Francis H. Jenks
425,873
Feb. 8, 1889

PREFACE.

INDUCED by the repeated ſolicitations of his friends, and the liberal patronage which he has received in former publications, the compiler offers the publick the following work.

THIS volume contains upwards of one hundred and forty pieces of muſick, calculated for divine worſhip, beſides a number of ſet pieces for occaſional purpoſes.

TO collect the thoughts, ſooth the paſſions, and expand the ſoul for receiving religious impreſſions, is the deſign of ſacred harmony. And the Editor flatters himſelf that the above deſign will, in ſome meaſure be promoted by his work; and that, amid the variety of the following pages, ſomething may be found which will engage the attention and correſpond with the taſte of various characters.

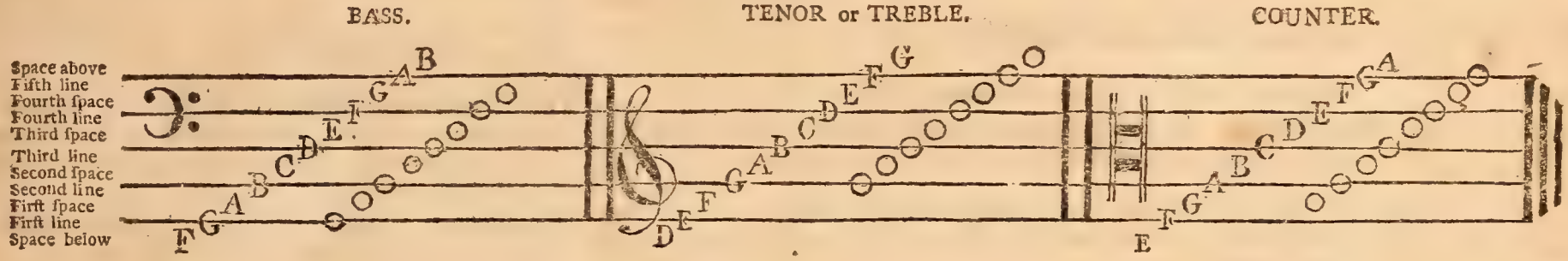
SHOULD the Compiler receive that encouragement which has attended his former publications, his patrons may expect ſoon to receive ſomething further from their obliged Servant,

THE EDITOR.

FRAMINGHAM, November, 1806.

A CONCISE *INTRODUCTION to the GROUNDS of MUSICK.*

THE GAMUT.

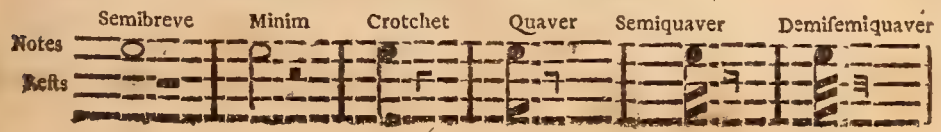


The natural place for me is in B

If B be flat me is in E	If F be ſharp me is in F
If B and E be flat, me is in A	If F and C be ſharp me is in C
If B, E and A be flat, me is in D	If F, C and G be ſharp, me is in G
If B, E, A and D be flat me is in G	If F, C G and D be ſharp mi is in D

Above me, are faw, ſol, law, faw, ſol, law, and below, are law, ſol faw, law, ſol, faw, and then comes me again.

From me to faw, and from law to faw, are but half tones.



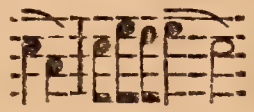
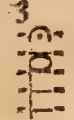
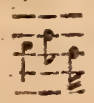
It takes 2 minims to make one ſemibreve, 4 crotchets, 8 quavers, 16 ſemiquavers, or 32 demiſemiquavers.

MUSICAL CHARACTERS.

Stave — FIVE lines whereon muſick is written.

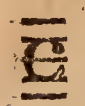
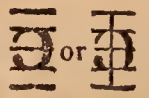
Ledger line — Is added when the notes go out of the compaſs of the five lines.

Brace — Shows how many parts are ſung together.

Flat	♭	Set before a note ſinks it half a tone.
Sharp	♯	Raiſes a note half a tone.
Natural	♮	Reſtores any note, made flat or ſharp, to its primitive ſound.
Slur or Tie		Shows what number of notes are ſung to one ſyllable.
Point		Adds to a note half its original length.
Figure	3	Reduces three notes to two of the ſame kind.
Hold		Shows that the ſound of the note over which it is placed ſhould be continued beyond its cuſtomary length.
Apoggituras		Are ſmall notes to lean on, in paſſing intervals, and muſt be dwelt upon according to the value or length of the note.
Repeat		Shows that part of the tune is to be ſung twice.
Figures	1 2	Show that the notes under figure 1 are ſung before repeating, and the notes under figure 2, after. If tied together with a ſlur all are ſung after repeating.
Chooſing notes		Give the performer liberty to ſing which he pleaſes.
Mark of diſtinction		Requires the note over which it is placed to be ſung emphatically.

Single bar		Divides the time according to the meaſure note.
Double bar		Shows the end of a ſtrain.
Cloſe		Shows the end of a tune.

COMMON TIME MOODS.

Firſt		THIS mood requires one ſemibreve or its amount in other notes to a bar. It has four beats to a bar, two down and two up. The accents fall on the firſt and third parts of the bar.
Second		Has the ſame quantity of notes, is beat and accented like the firſt, only one quarter quicker.
Third	 or	Requires the ſame amount as the preceding, has but two beats to a bar, one down, and the other up. It has a full accent on the firſt, and a weaker on the third part of the bar.
Fourth		This mood has but one minim to a bar, is beat and accented like the laſt, only one third quicker.

TRIPLE TIME MOODS.

Firſt		CONTAINS three minims in a bar ; has three beats, two down and the other up, and is accented on the firſt.

Second $\frac{3}{4}$ Contains three crotchets in a bar, beat and accented like the firſt,

COMPOUND TIME MOODS.

First $\frac{6}{4}$ HAS two beats to a bar, which contains ſix crotchets, accented on the firſt and fourth.

Second $\frac{6}{8}$ This mood requires ſix quavers to a bar, is beat and accented like the laſt.

OF THE KEYS.

THERE are two Keys in muſick, the *ſharp key*, and the *flat key*. If the laſt note in the Baſs be next above me, it is a ſharp, if next below, it is a flat key.

MUSICAL TERMS EXPLAINED.

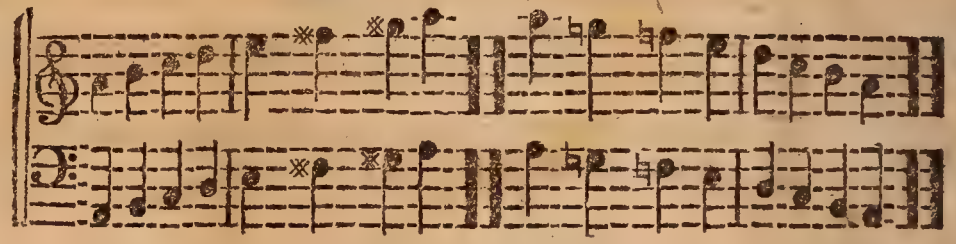
AFFECTUOSO, *affectionately.*
Creſcendo, or Cres. *increaſing the ſound.*
Duetto, *two parts together.*
Forte or For. *loud and full.*
Grave, *ſlow.*
Moderato or Mod. *ſlacken the time.*
Piano or Pia. *ſoft.*
Tutt, *all voices together,*
Vigoroſo, *with life and vigour.*

MODULATION.

Musick cannot be complete without the aſſiſtance of modulation, or the art of varying from one key to another, by the aid of flats and ſharps. In order to do this with facility and correctneſs, the names of the notes muſt be removed into the new key, and occupy a place there, ſimilar to that which they held in the original key; that is, faw muſt be the new key note, ſol, its fifth, and me, the leading note, if in the major ſeries. In modulating into the fourth of the key, the major ſeventh is made flat; for example: in the key of C major, by flatting B, F becomes the key note. To apply the ſyllables in this caſe let the C, immediately preceding the flat, be called ſol, preſerving at the ſame time the tone of faw, its former name; then by falling a whole tone to B, calling it faw, you come into the key of F. In modulating into the fifth of the key, the fourth is made ſharp and becomes the leading note, or ſharp ſeventh of the key; *e. g.* in the key of C major, by ſharping F, you make G the key note. In order to apply the ſyllables in this caſe, let the G immediately preceding the occaſional ſharp, be called faw, preſerving the tone which it held as ſol; then by falling half a tone and calling F me, you arrive at the key of G. Thus by a thorough knowledge of modulation, the moſt difficult pieces of muſick may be performed at ſight.

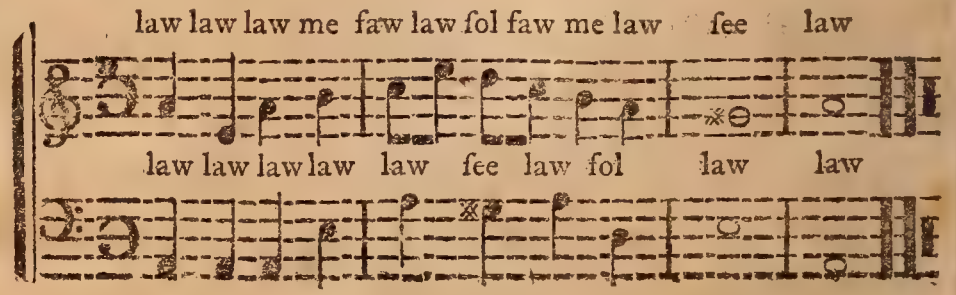
It has been aſſerted that in muſick there are two natural keys, viz. C major, and A minor. This aſſertion is undoubtedly erroneous; for no key can be called natural, that requires the aid of flats and ſharps to render its ſeries of eight notes melodious and agreeable to the ear. As all minor keys require their ſixth and ſeventh notes ſharp in aſcending their octaves and natural in deſcending, it follows that the key of A cannot, properly, be called natural, but only that of C, which is not liable to this objection.

Example of the key of A minor.



It is recommended that all notes made ſharp in the key of A minor and called ſol, be called See; as the word ſee is much better adapted to the true ſound of the note than the word ſol; alſo in all ſimilar inſtances where occaſional flats and ſharps occur, as in tunes in the natural major key, where B is occaſionally made flat, the note on B ſhould be called faw inſtead of me; for by making B flat, the muſick is generally modulated into the key of F. Alſo in all ſimilar ſituations.

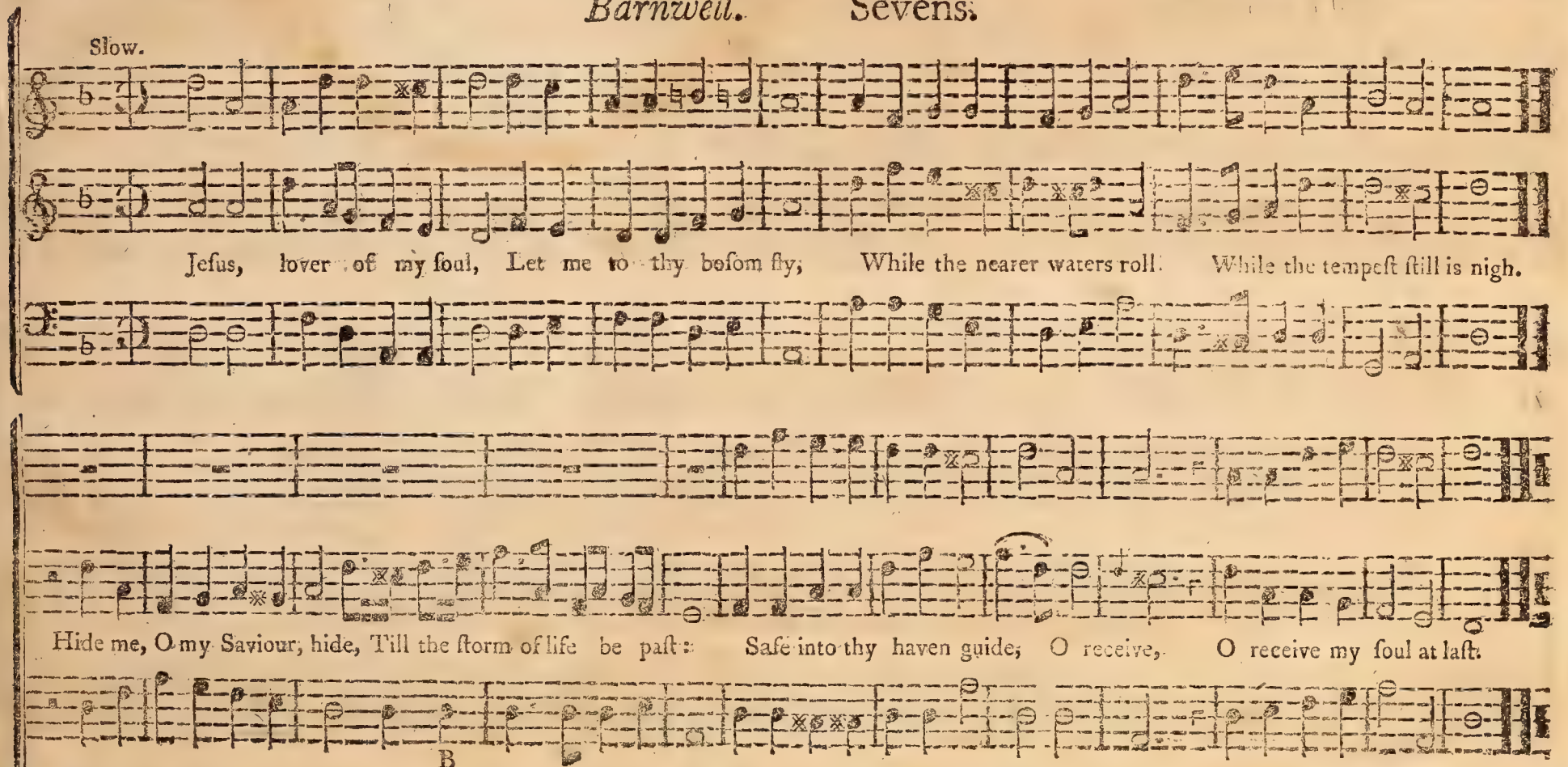
Example of the key of A minor, wherein ſol ſhould be called ſee.



Village Compilation of Sacred Musick.

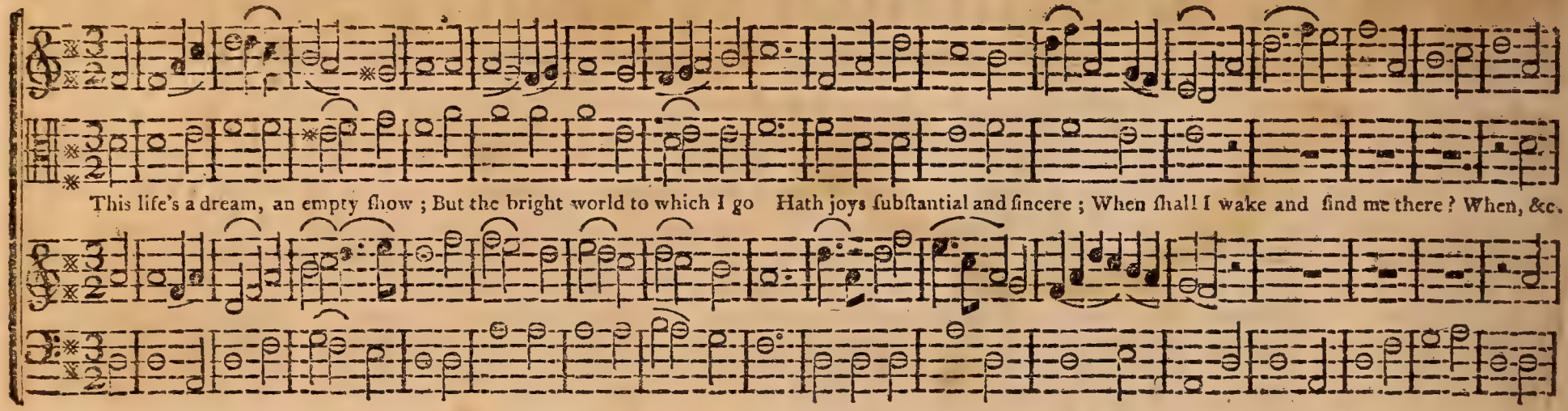
Barnwell. Sevens.

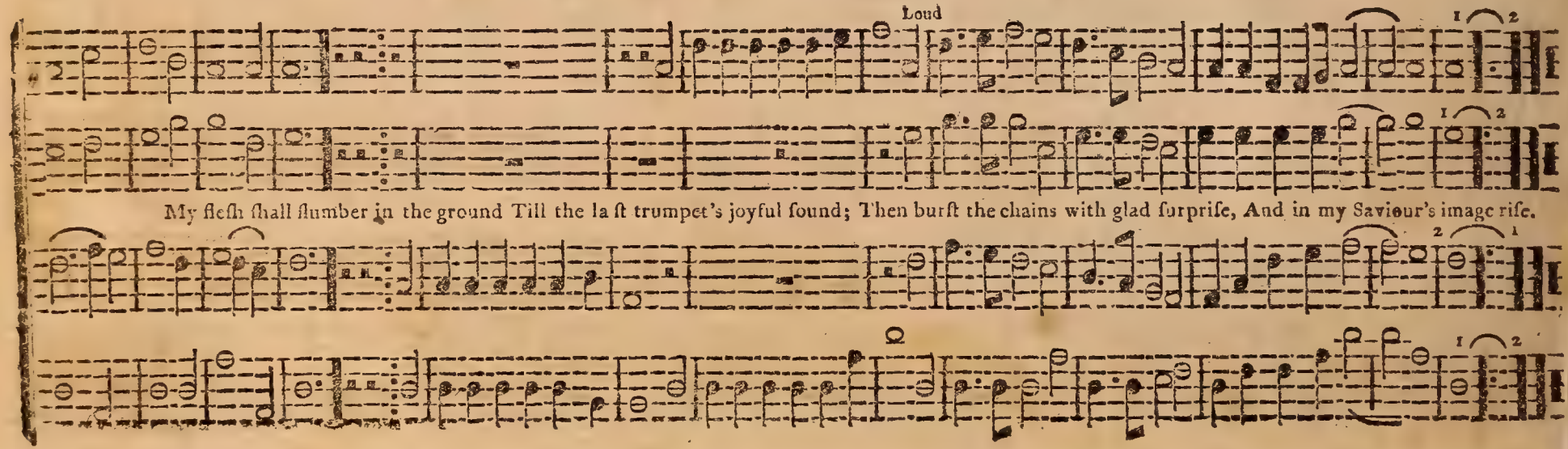
Slow.

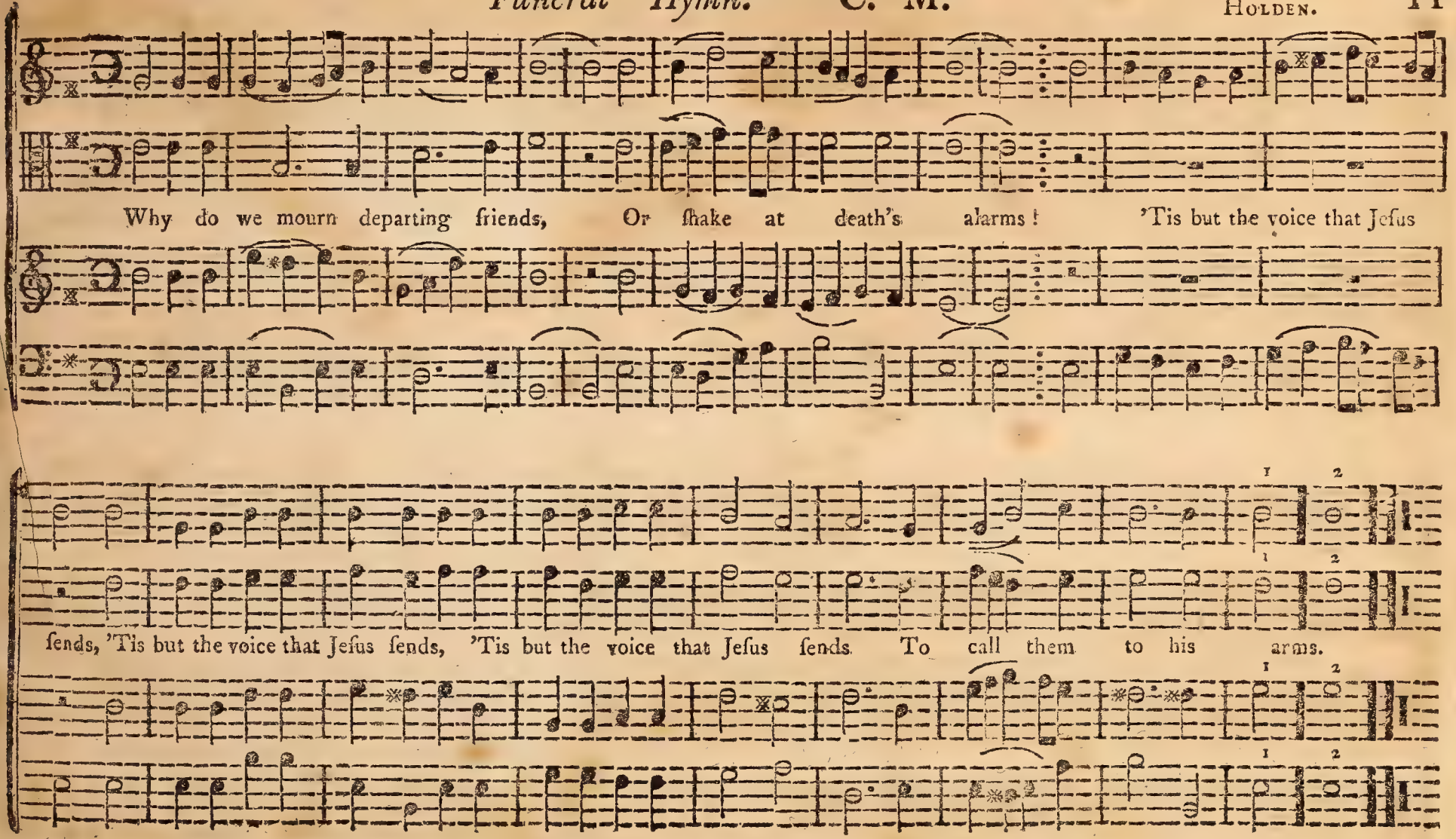


Tilden. L. M.

BROWN.

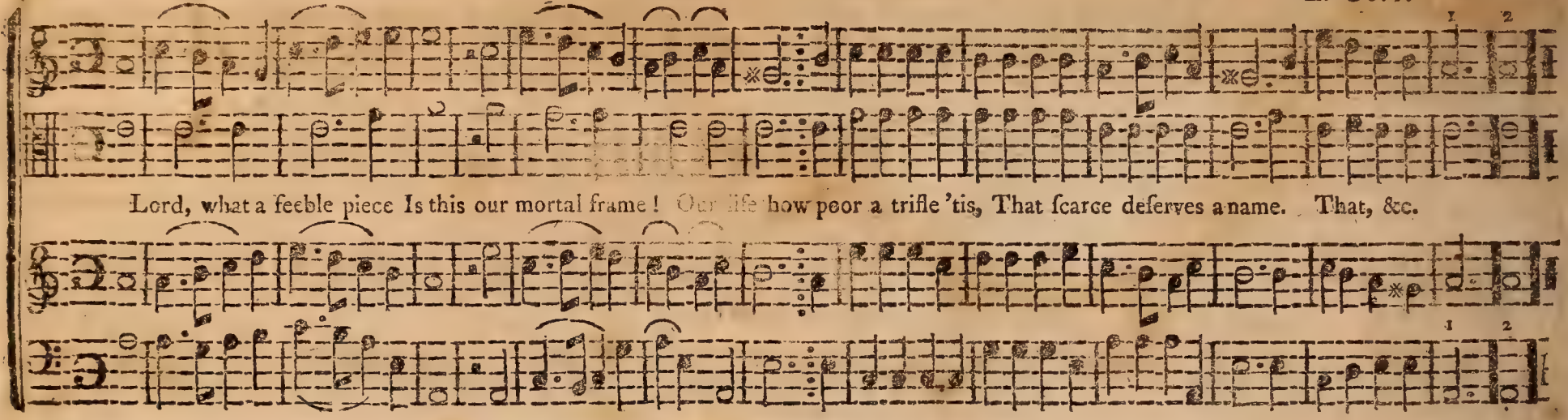





Why do we mourn departing friends, Or ſhake at death's alarms! 'Tis but the voice that Jeſus
ſends, 'Tis but the voice that Jeſus ſends, 'Tis but the voice that Jeſus ſends To call them to his arms.

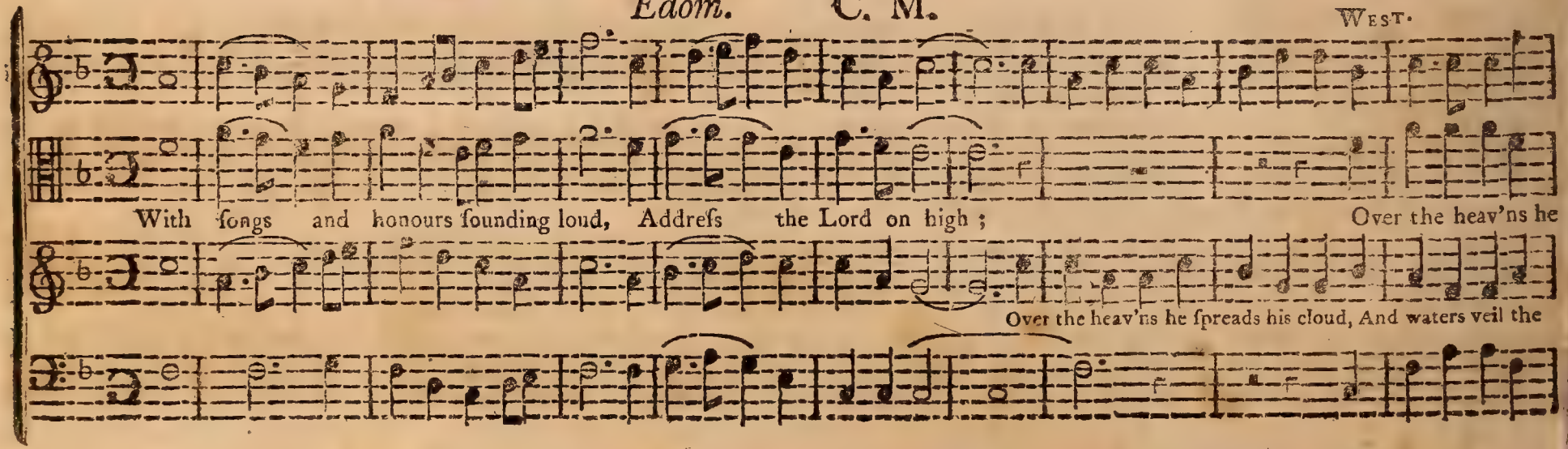
Granville. S. M.

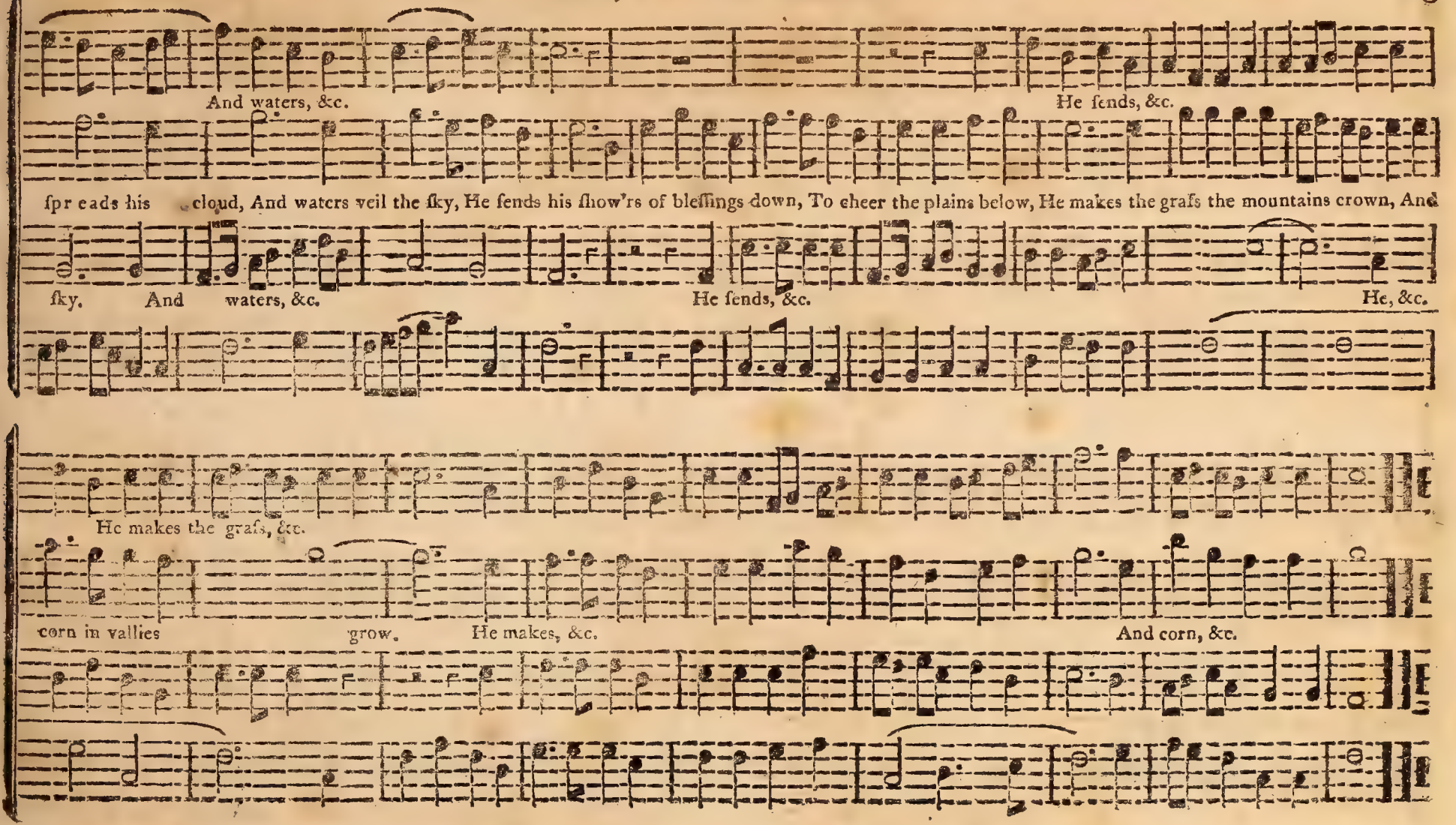
E. Goff.



Edom. C. M.

West.

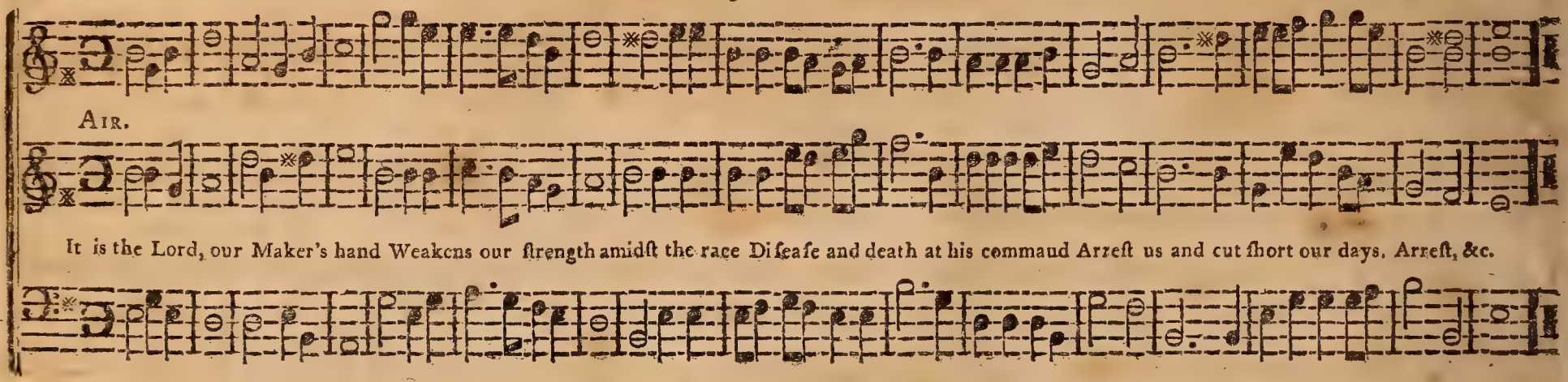



And waters, &c.
He ſends, &c.
ſpr eads his cloud, And waters veil the ſky, He ſends his ſhow'rs of bleſſings down, To cheer the plains below, He makes the graſs the mountains crown, And
ſky. And waters, &c.
He ſends, &c.
He, &c.
He makes the graſs, &c.
corn in vallies grow. He makes, &c.
And corn, &c.

Mortality. L. M.

BELKNAP.

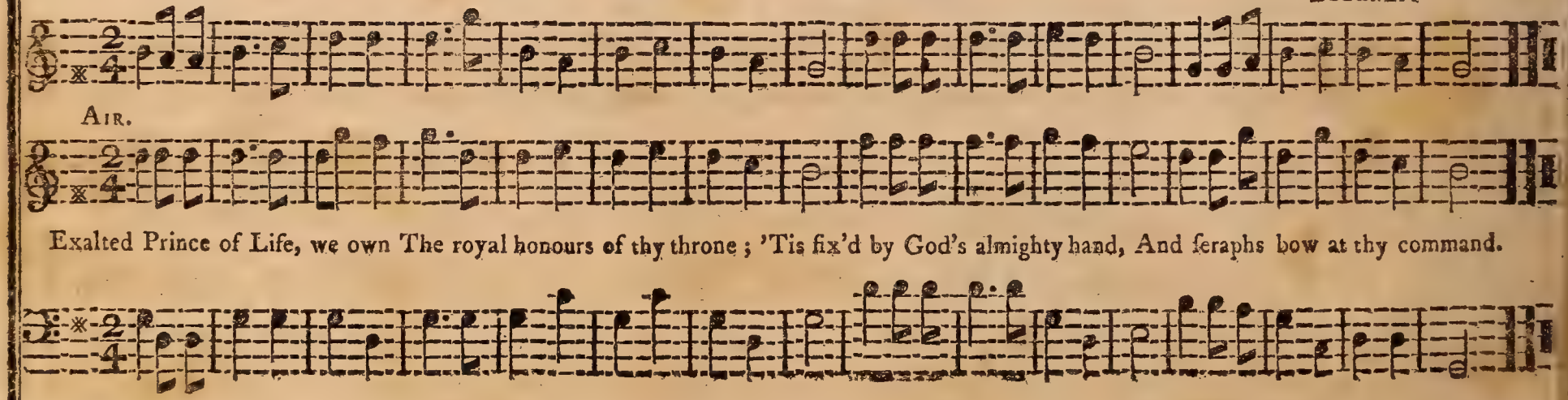
AIR.



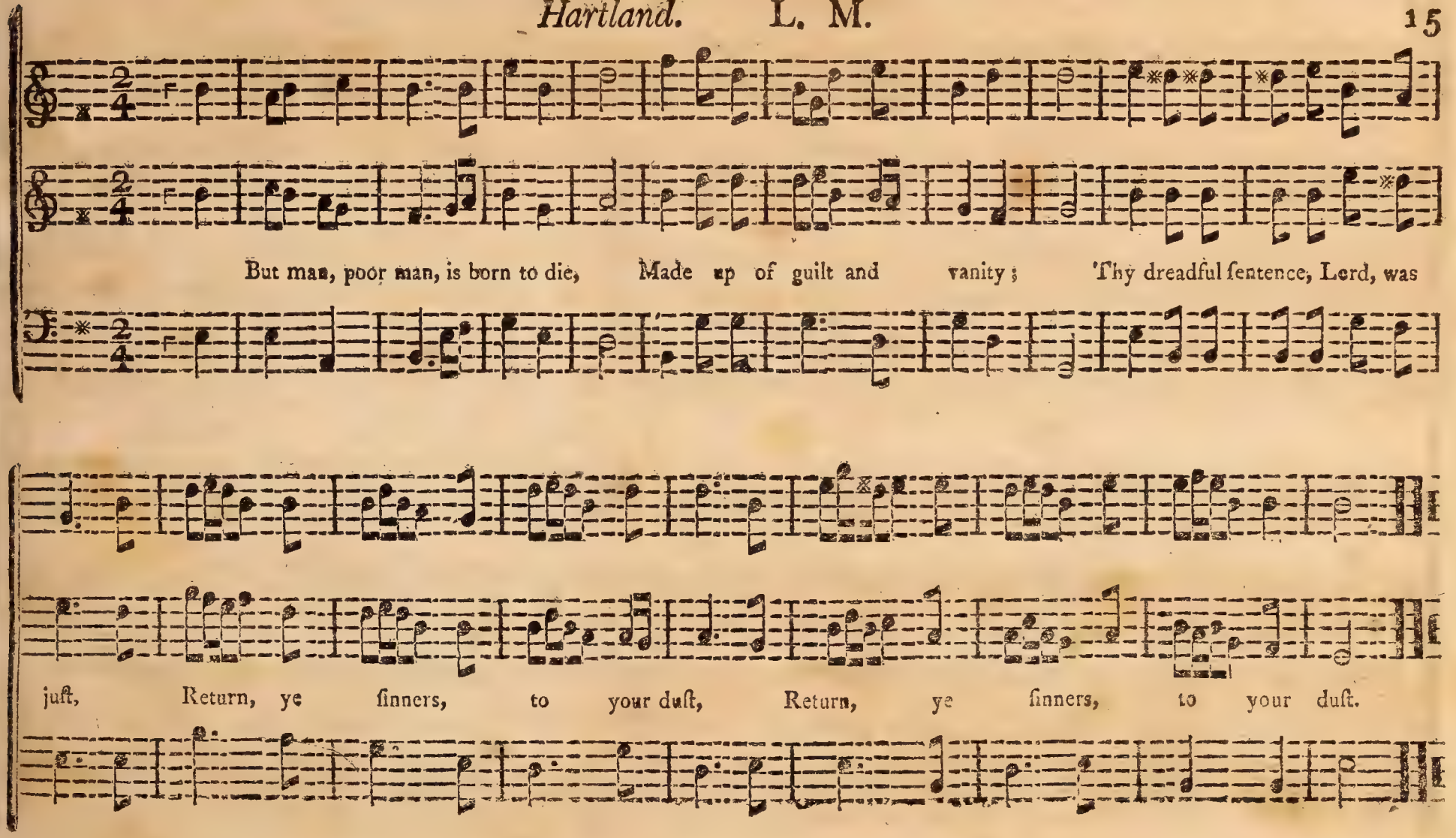
London. L. M.

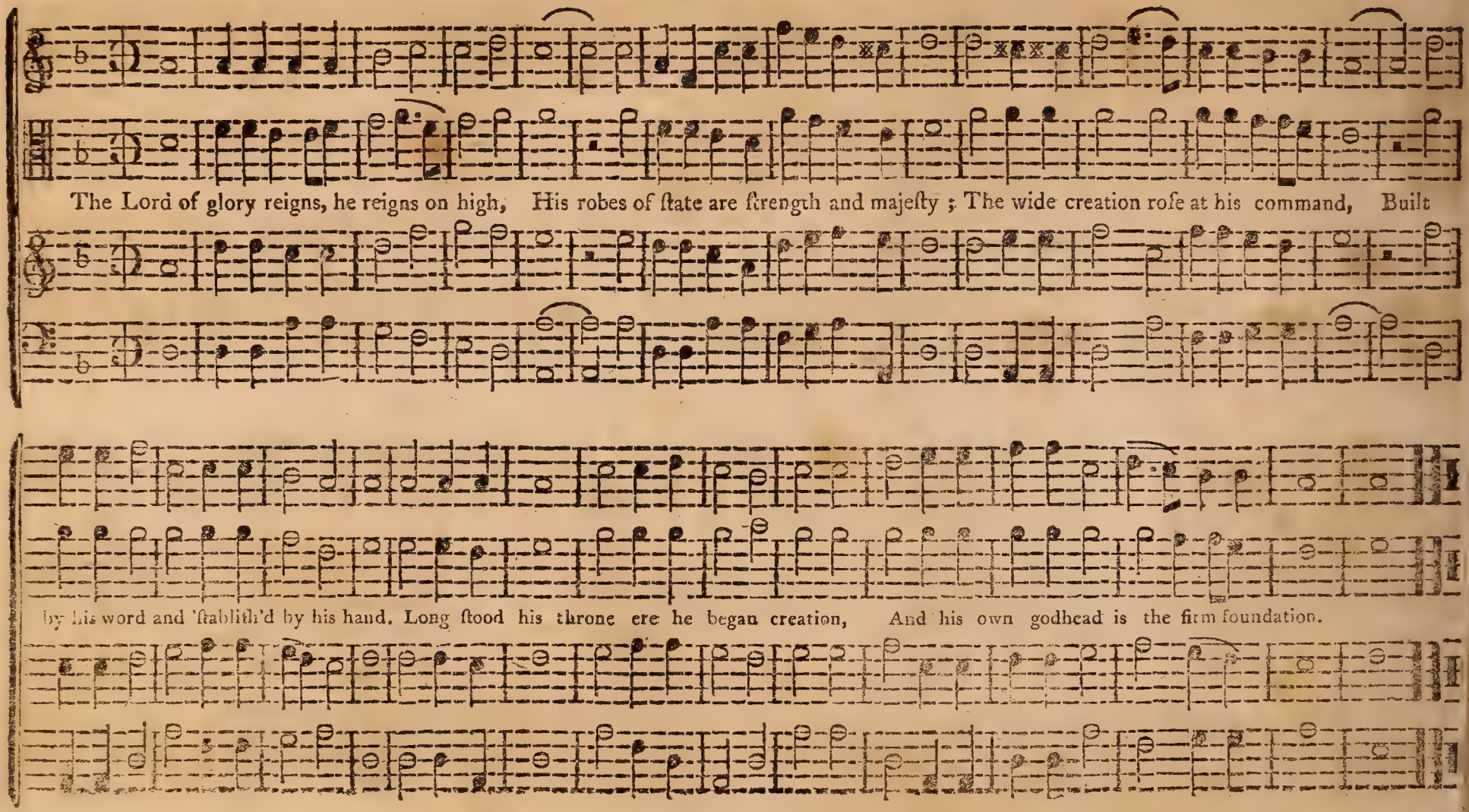
BELKNAP.

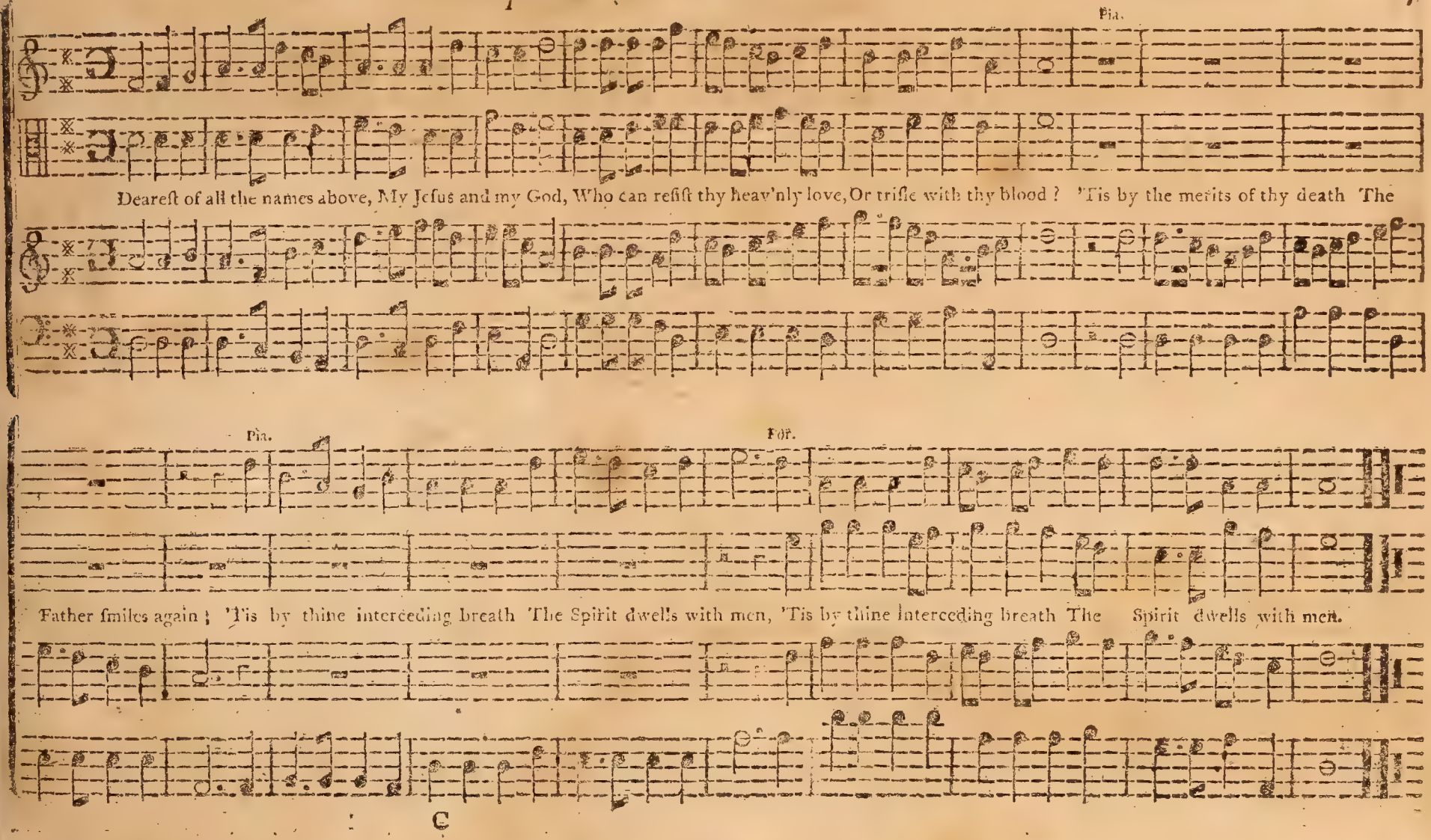
AIR.

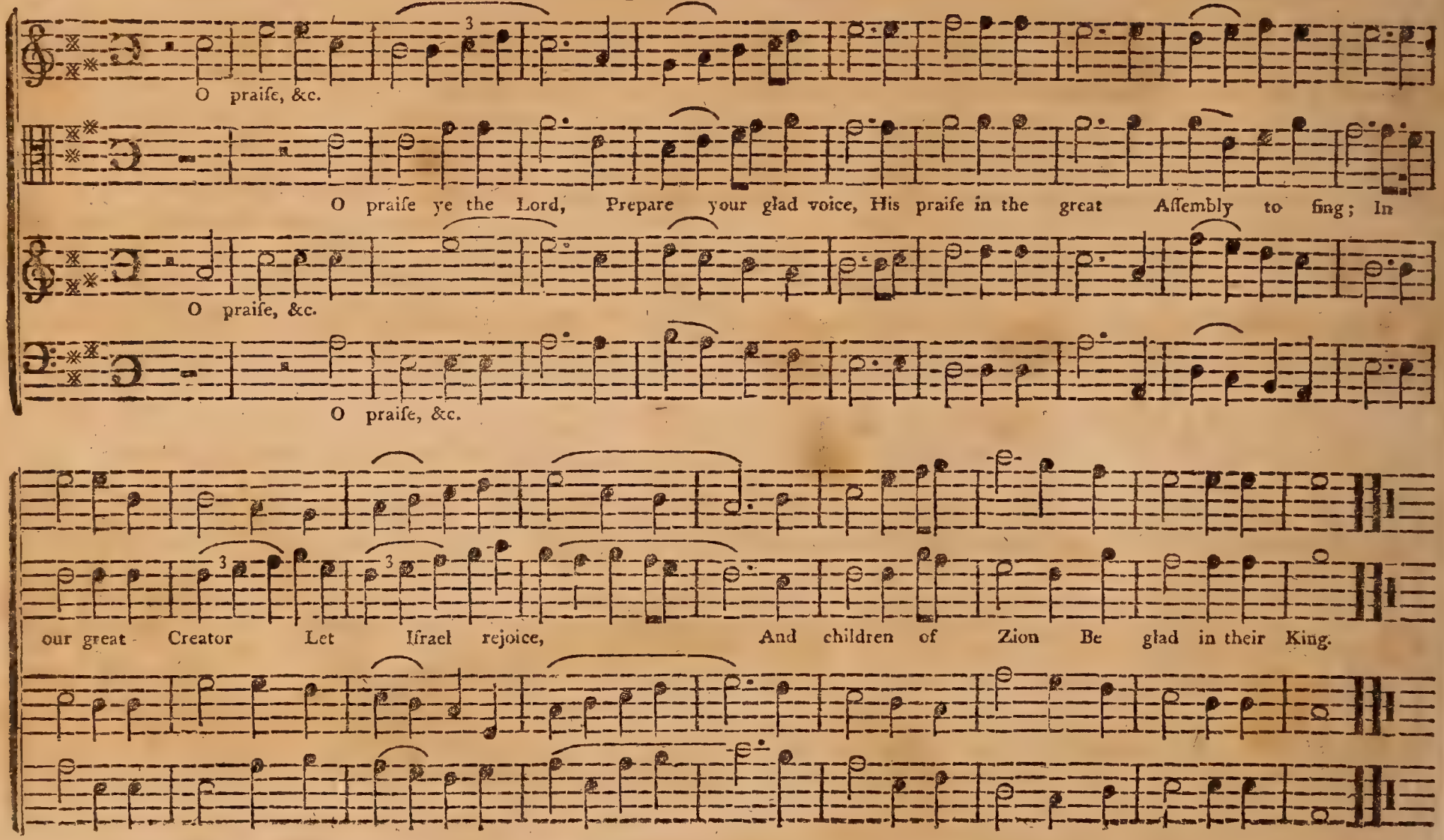


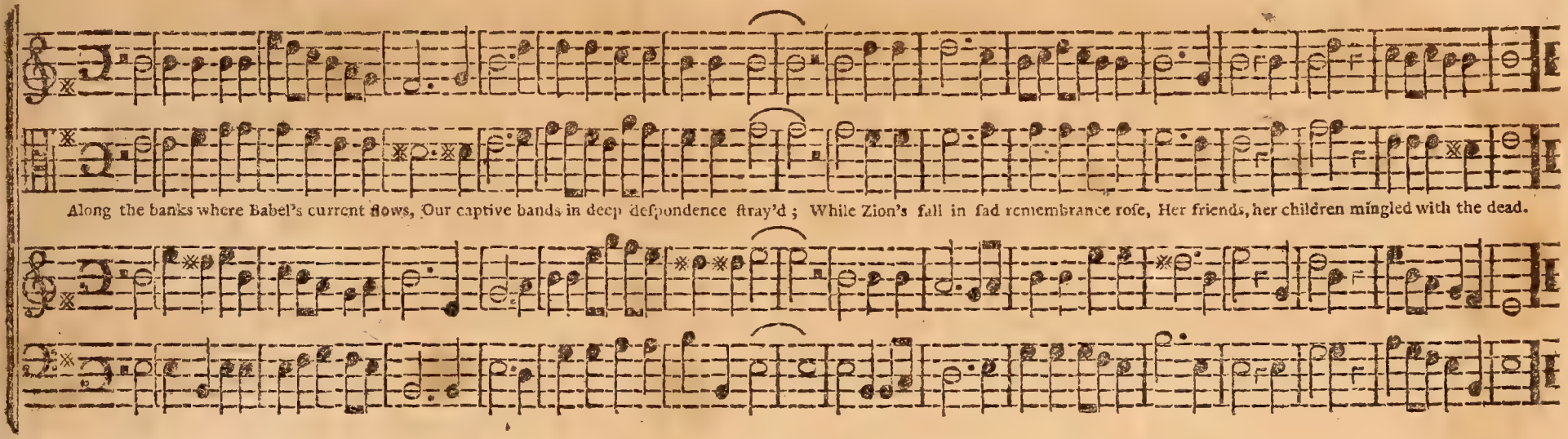
Hartland. L. M.


But man, poor man, is born to die, Made up of guilt and vanity; Thy dreadful ſentence, Lord, was
juſt, Return, ye ſinners, to your duſt, Return, ye ſinners, to your duſt.

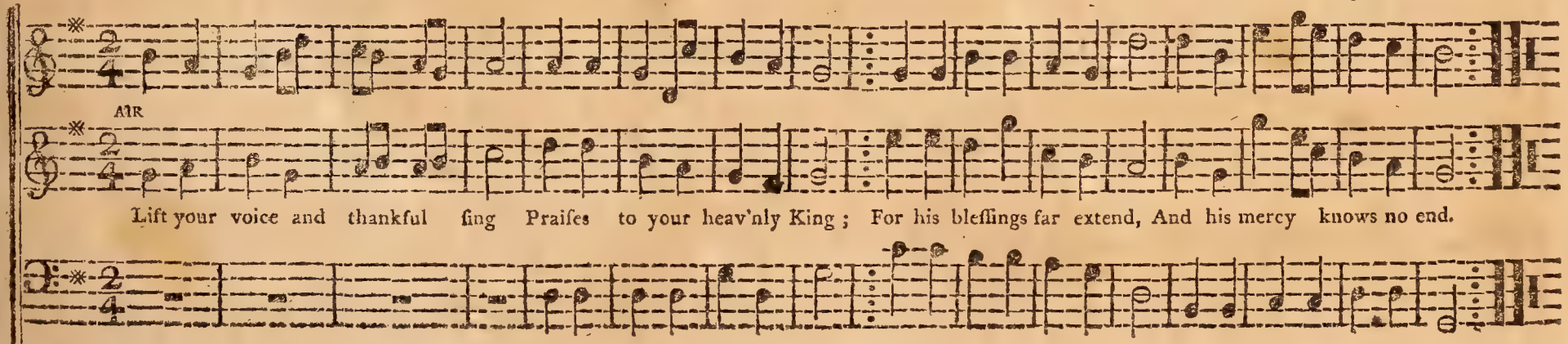

The Lord of glory reigns, he reigns on high, His robes of ſtate are ſtrength and majeſty ; The wide creation roſe at his command, Built
by his word and ſtabliſh'd by his hand. Long ſtood his throne ere he began creation, And his own godhead is the firm foundation.


Pia.
Dearest of all the names above, My Jesus and my God, Who can resist thy heav'nly love, Or trifle with thy blood? 'Tis by the merits of thy death The
Pia.
For.
Father smiles again; 'Tis by thine interceding breath The Spirit dwells with men, 'Tis by thine interceding breath The Spirit dwells with men.


O praiſe, &c.
O praiſe ye the Lord, Prepare your glad voice, His praiſe in the great Aſſembly to ſing; In
O praiſe, &c.
O praiſe, &c.
our great Creator Let Iſrael rejoice, And children of Zion Be glad in their King.

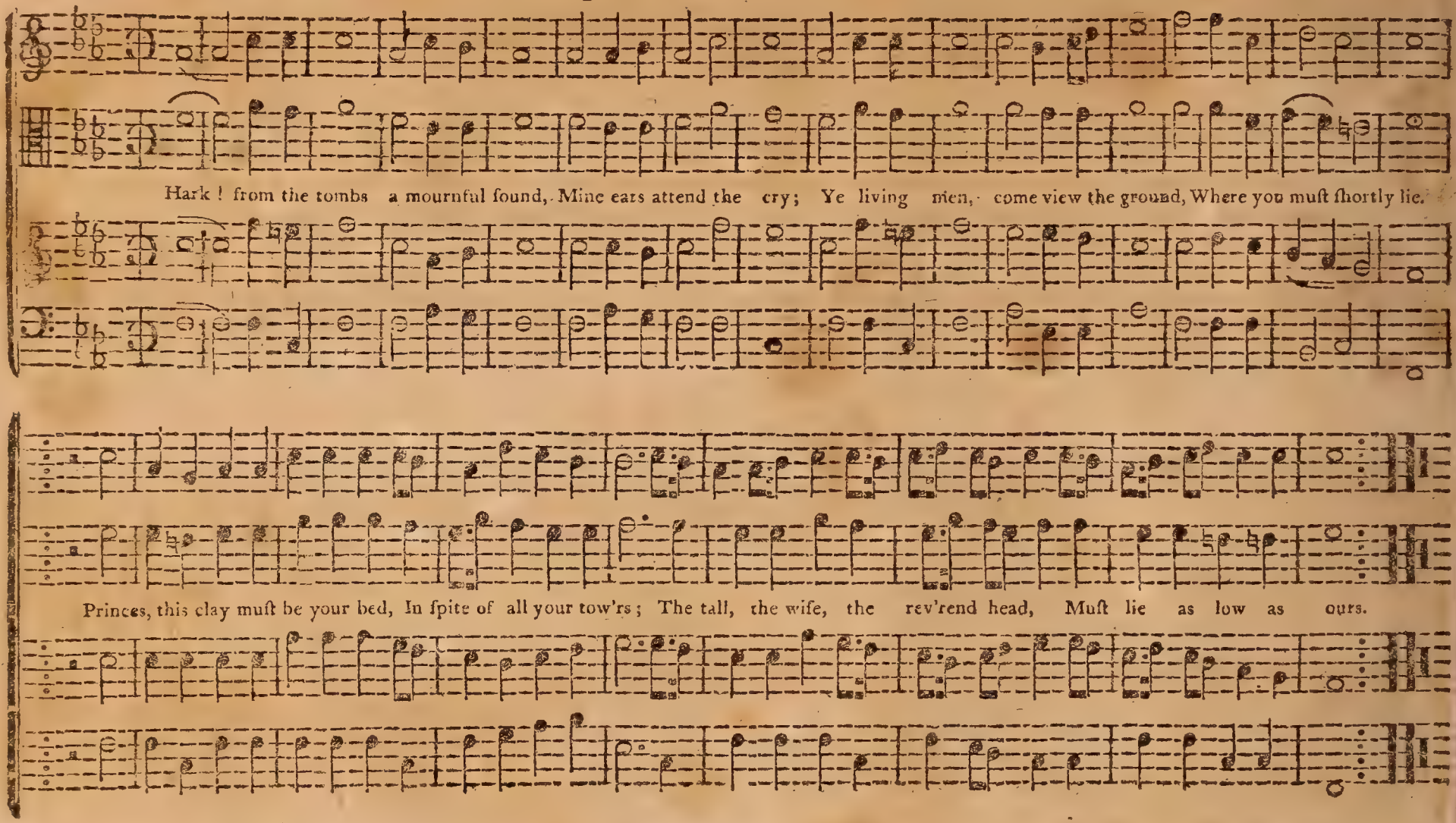


Elim. All Sevens. BABCOCK. Words by Merrick.



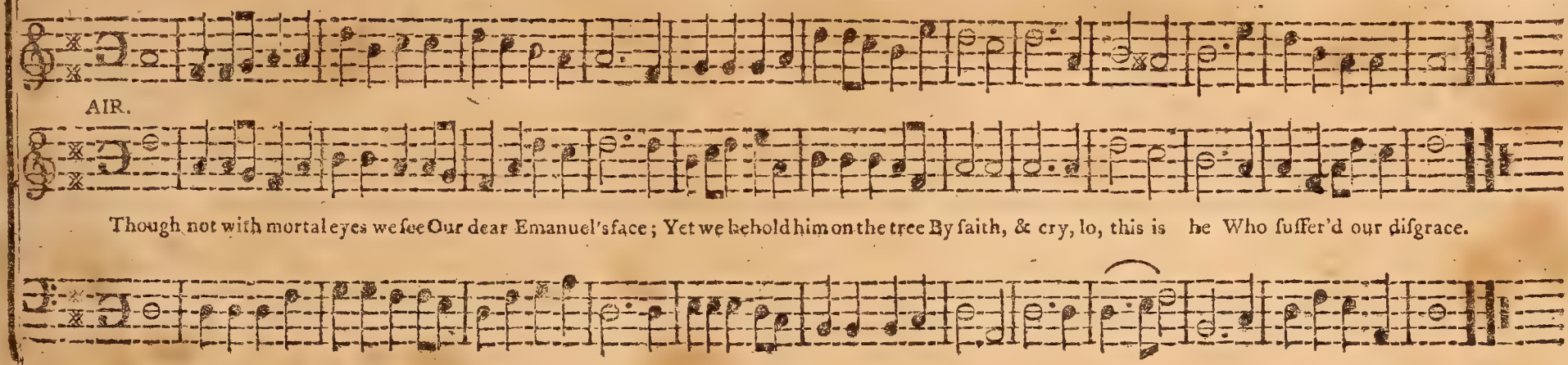
Golgotha. C. M.

BILLINGS.



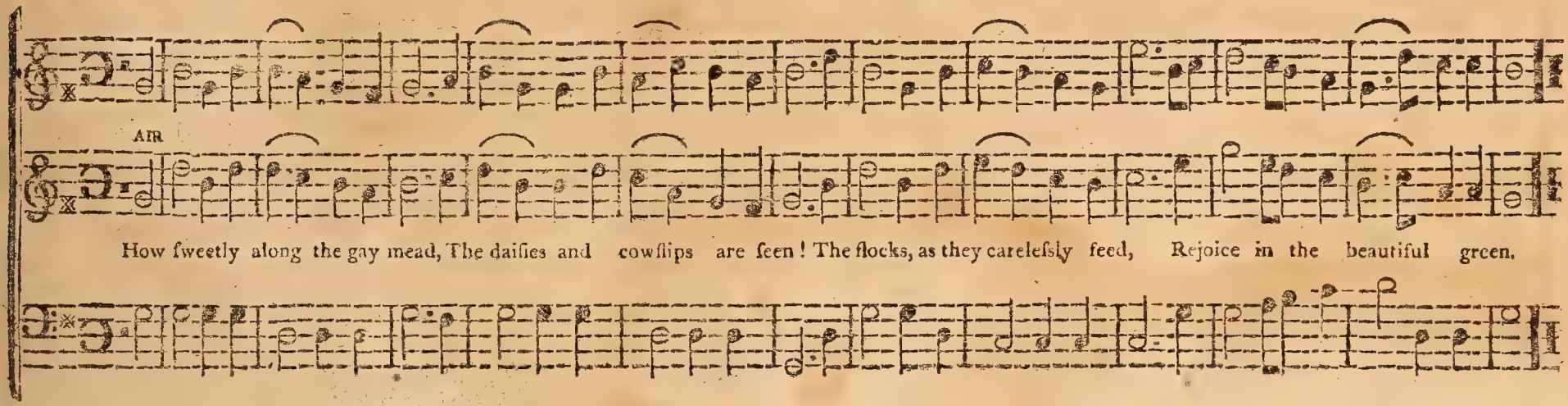
Sharon. P. M.

AIR.

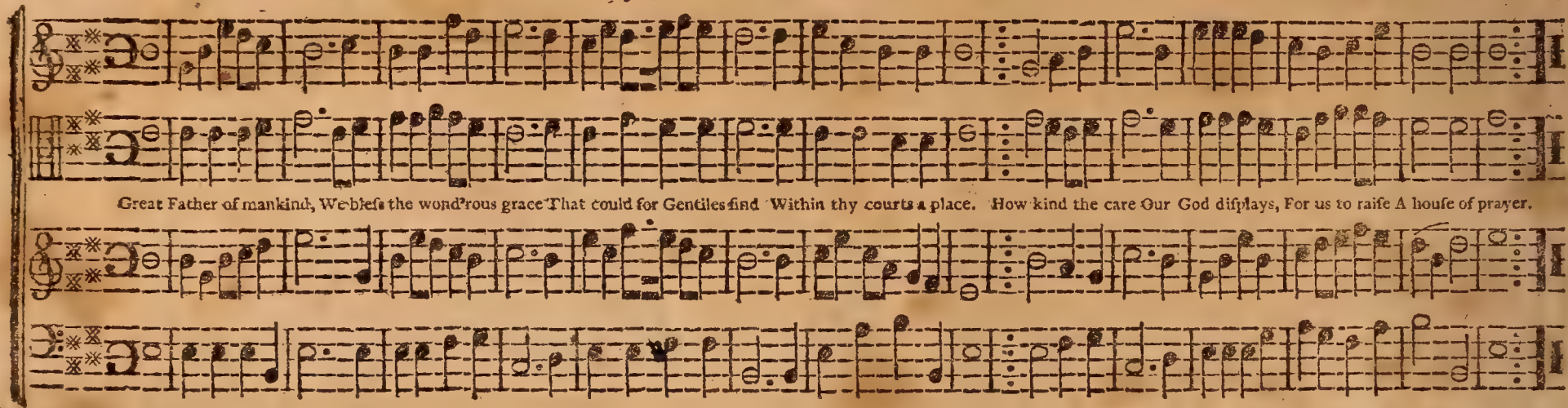


Pelham. P. M.

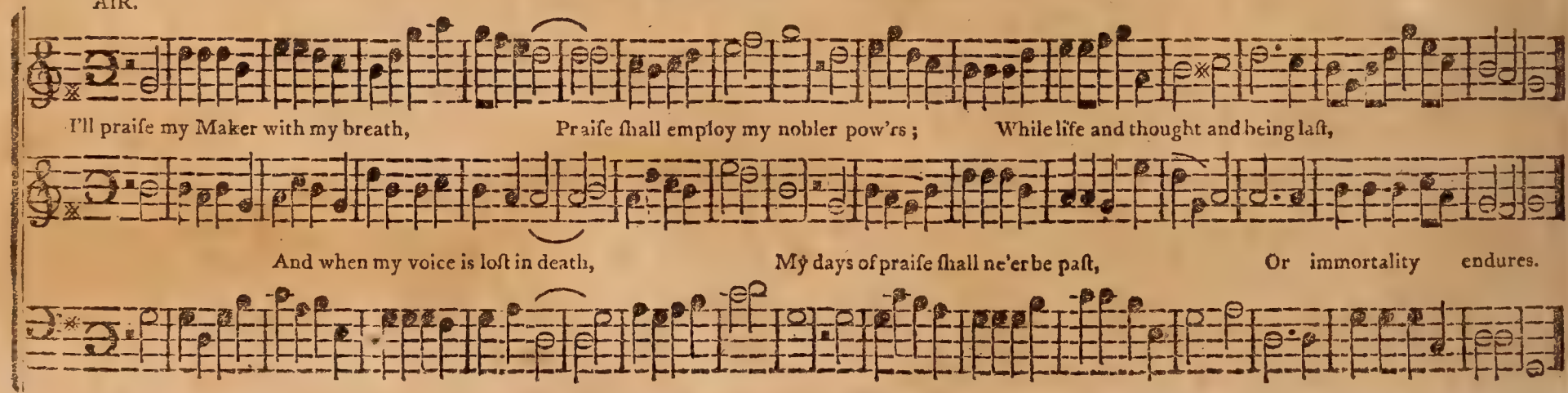
AIR

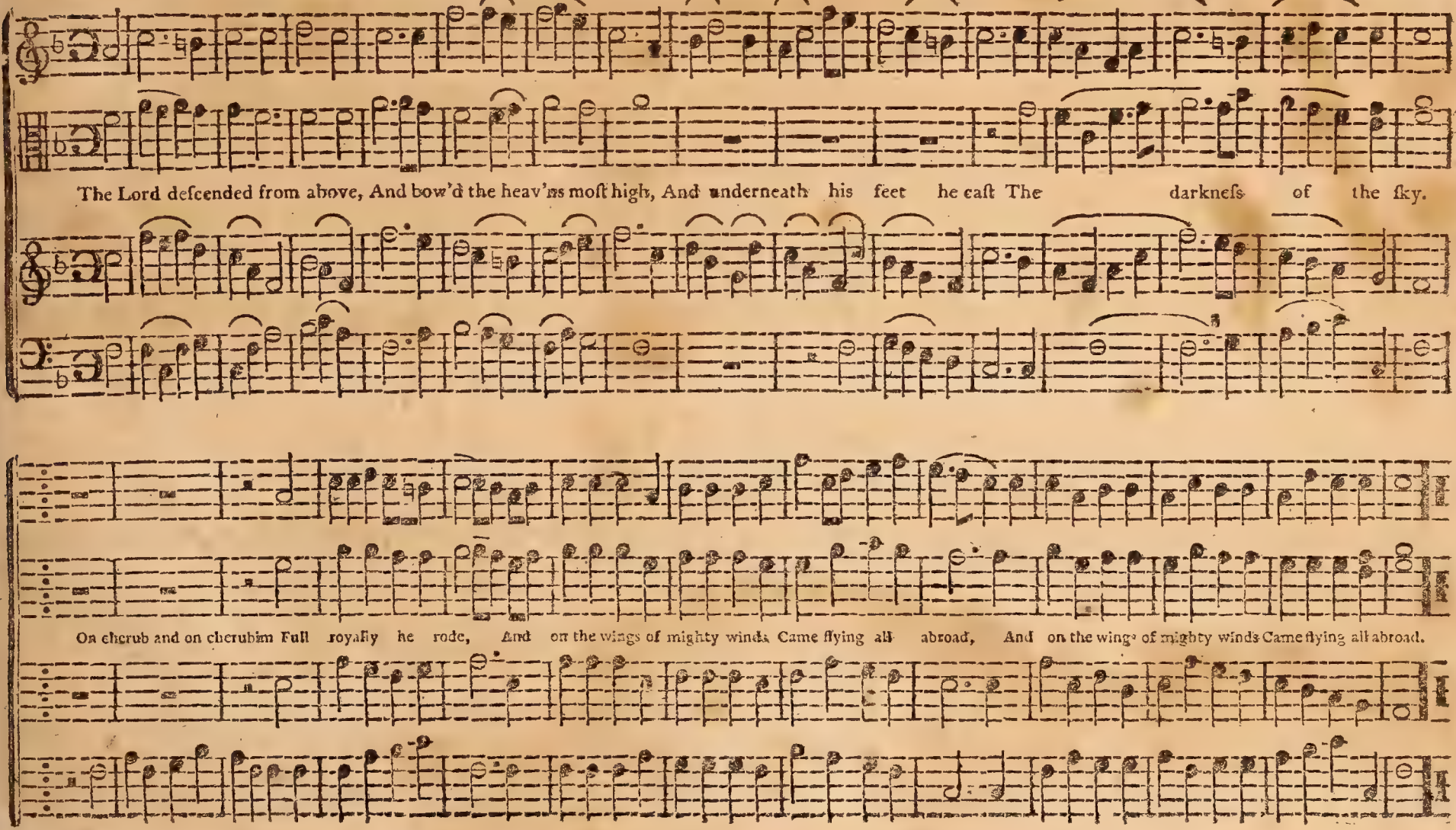


Boylston. H. M.



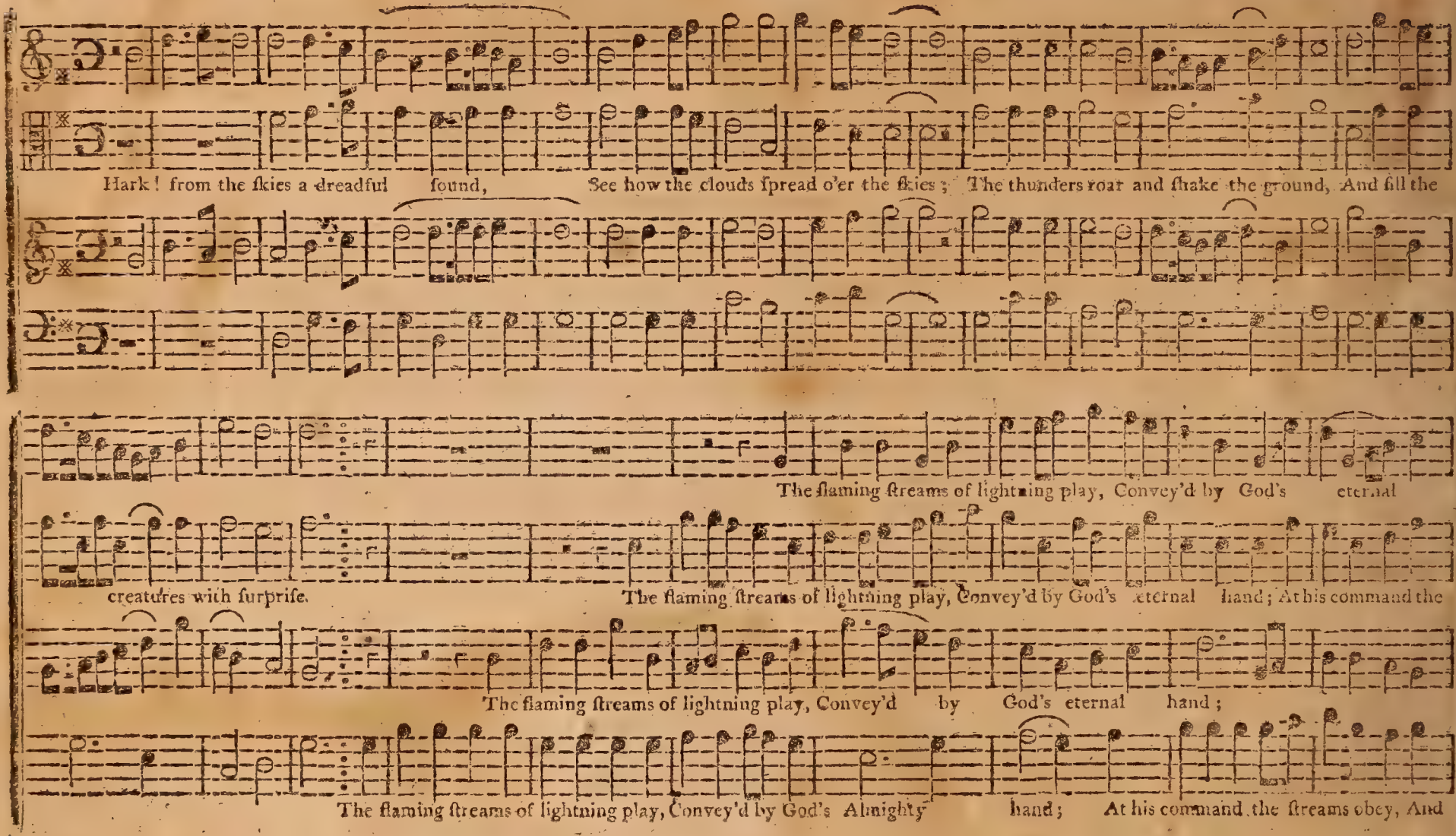
Deerfield. P. M.

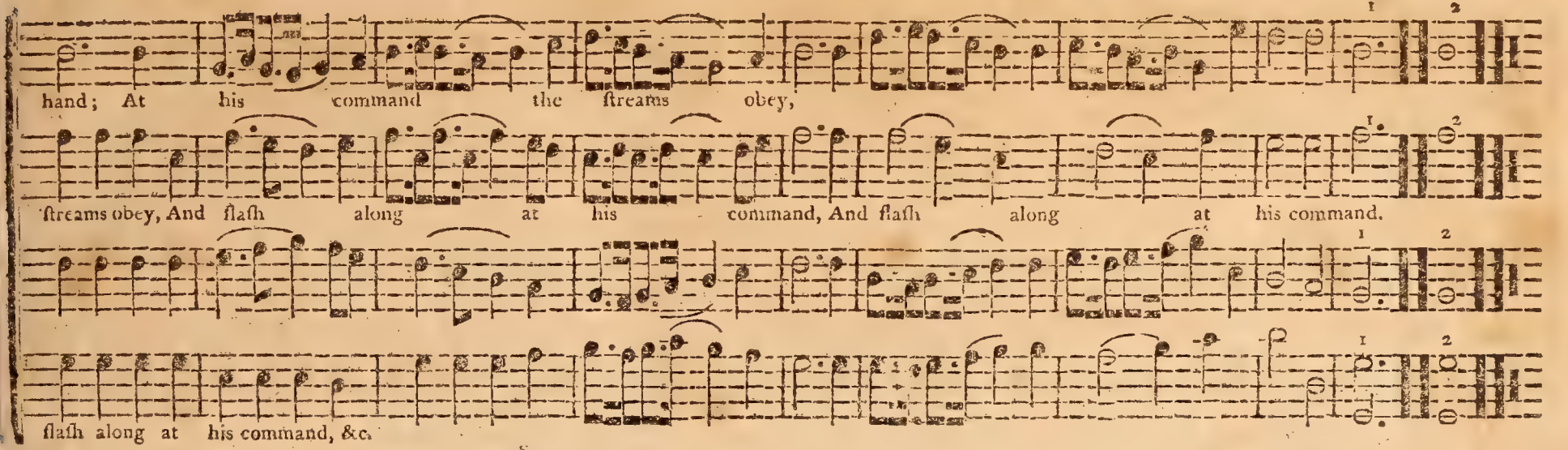



The Lord deſcended from above, And bow'd the heav'ns moſt high, And underneath his feet he caſt The darkneſs of the ſky.
On cherub and on cherubim Full royally he rode, And on the wings of mighty winds Came flying all abroad, And on the wings of mighty winds Came flying all abroad.

Hancock. L. M.

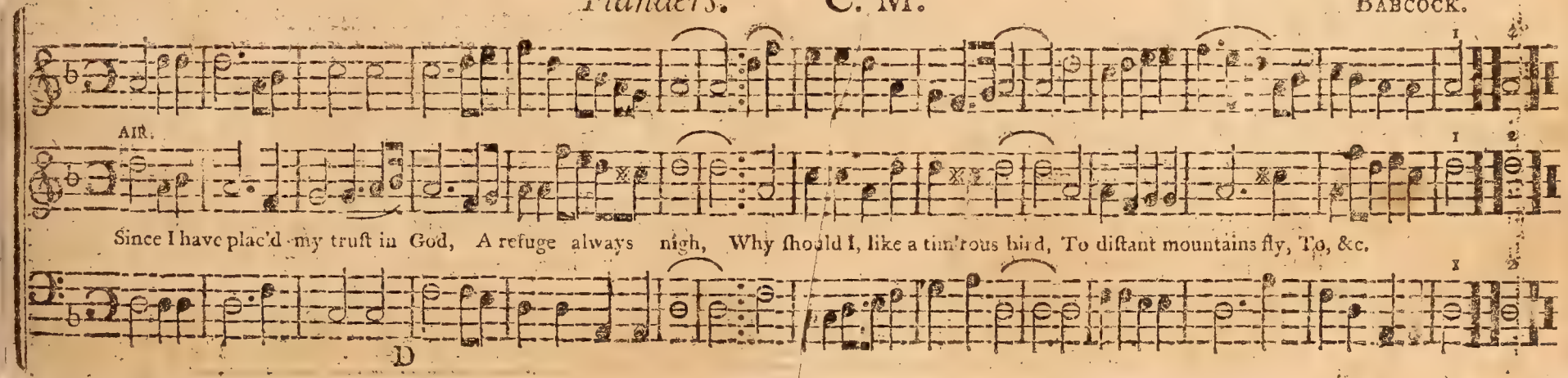
BELKNAP.





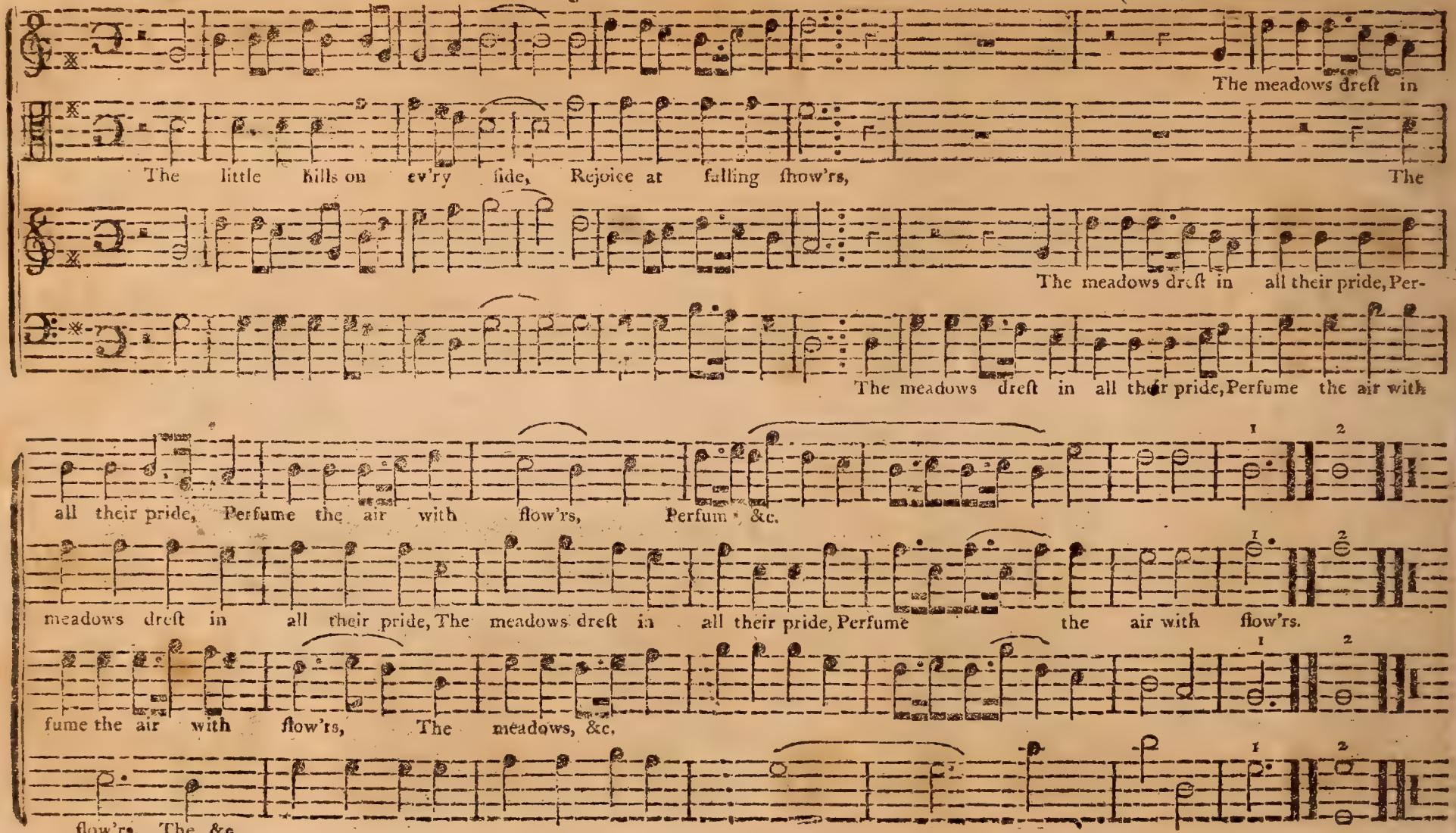
Flanders. C. M.

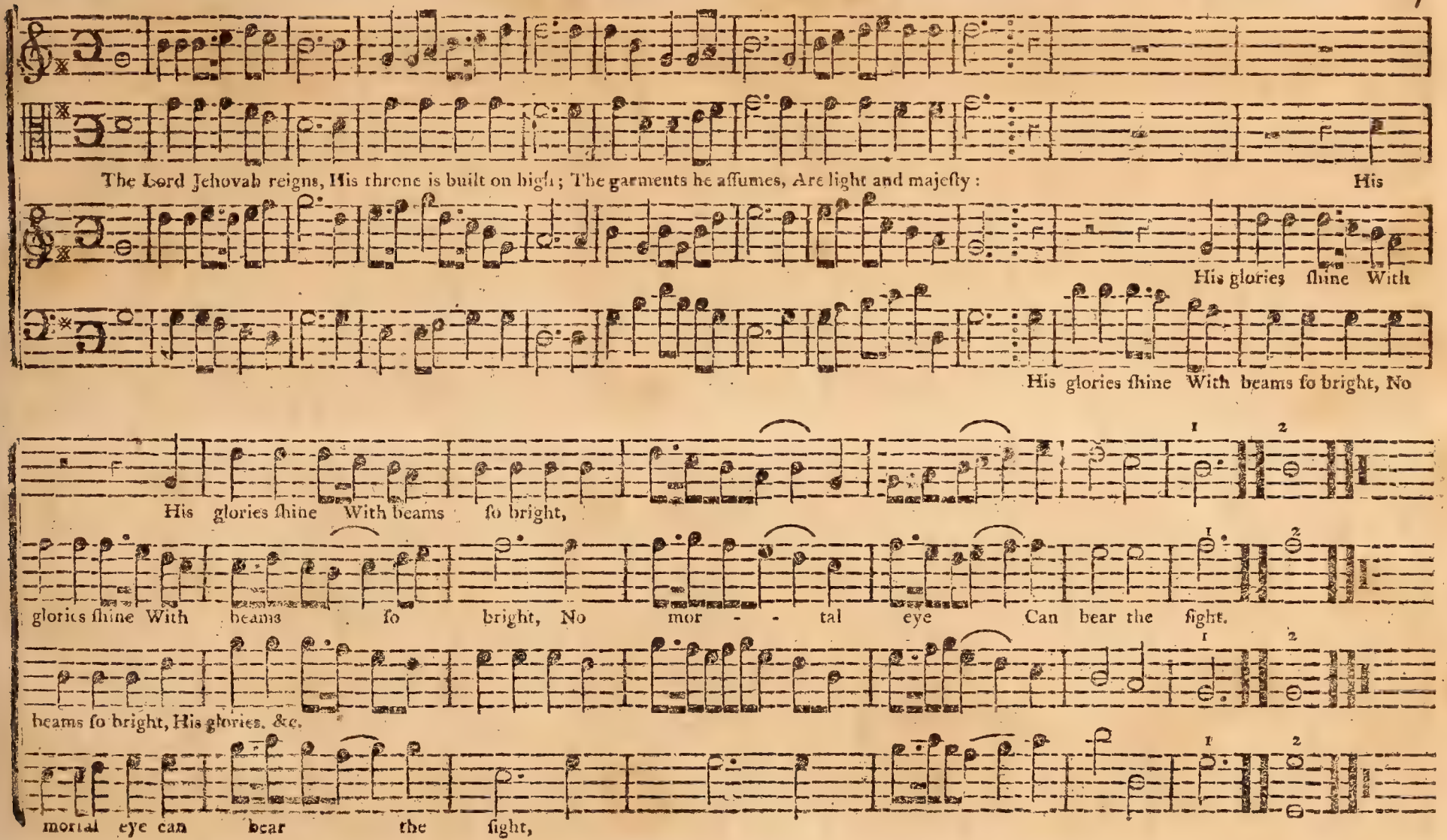
BABCOCK.

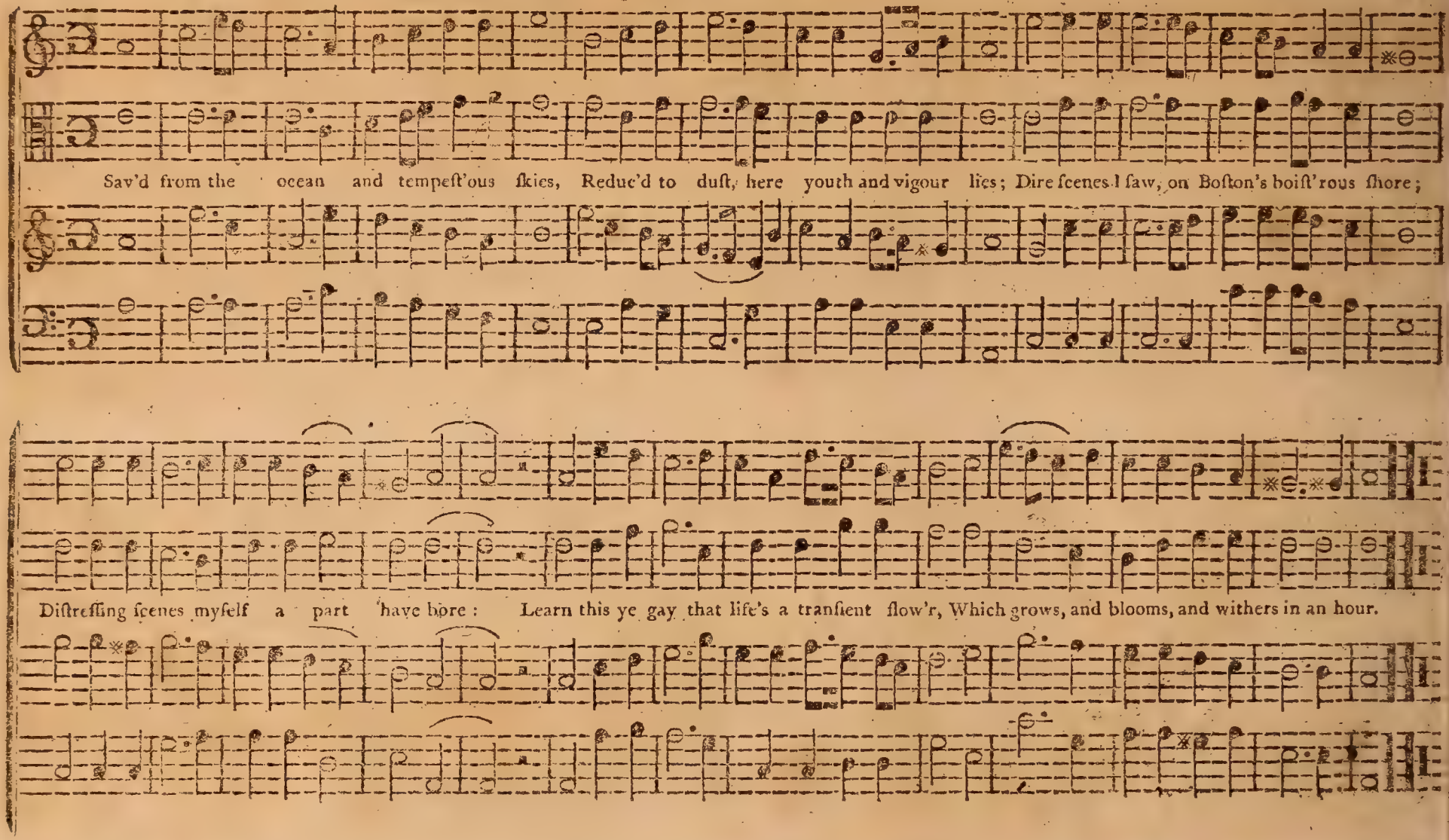


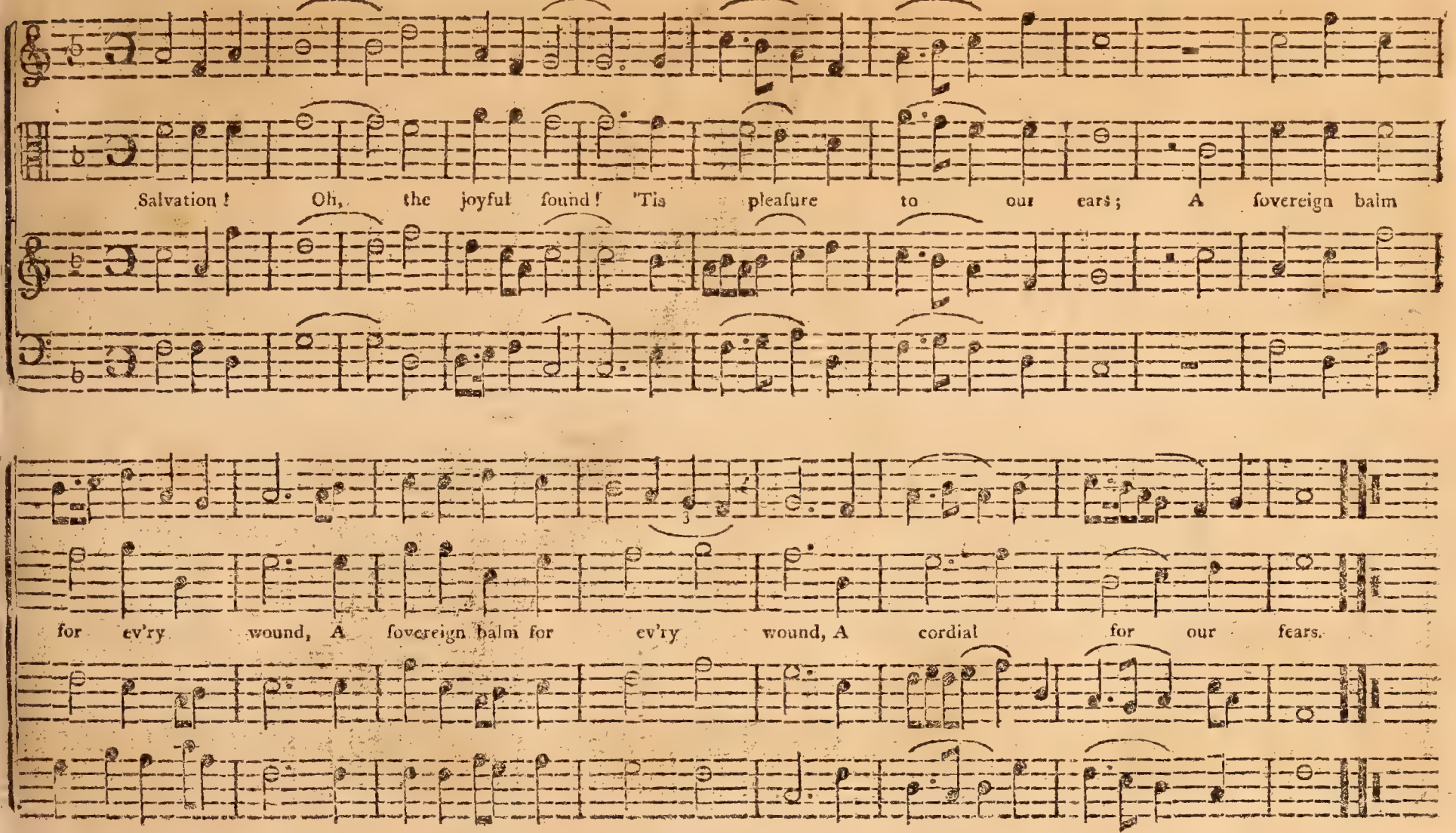
D

Eaſt Needham. C. M.



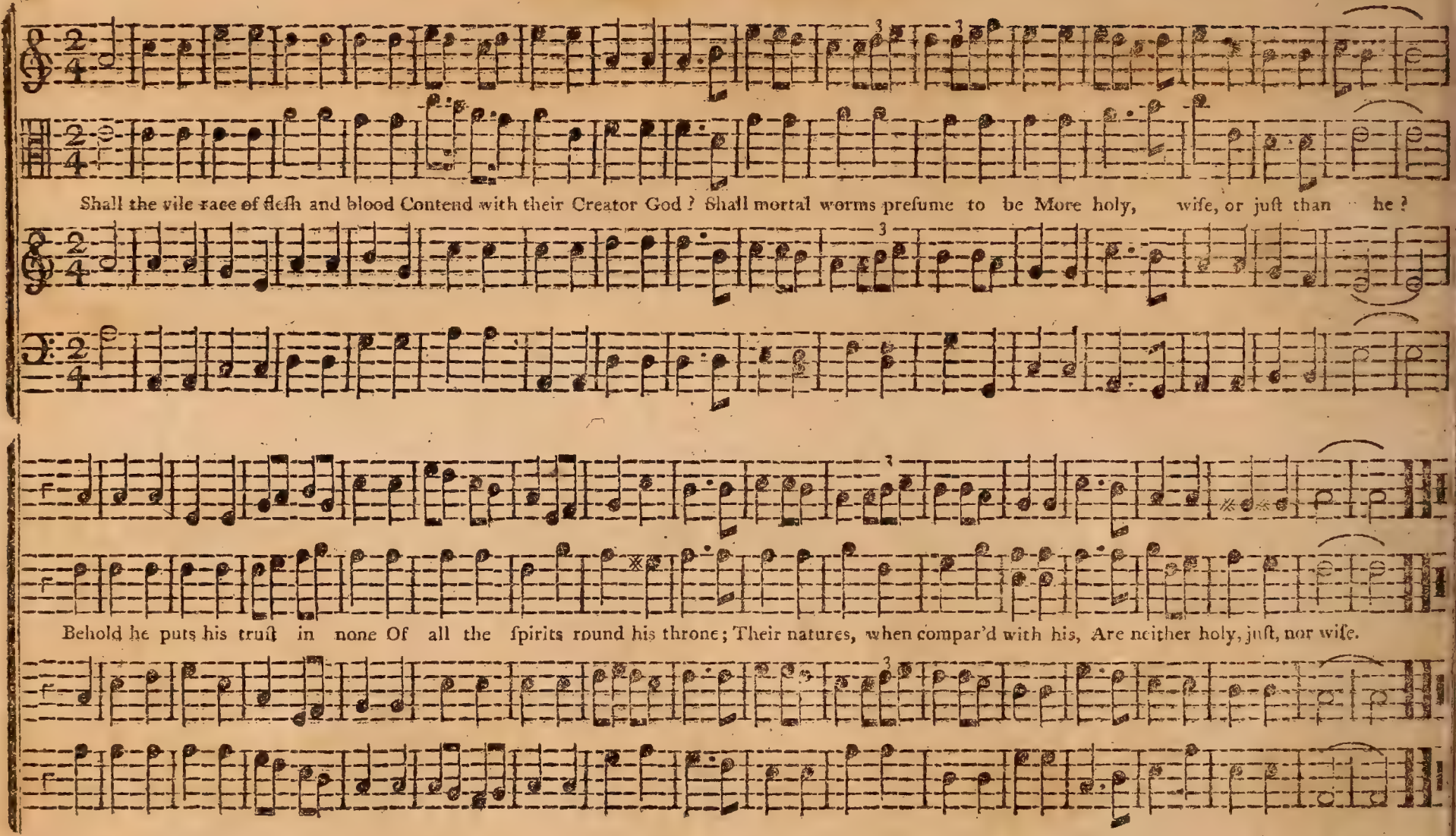

The Lord Jehovah reigns, His throne is built on high; The garments he aſſumes, Are light and majeſty : His
His glories ſhine With
His glories ſhine With beams ſo bright, No
His glories ſhine With beams ſo bright,
glories ſhine With beams ſo bright, No mor - - tal eye Can bear the ſight.
beams ſo bright, His glories. &c.
mortal eye can bear the ſight,


Sav'd from the ocean and tempeſt'ous ſkies, Reduc'd to duſt, here youth and vigour lies; Dire ſcenes I ſaw, on Boſton's boiſt'rous ſhore;
Diſtreſſing ſcenes myſelf a part have bore: Learn this ye gay that life's a tranſient flow'r, Which grows, and blooms, and withers in an hour.


Salvation! Oh, the joyful ſound! 'Tis pleaſure to our ears; A ſovereign balm
for ev'ry wound, A ſovereign balm for ev'ry wound, A cordial for our fears.

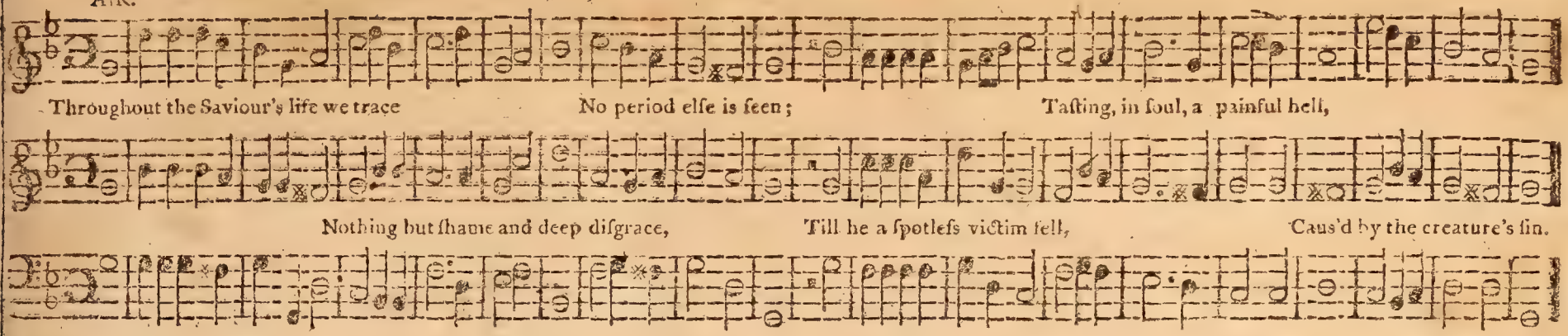
Franklin. L. M.

FISHER.



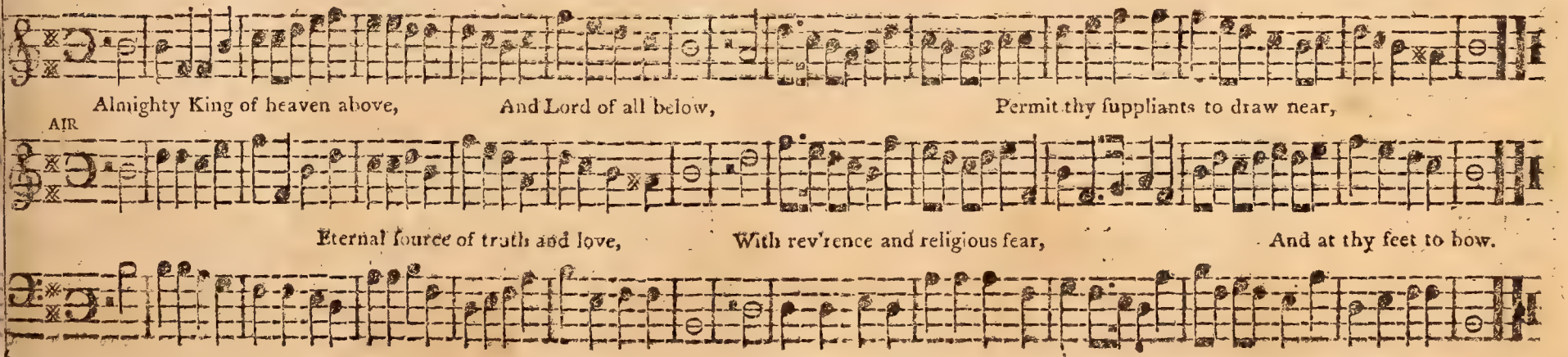
Brimfield. P. M.

AIR.

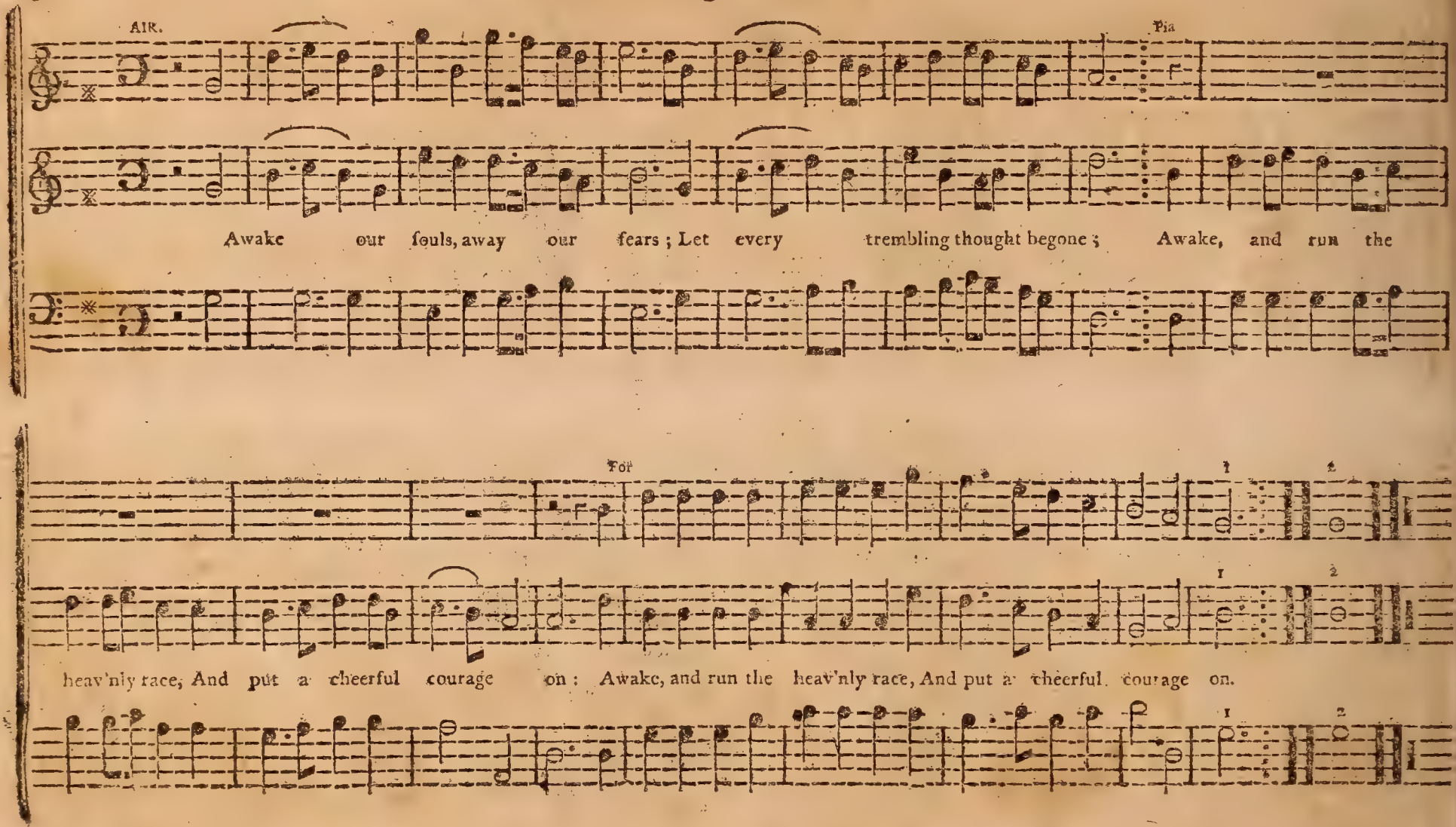


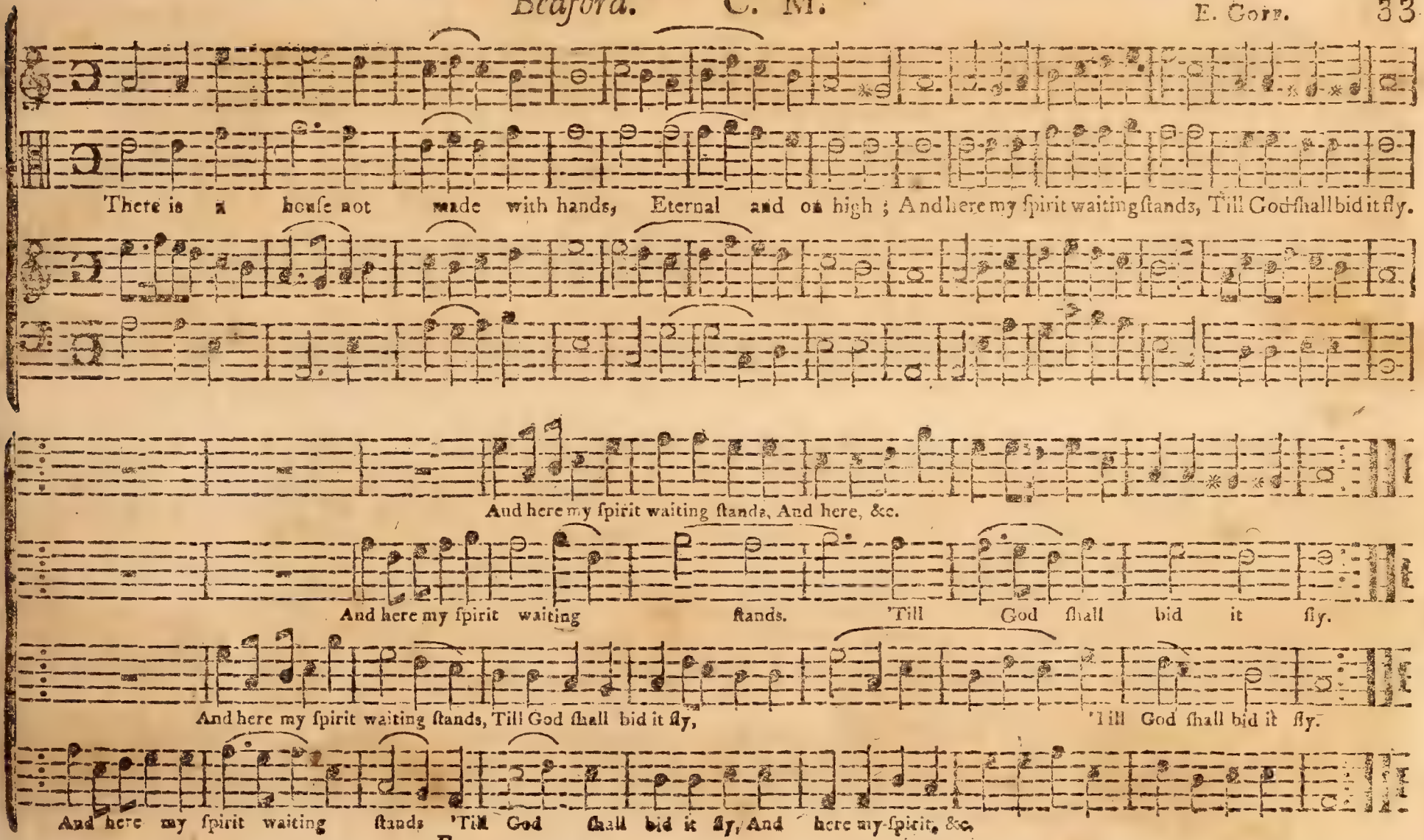
Williamſtown. P. M.

BELKNAP.



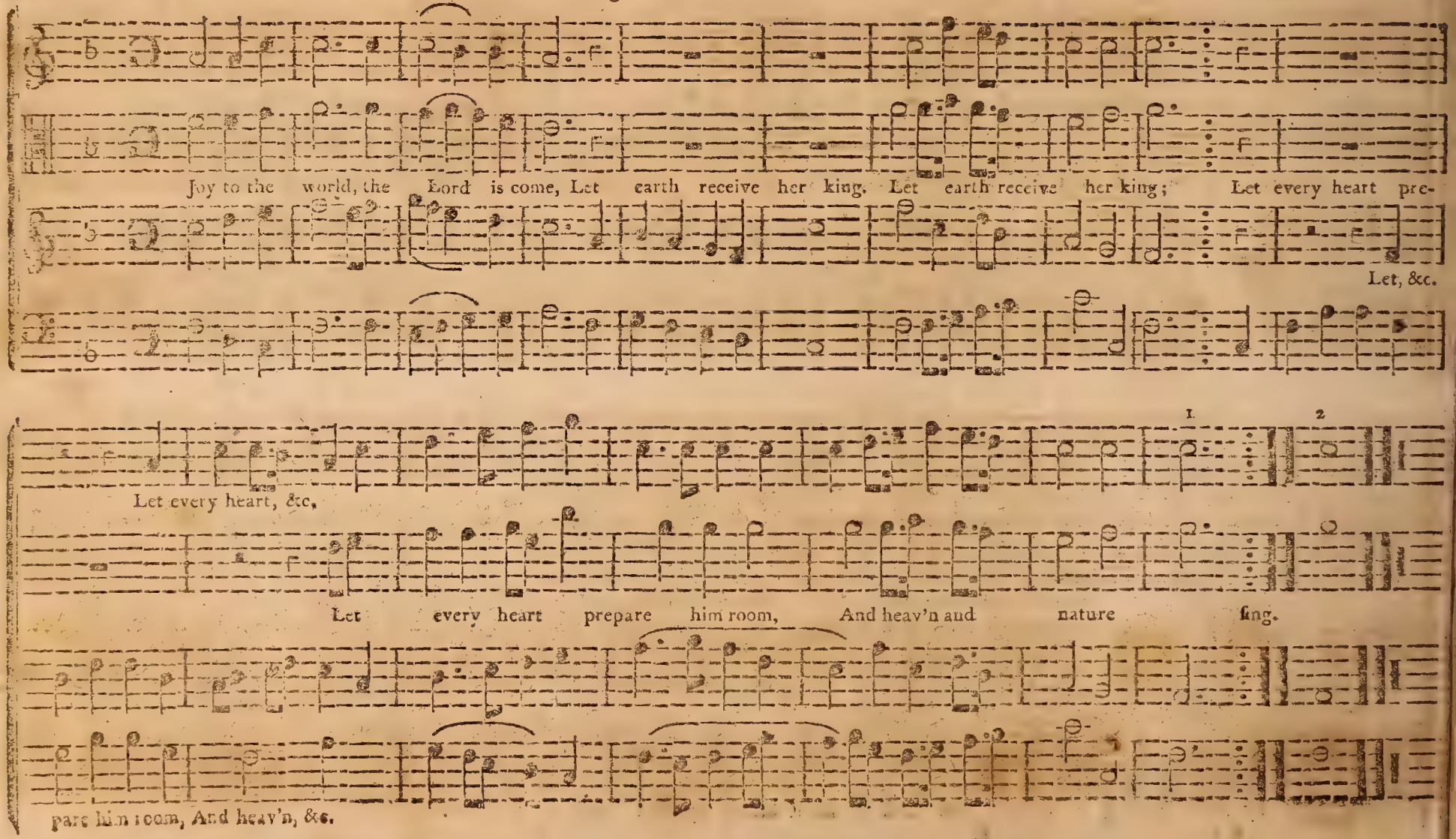
New Framingham. L. M.

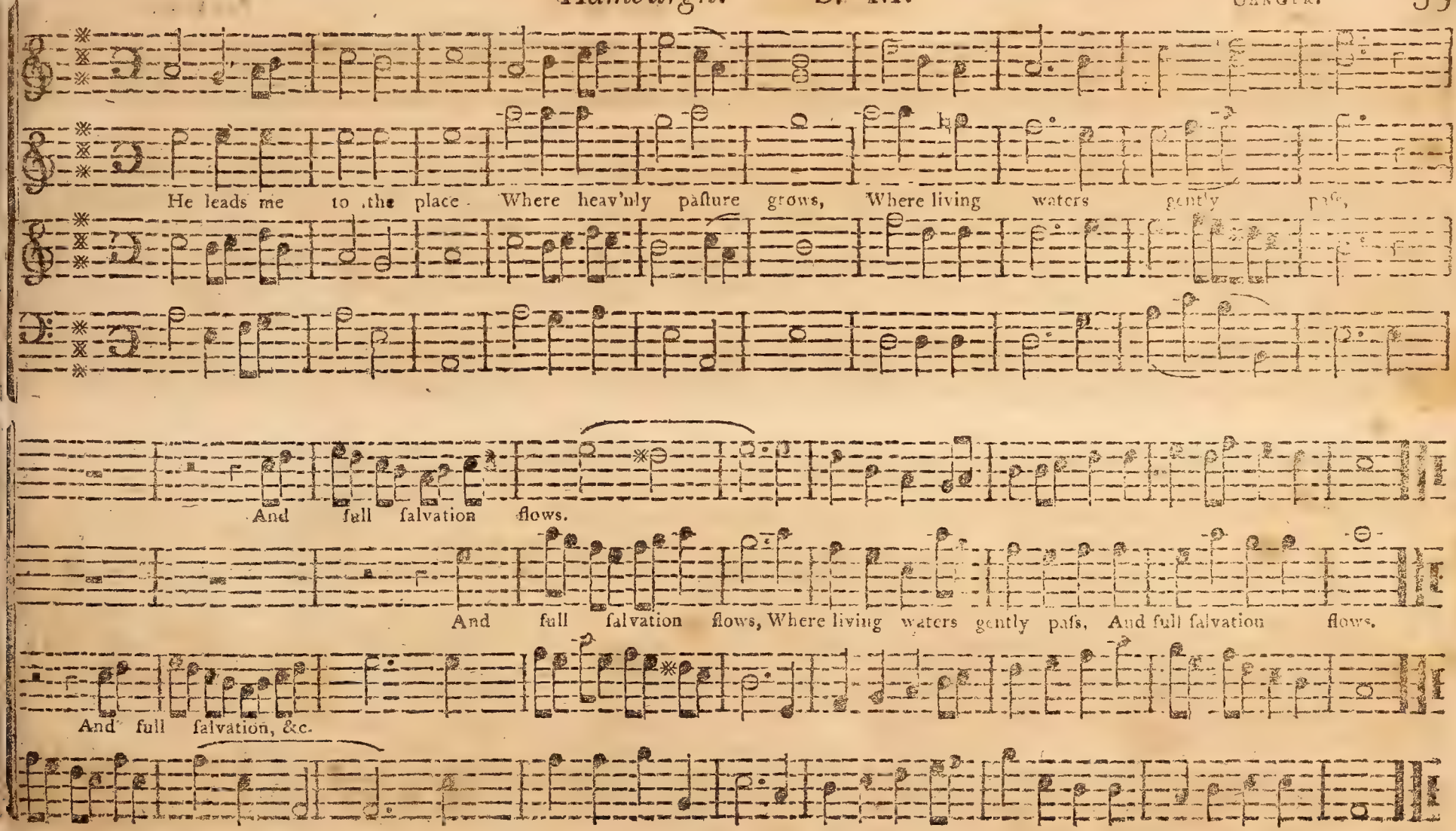



There is a houſe not made with hands, Eternal and on high ; And here my ſpirit waiting ſtands, Till God ſhall bid it fly.
And here my ſpirit waiting ſtands, And here, &c.
And here my ſpirit waiting ſtands. 'Till God ſhall bid it fly.
And here my ſpirit waiting ſtands, Till God ſhall bid it fly, 'Till God ſhall bid it fly.
And here my ſpirit waiting ſtands 'Till God ſhall bid it fly, And here my ſpirit, &c.

Townshend. C. M.

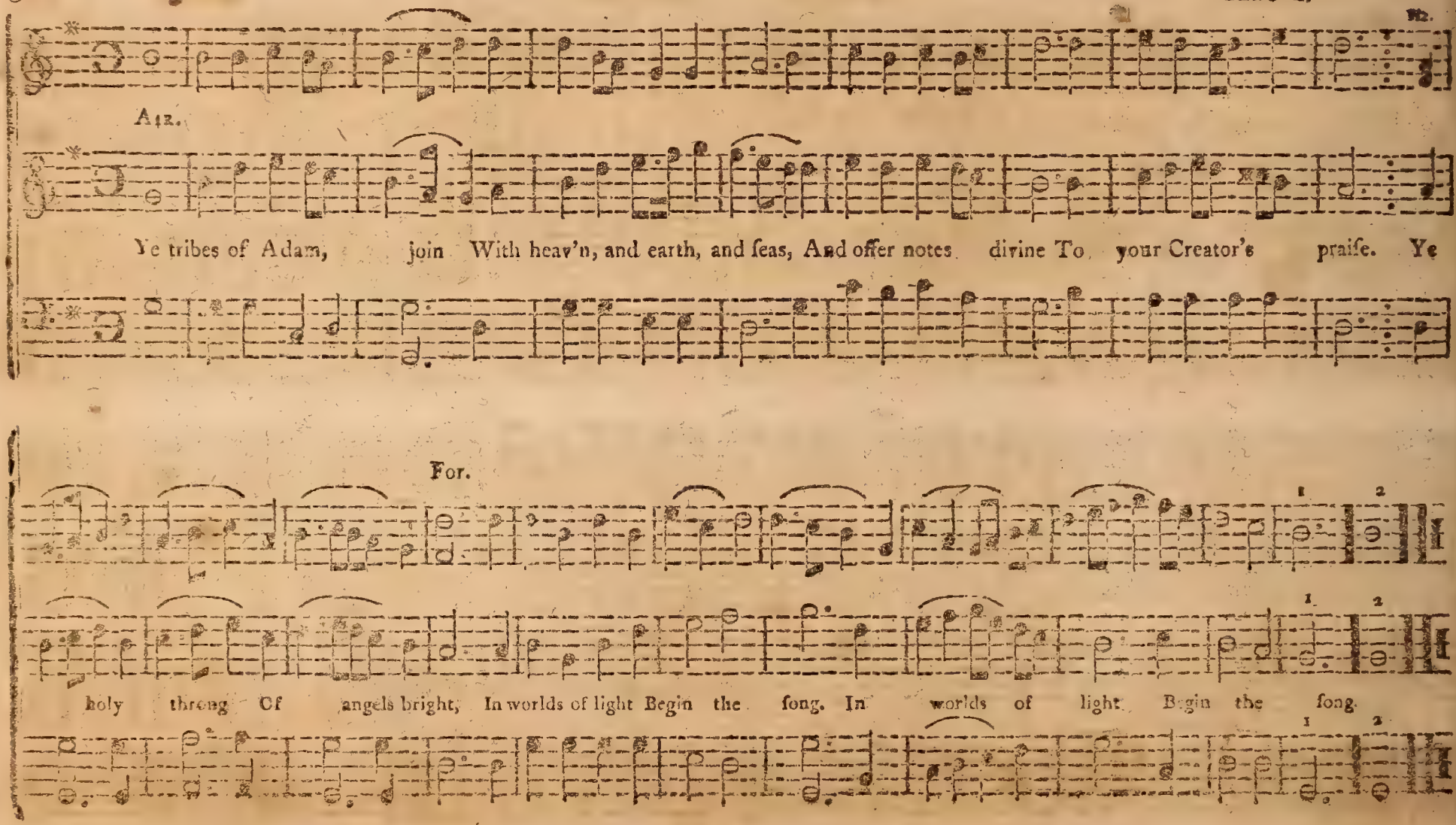
E. Goff.

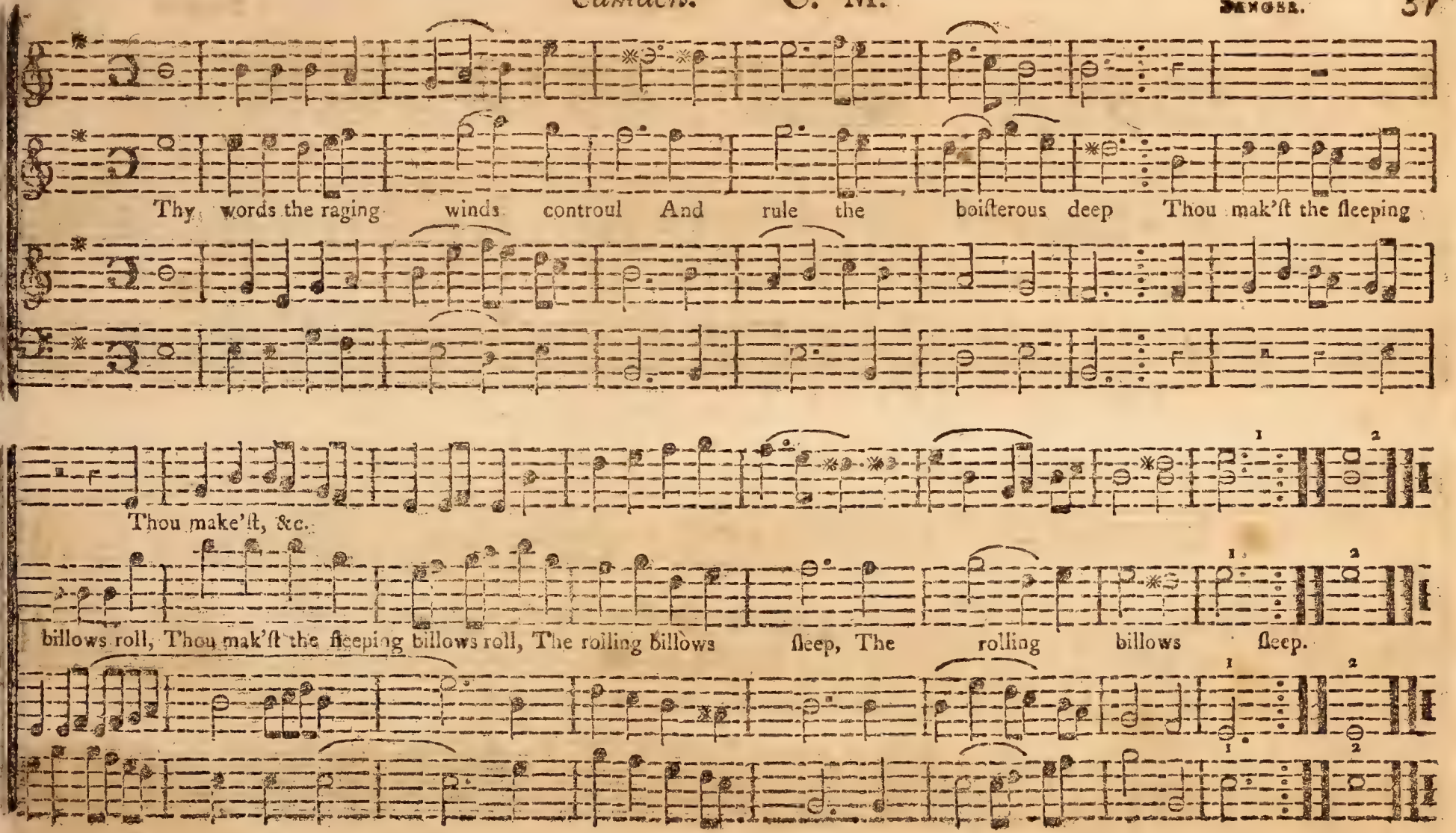



He leads me to the place Where heav'nly paſture grows, Where living waters gently paſs,
And full falvation flows.
And full falvation flows, Where living waters gently paſs, And full falvation flows.
And full falvation, &c.

Harlem. H. M.

SANGER.



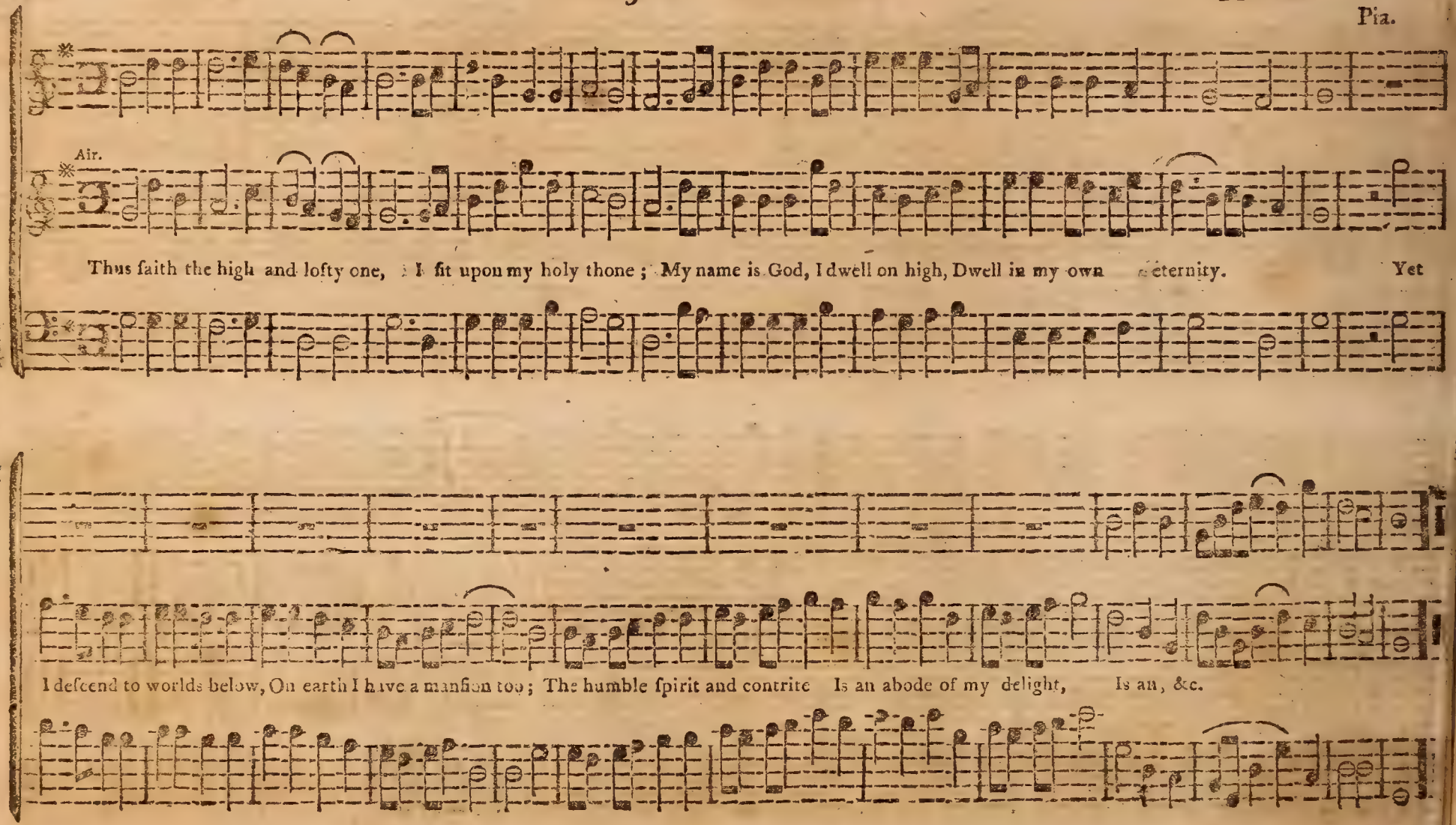

Thy words the raging winds controul And rule the boisterous deep Thou mak'st the sleeping
Thou make'st, &c.
billows roll, Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll, The rolling billows sleep, The rolling billows sleep.

Monſon. L. M.

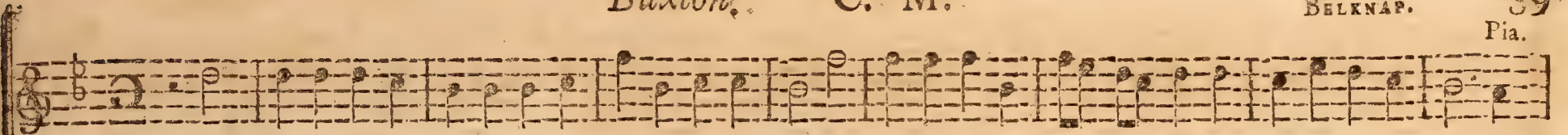
BELKNAP.

Pia.

Air.

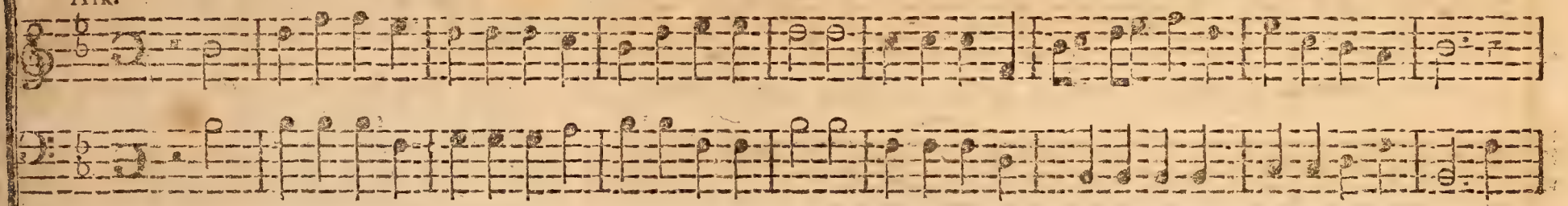


Pia.

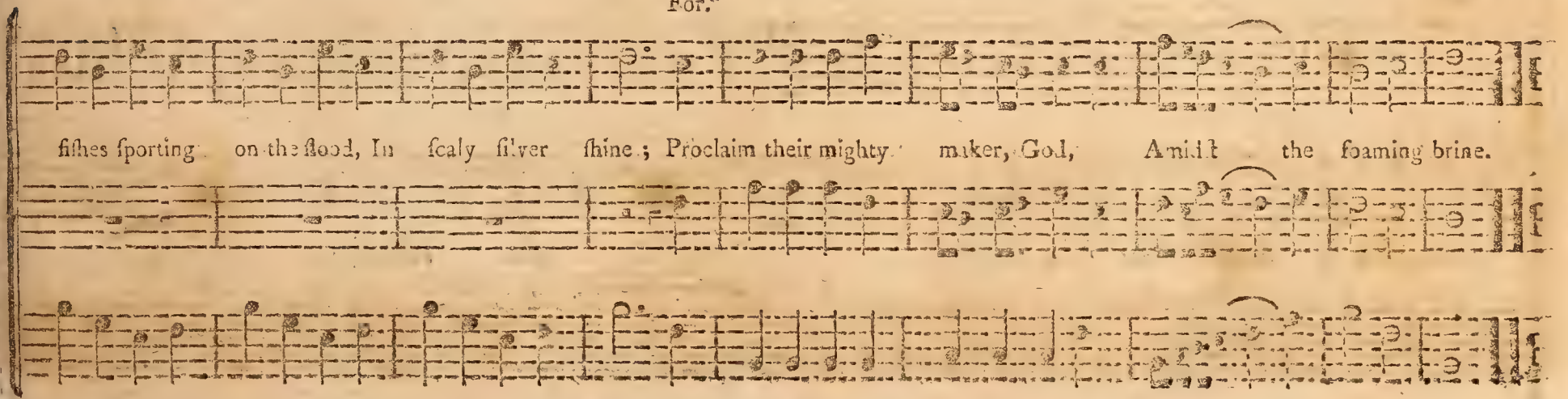


Shout to the Lord, ye ſurging ſeas, In your eternal roar, Let wave to wave reſound his praiſe, And ſhore reply to ſhore. While

AIR.

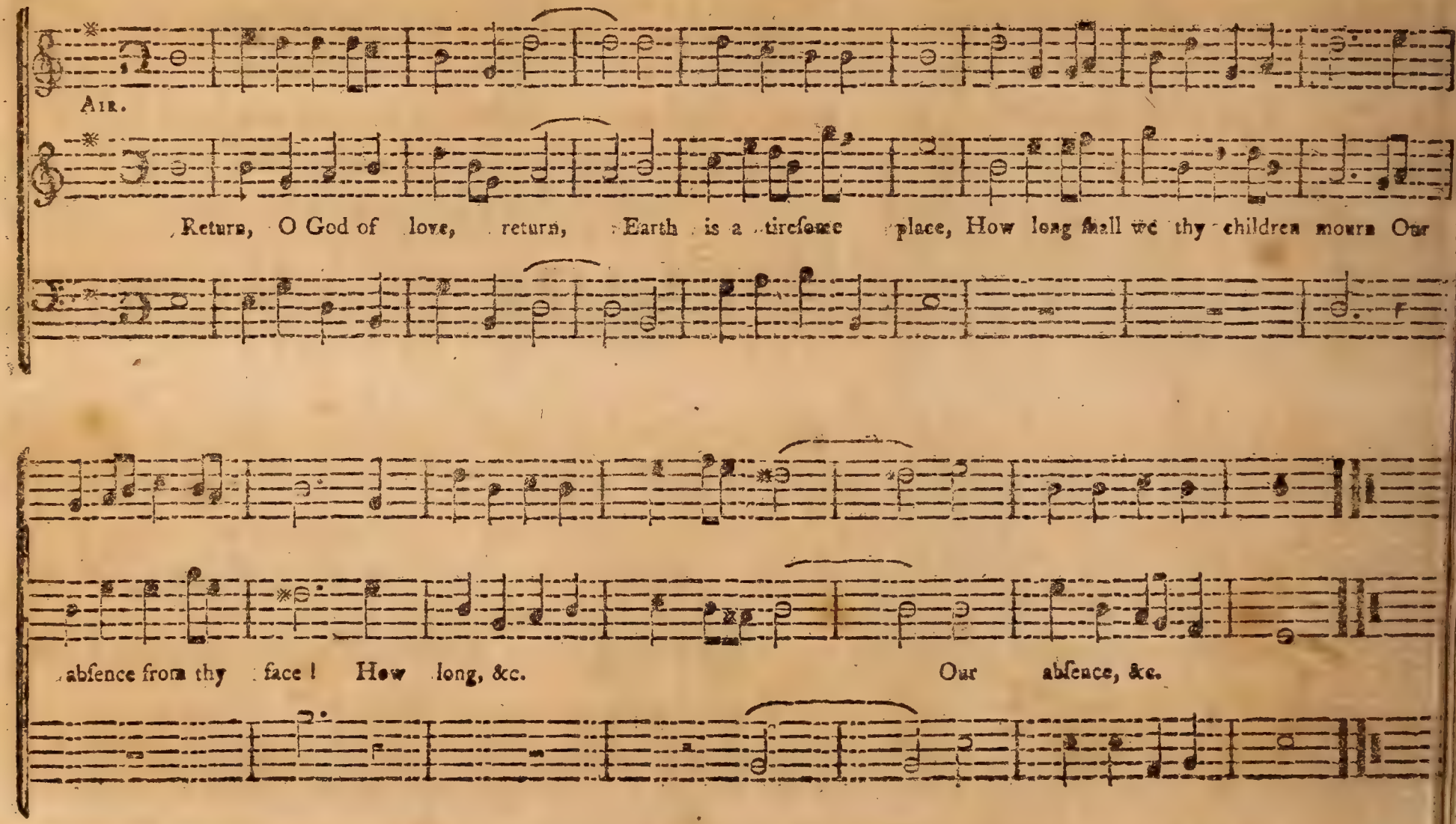


For.

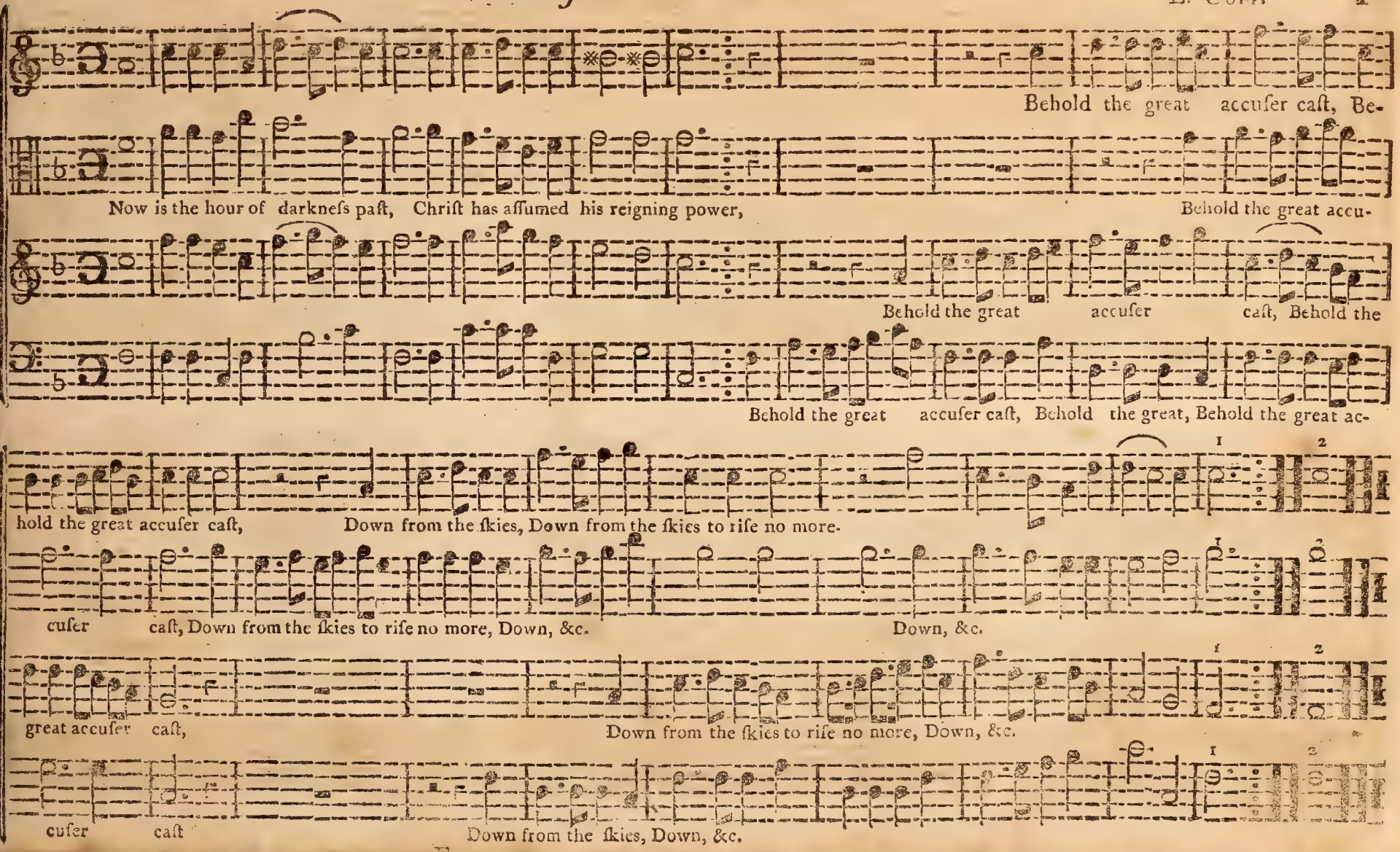


fiſhes ſporting on the flood, In ſcaly ſilver ſhine; Proclaim their mighty maker, God, Amidſt the foaming brine.

Troy. C. M.

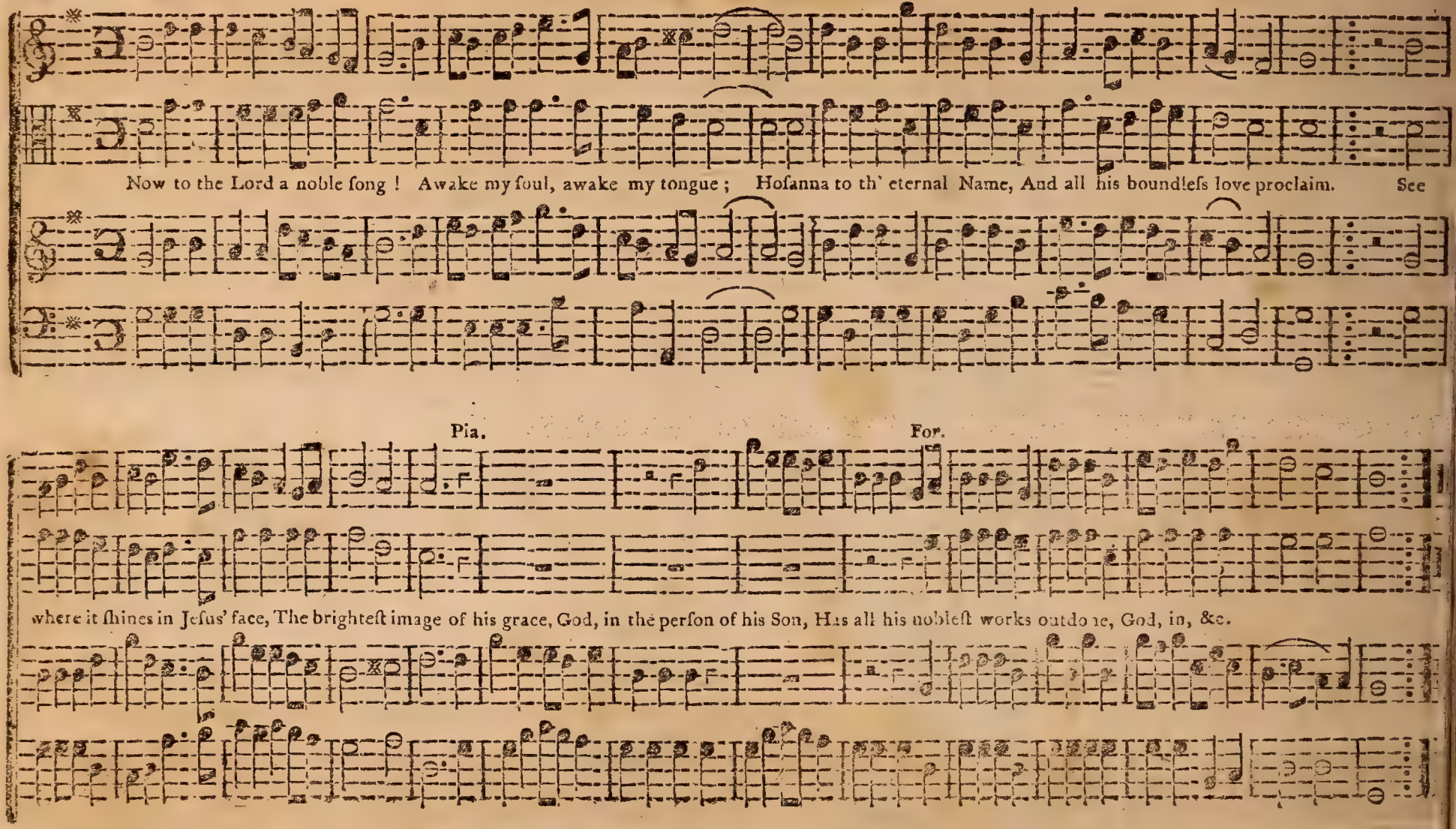

Air.
Return, O God of love, return, Earth is a tirefome place, How long fhall we thy children mourn Our
abfence from thy face! How long, &c.
Our abfence, &c.

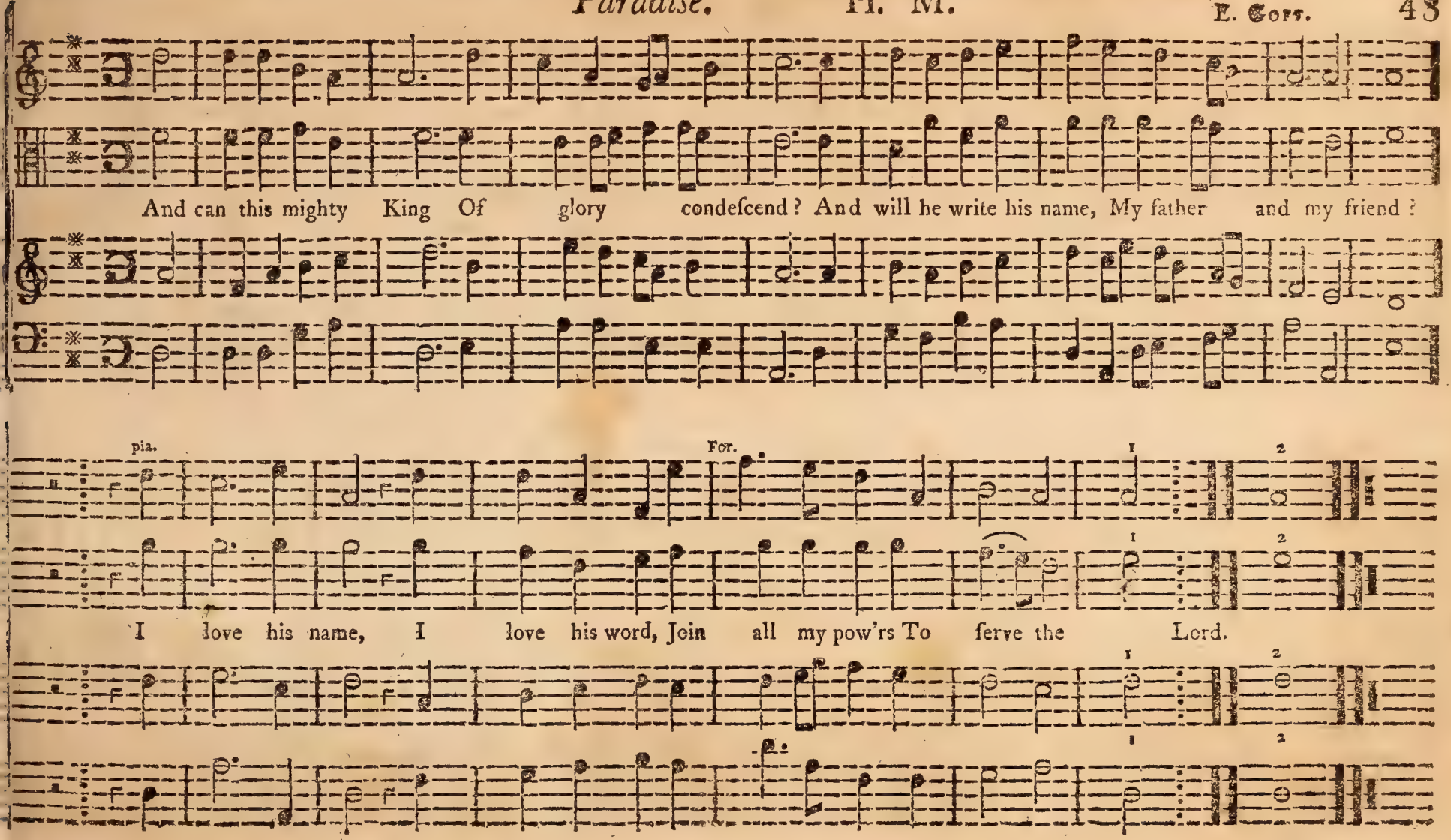
Deanfield. L. M.



Stoneham. L. M.

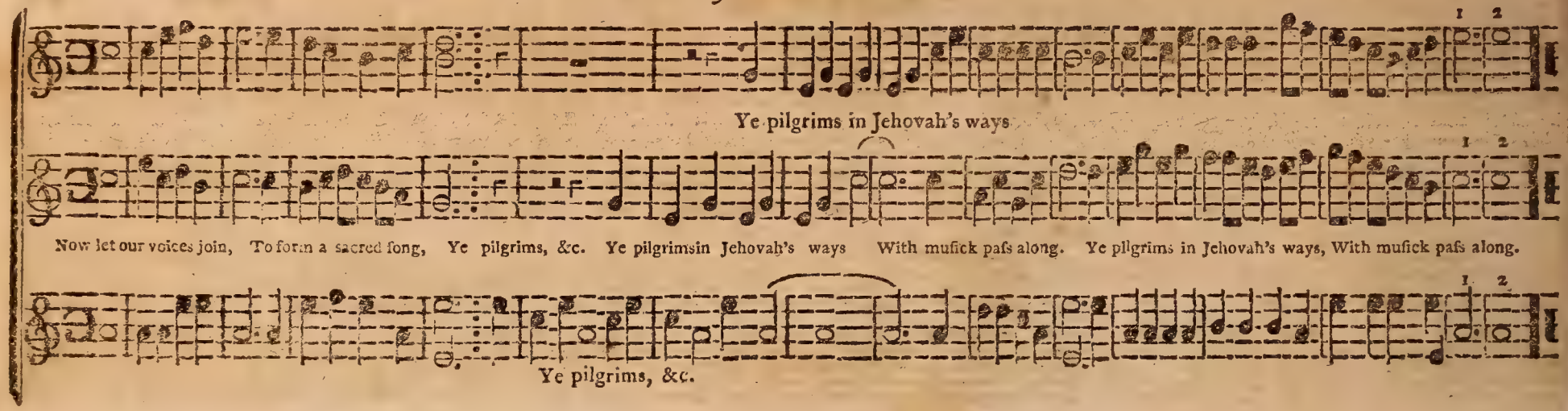
BELKNAP.




And can this mighty King Of glory condeſcend? And will he write his name, My father and my friend?
pia.
For.
I love his name, I love his word, Join all my pow'rs To ſerve the Lord.

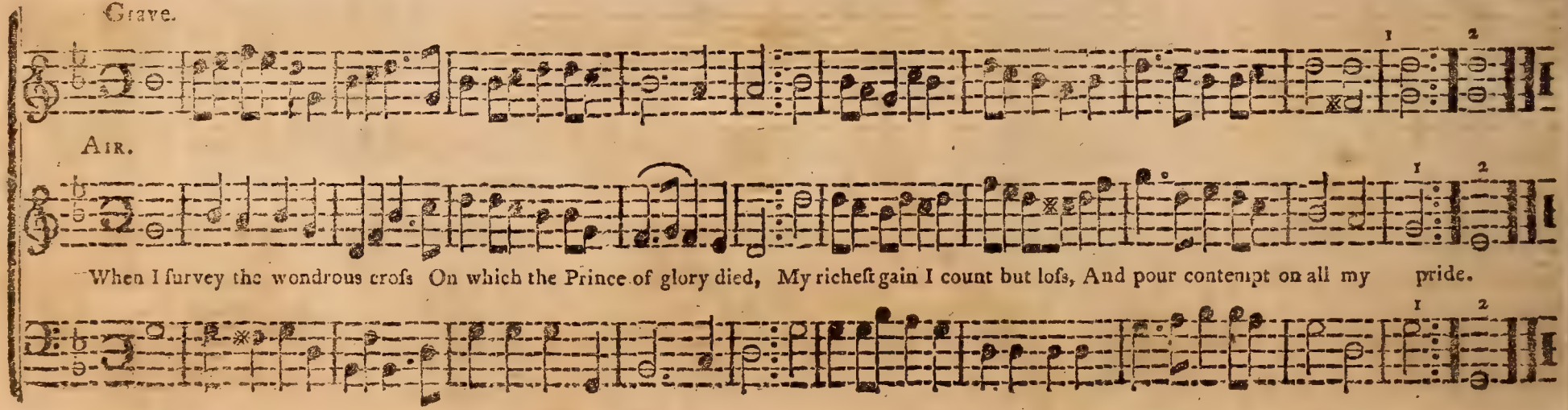
Sudbury. S. M.

SANGER.

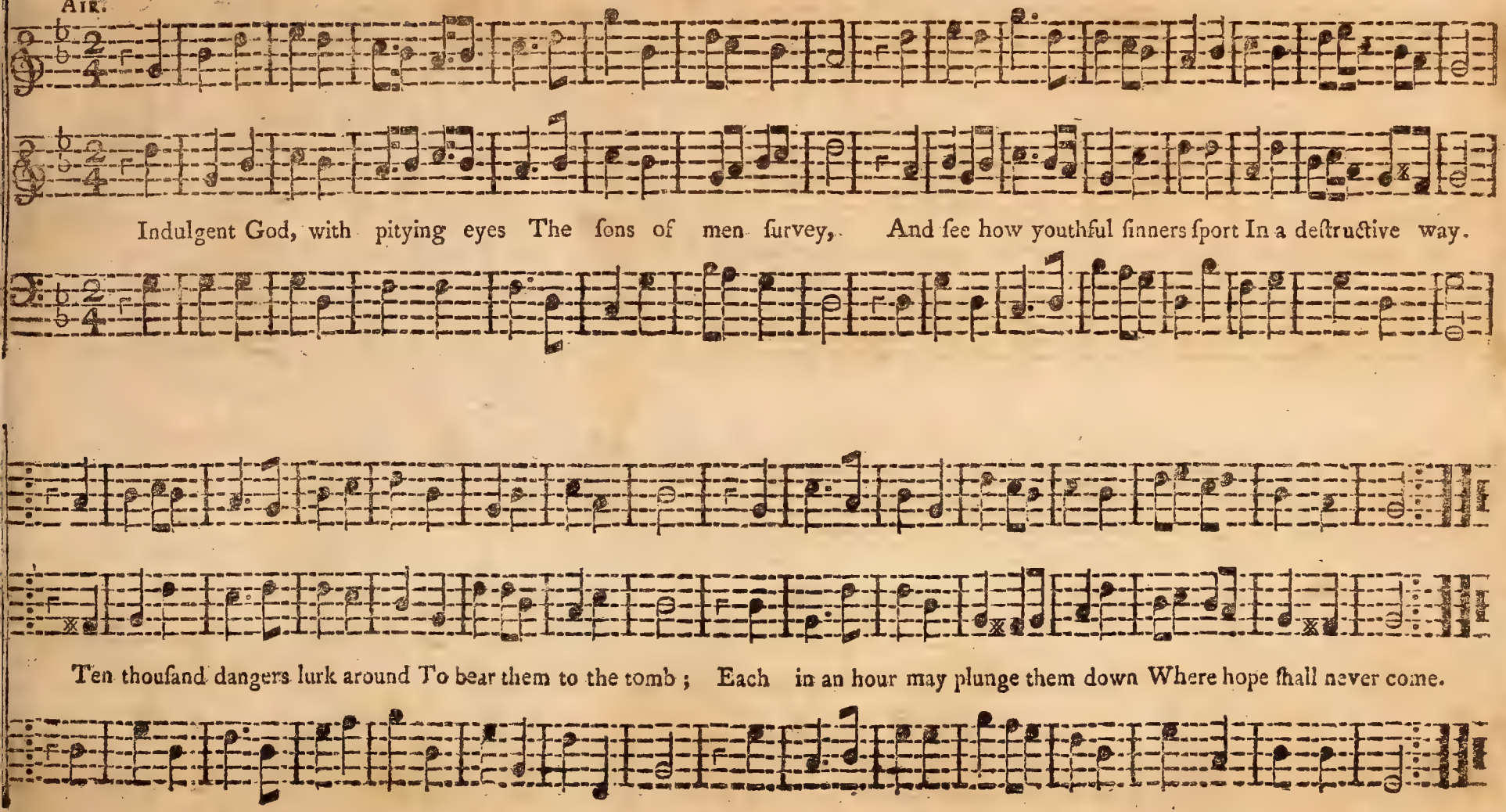


Gardner. L. M.

BERLNAP.

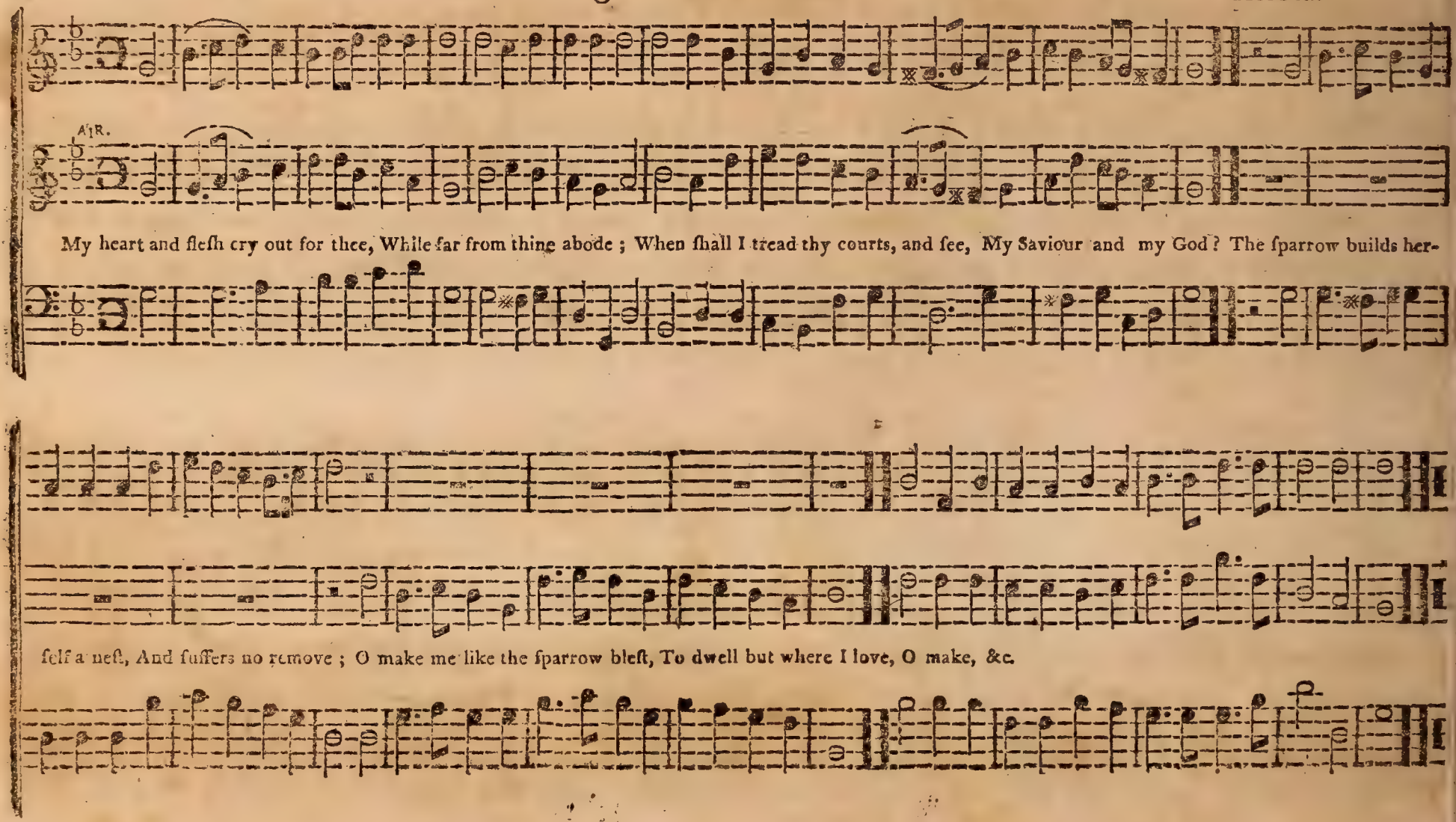


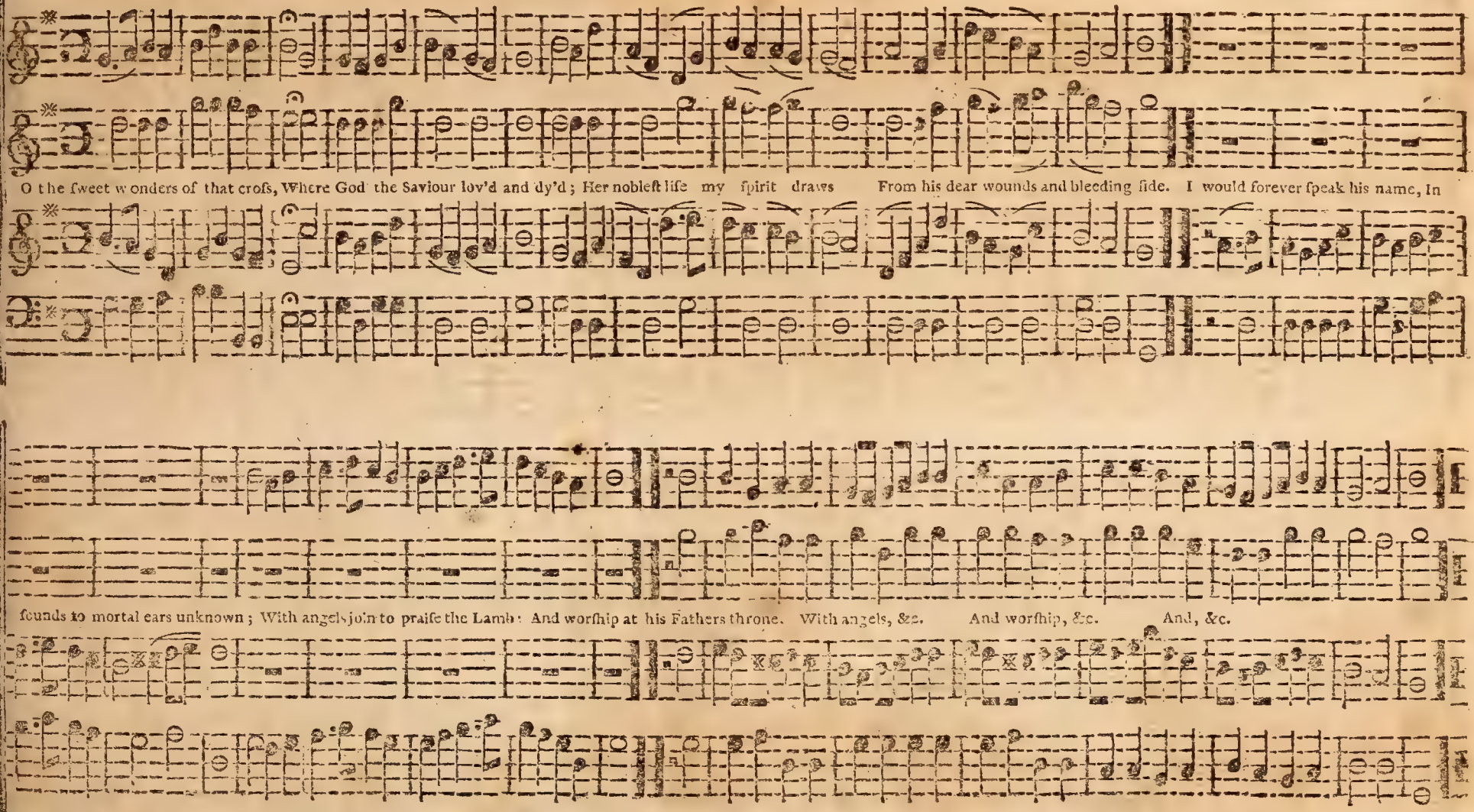
AIR.


Indulgent God, with pitying eyes The ſons of men ſurvey, And ſee how youthful ſinners ſport In a deſtructive way.
Ten thouſand dangers lurk around To bear them to the tomb ; Each in an hour may plunge them down Where hope ſhall never come.

Vergennes. C. M.

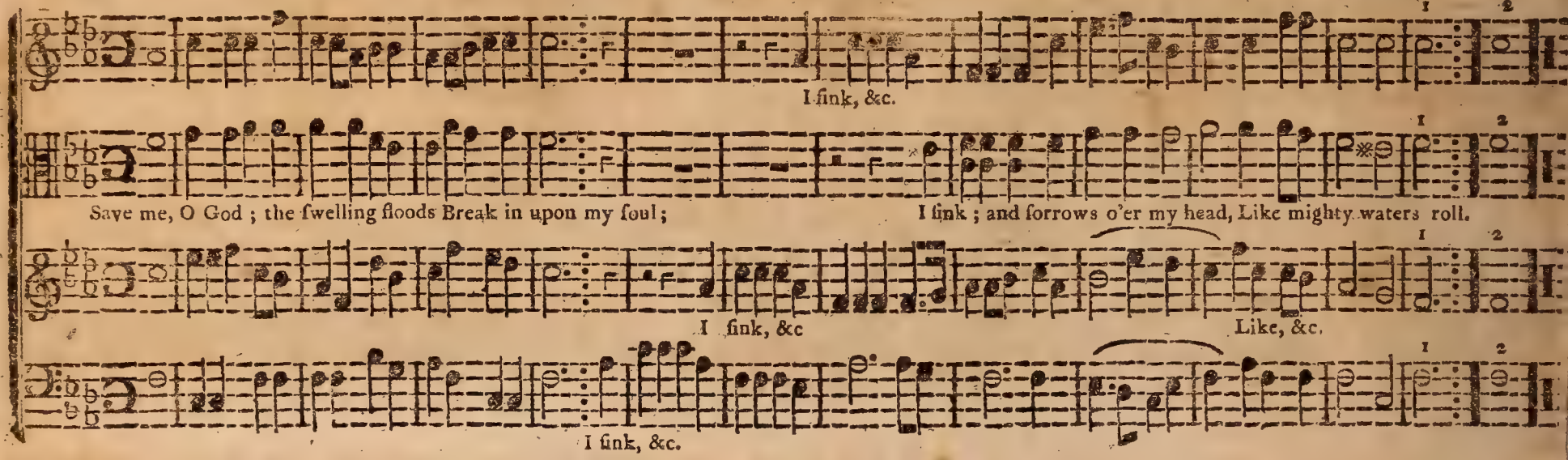
HOLDEN.



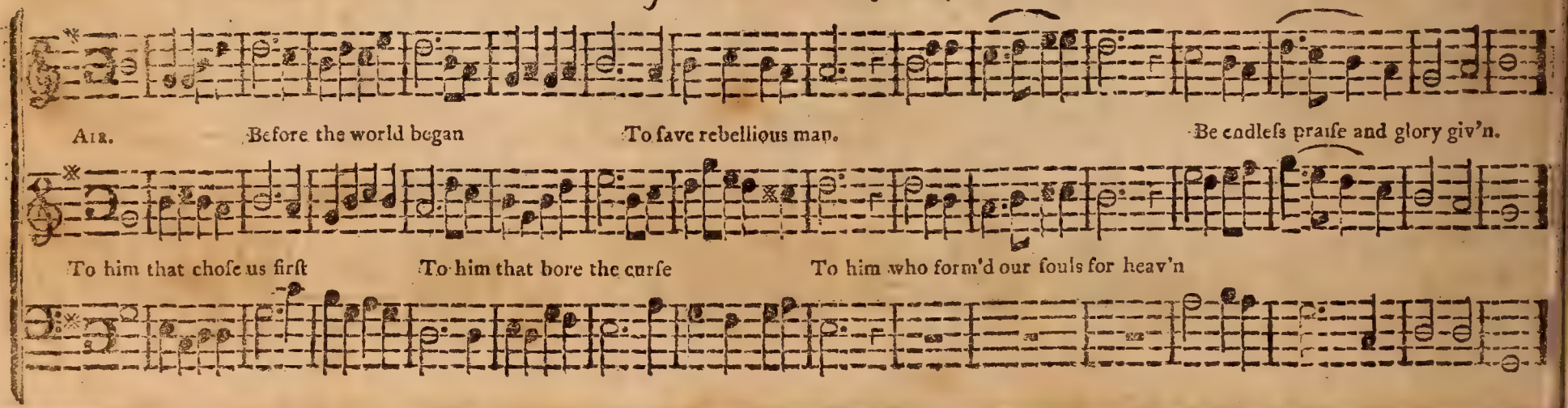

O the ſweet wonders of that croſs, Where God the Saviour lov'd and dy'd; Her nobleſt life my ſpirit draws From his dear wounds and bleeding ſide. I would forever ſpeak his name, In
ſounds to mortal ears unknown; With angels join to praiſe the Lamb: And worſhip at his Fathers throne. With angels, &c. And worſhip, &c. And, &c.

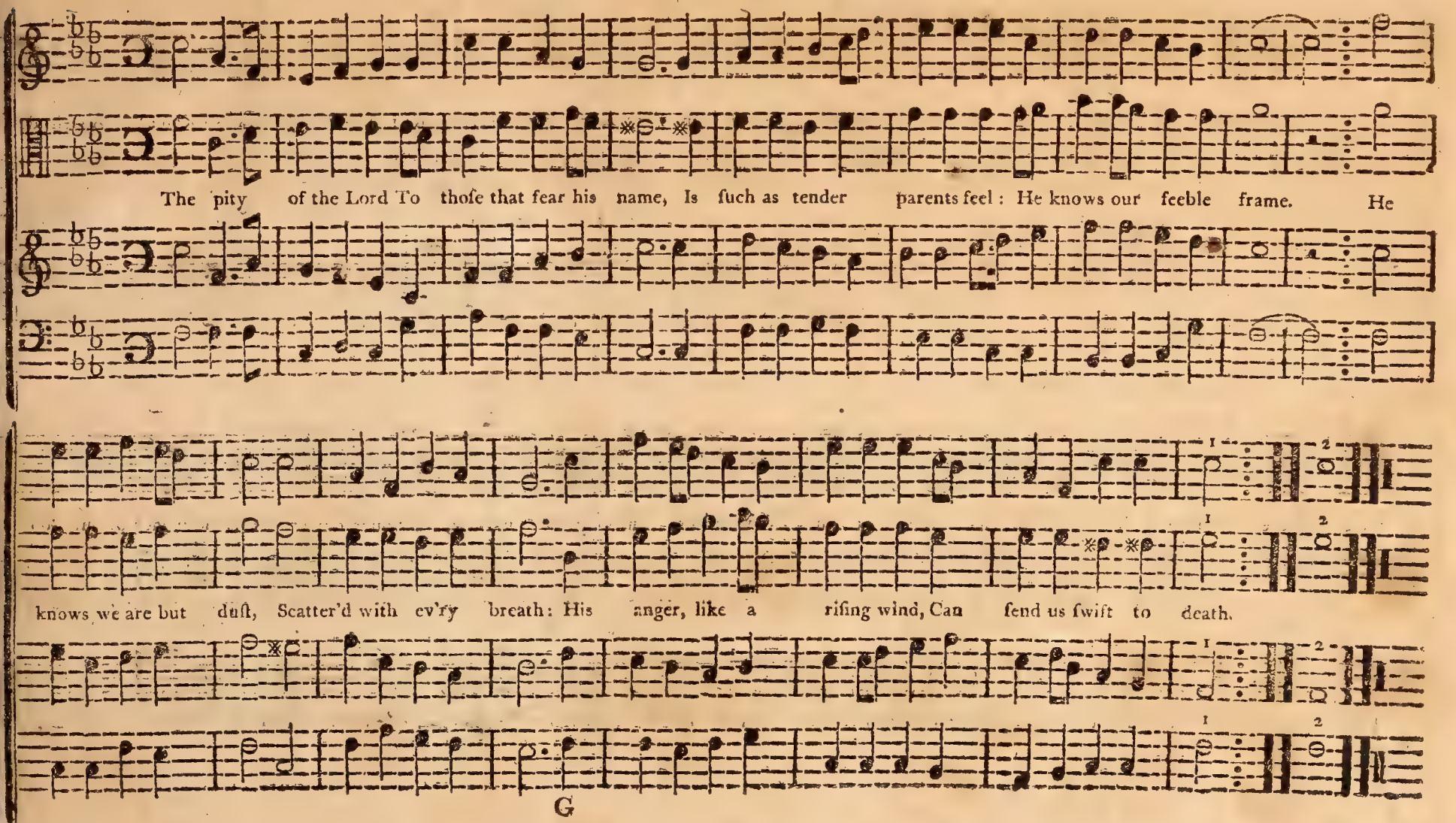
Sutton C. M.

E Gorr.



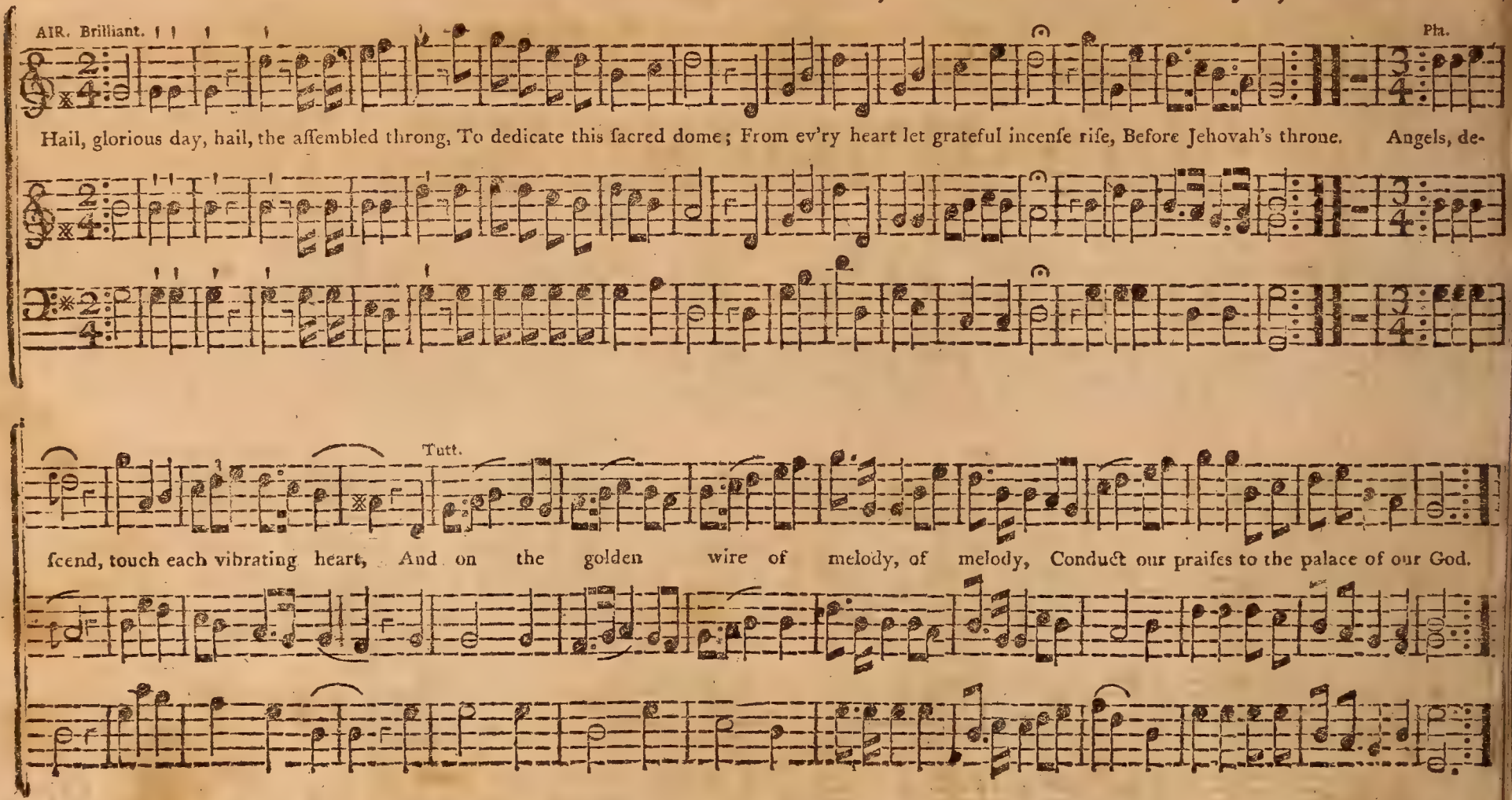
Oxford. H. M.

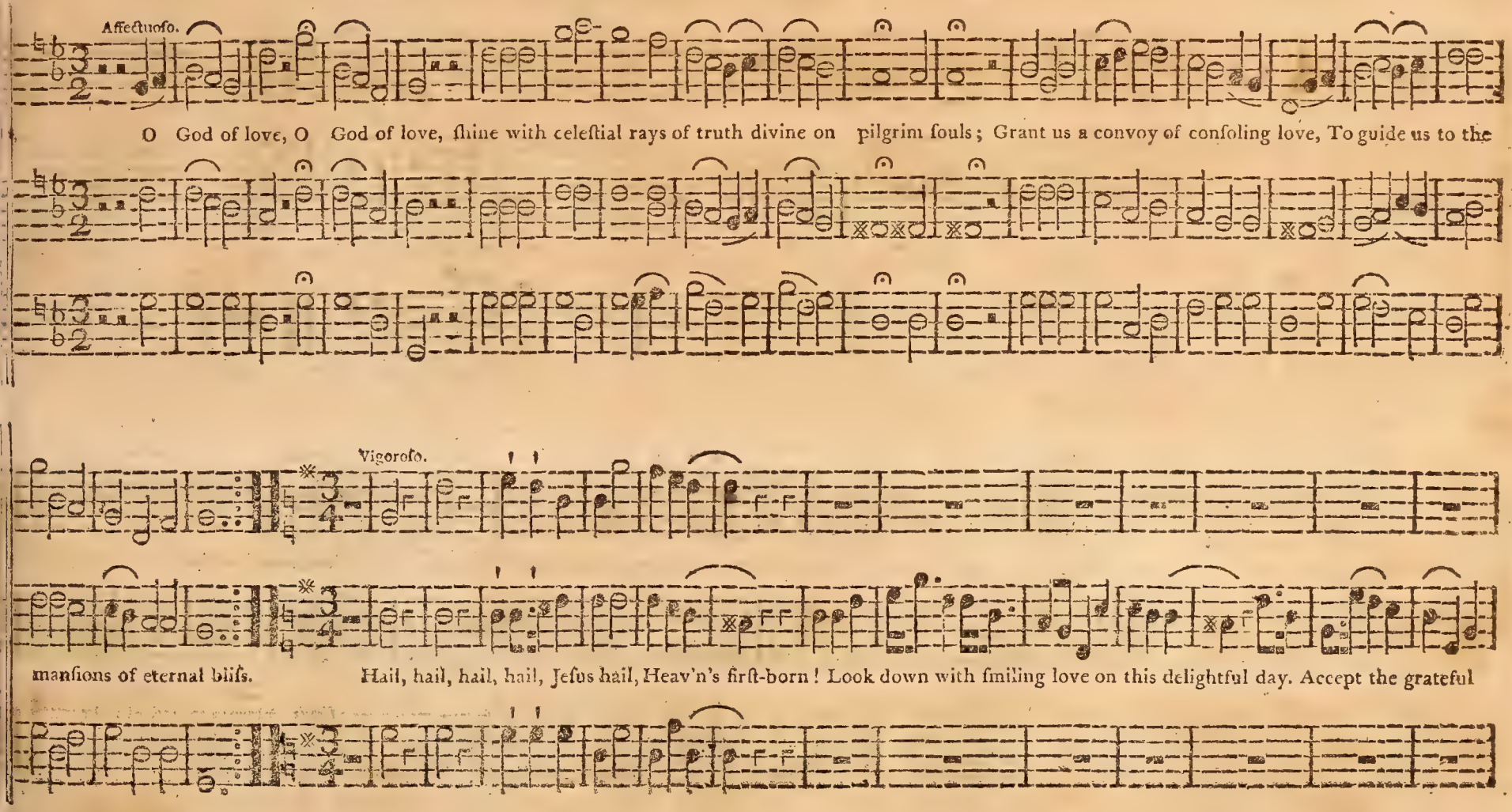


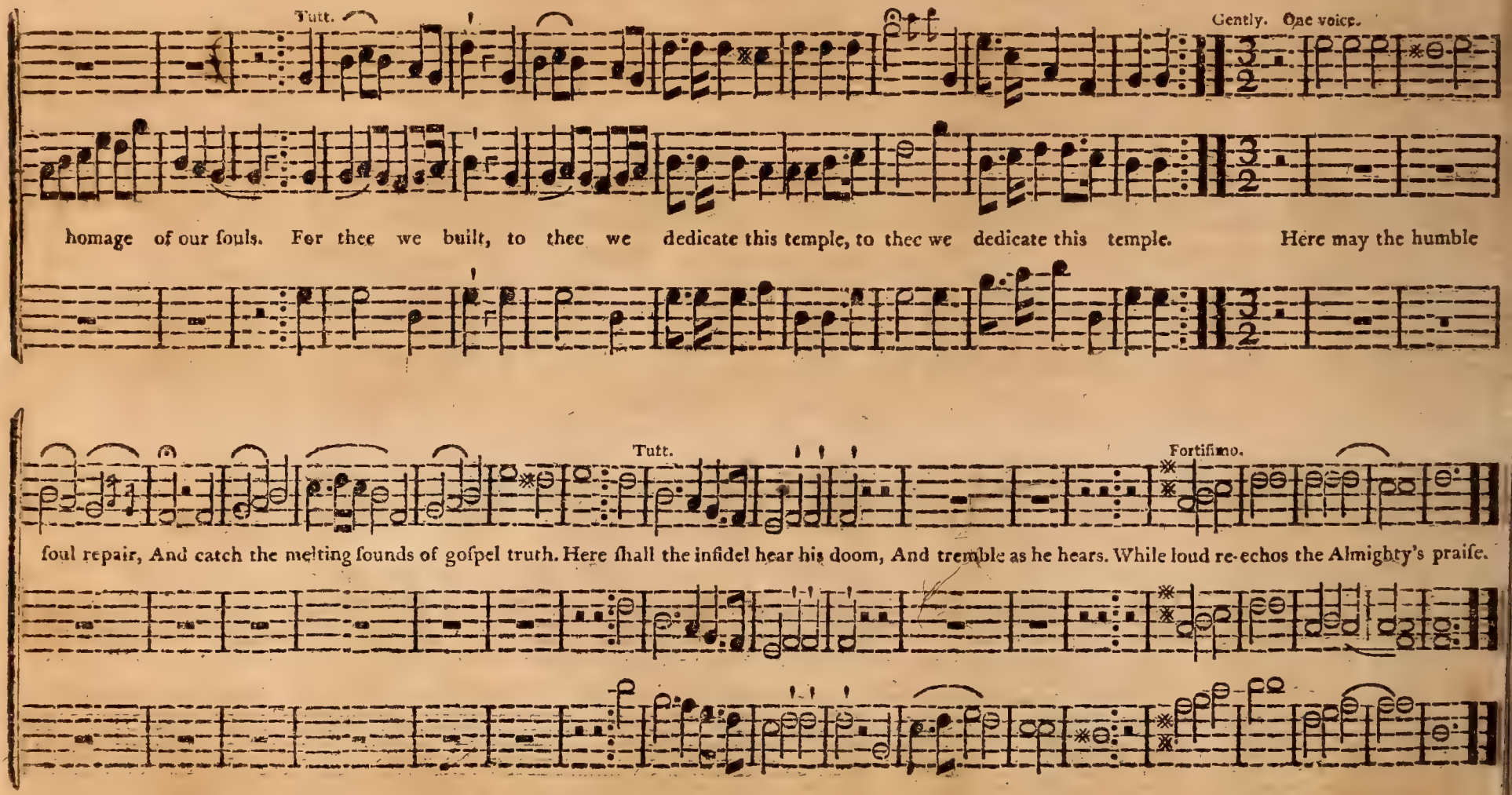

The pity of the Lord To thoſe that fear his name, Is ſuch as tender parents feel: He knows our feeble frame. He
knows we are but duſt, Scatter'd with ev'ry breath: His anger, like a riſing wind, Can ſend us ſwift to death.

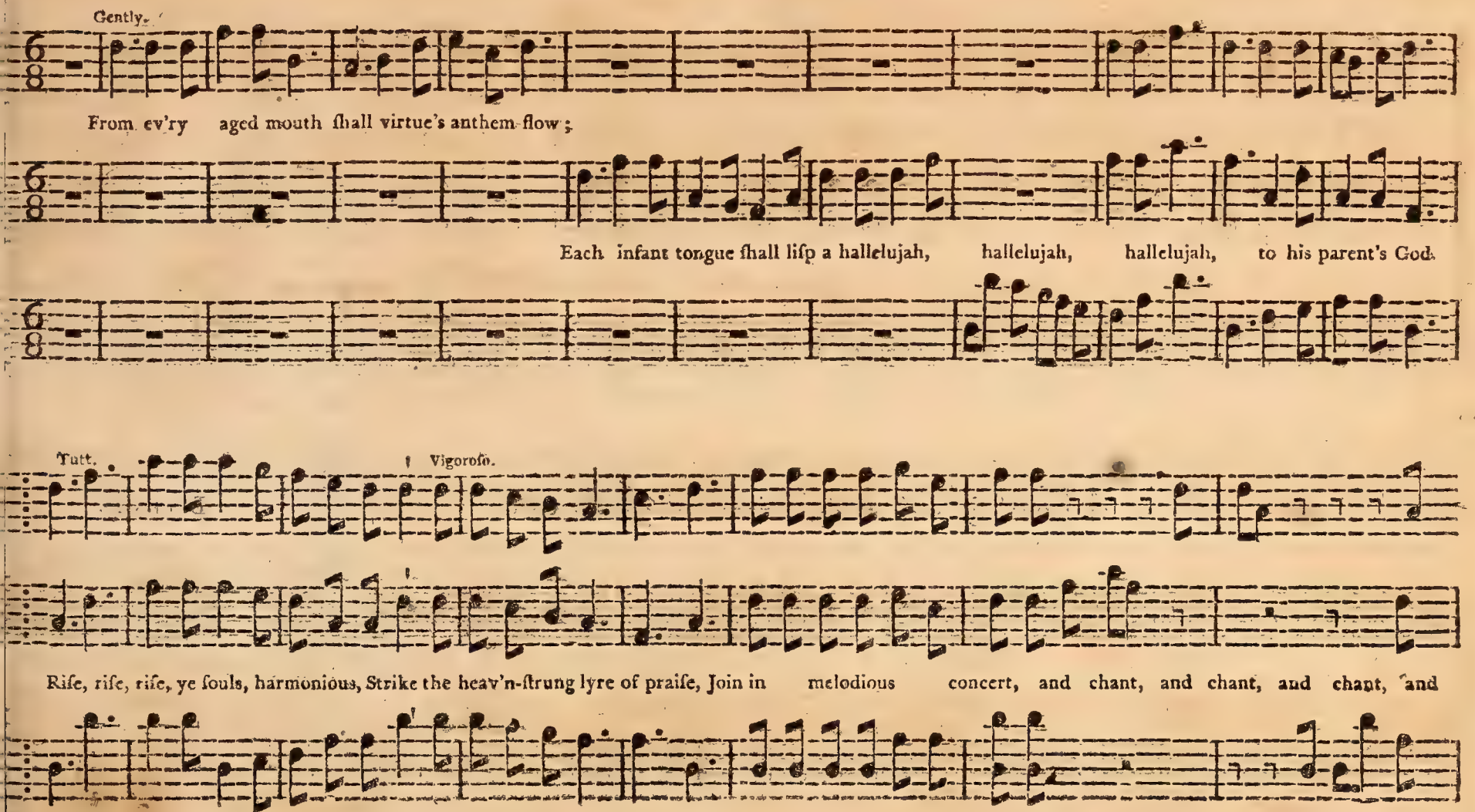
Anthem.

Sung at the Dedication of Sterling Meeting-Houſe, (Maſſachuſetts.)
Lines by P. Cleaveland, A. B. *Muſic by* Brown.

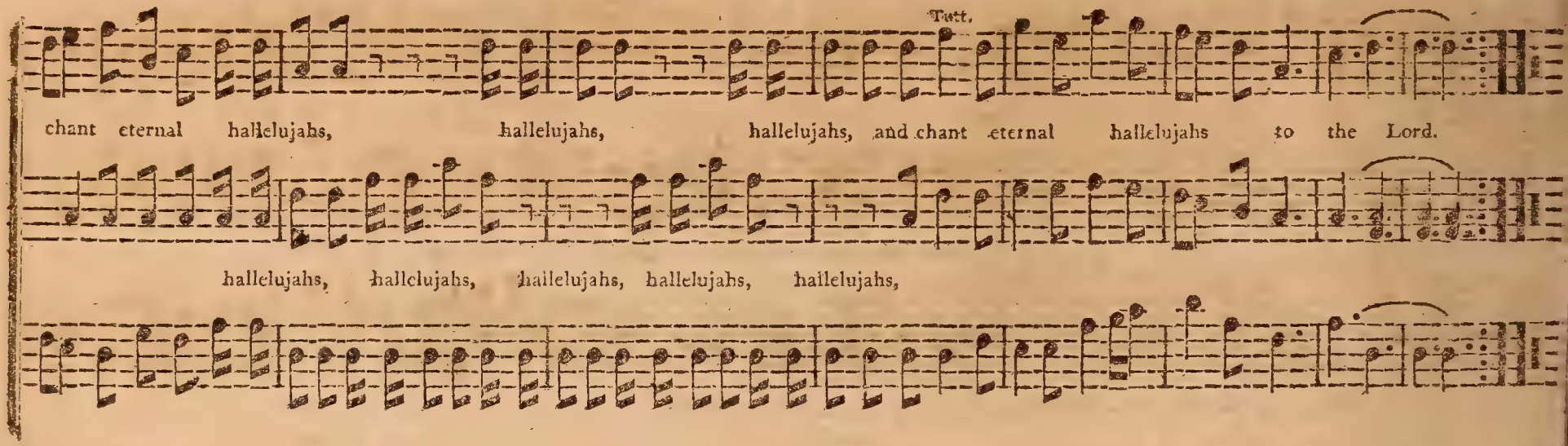



Affectuoso.
O God of love, O God of love, ſhine with celeſtial rays of truth divine on pilgrim ſouls; Grant us a convoy of conſoling love, To guide us to the
Vigoroſo.
manſions of eternal bliſs.
Hail, hail, hail, hail, Jeſus hail, Heav'n's firſt-born! Look down with ſmiling love on this delightful day. Accept the grateful


Tutt.
Gently. One voice.
homage of our ſouls. For thee we built, to thee we dedicate this temple, to thee we dedicate this temple. Here may the humble
Tutt.
Fortiſimo.
ſoul repair, And catch the melting ſounds of goſpel truth. Here ſhall the infidel hear his doom, And tremble as he hears. While loud re-echos the Almighty's praiſe.

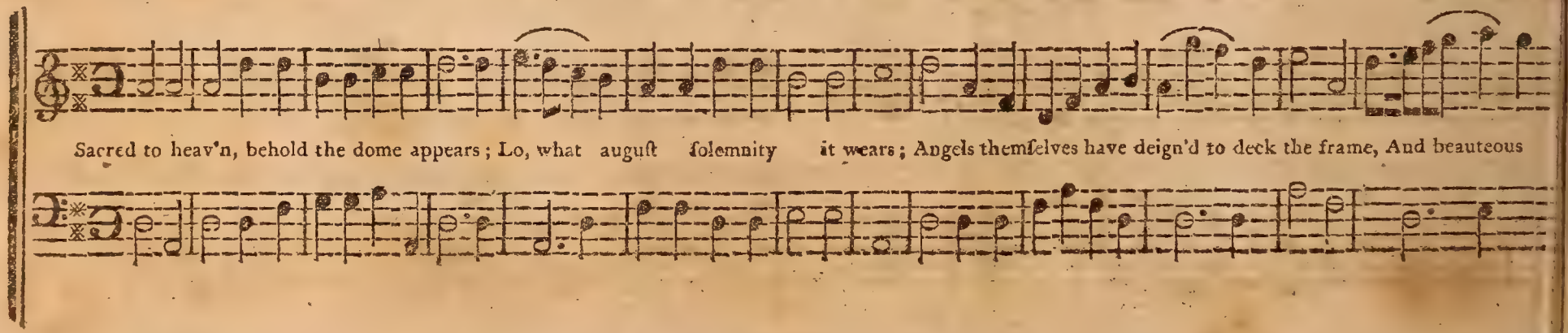

Gently.
From ev'ry aged mouth ſhall virtue's anthem flow;
Each infant tongue ſhall liſp a hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah, to his parent's God.
Tutt.
Vigoroſo.
Riſe, riſe, riſe, ye ſouls, harmonious, Strike the heav'n-ſtrung lyre of praiſe, Join in melodious concert, and chant, and chant, and chant, and

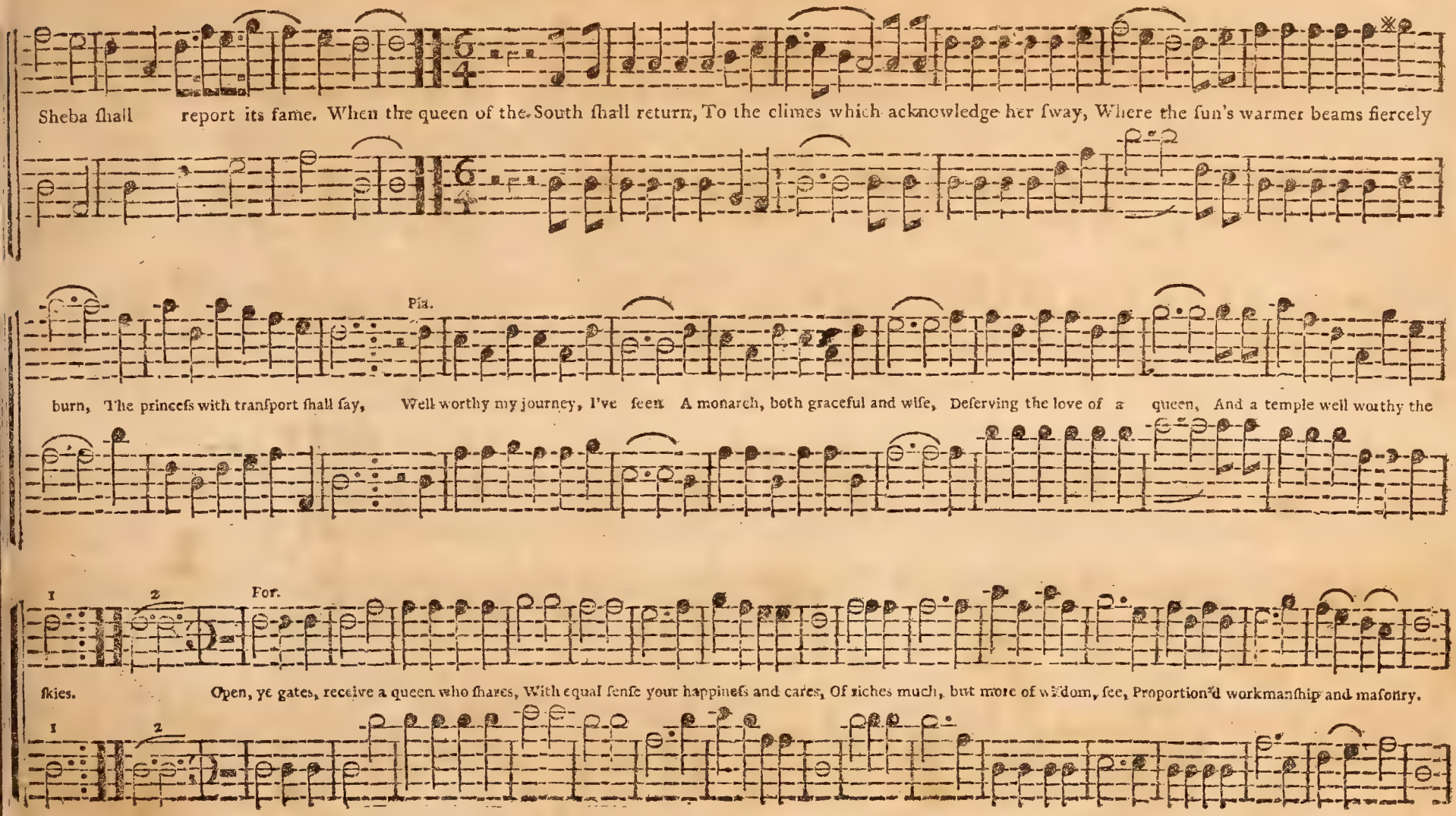
Anthem Continued.



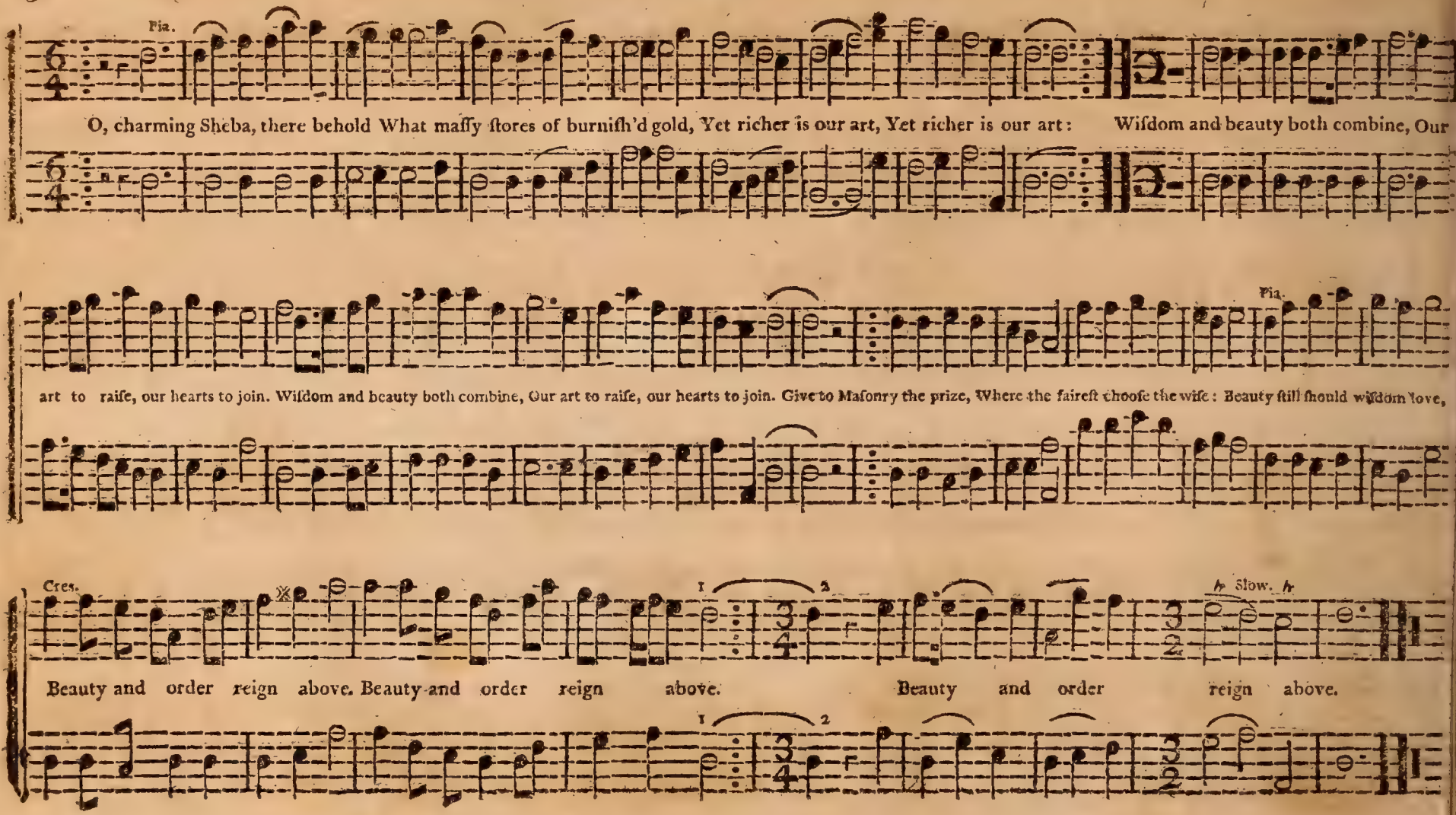
A View of the Temple---a Masonic Ode.

BELKNAP.

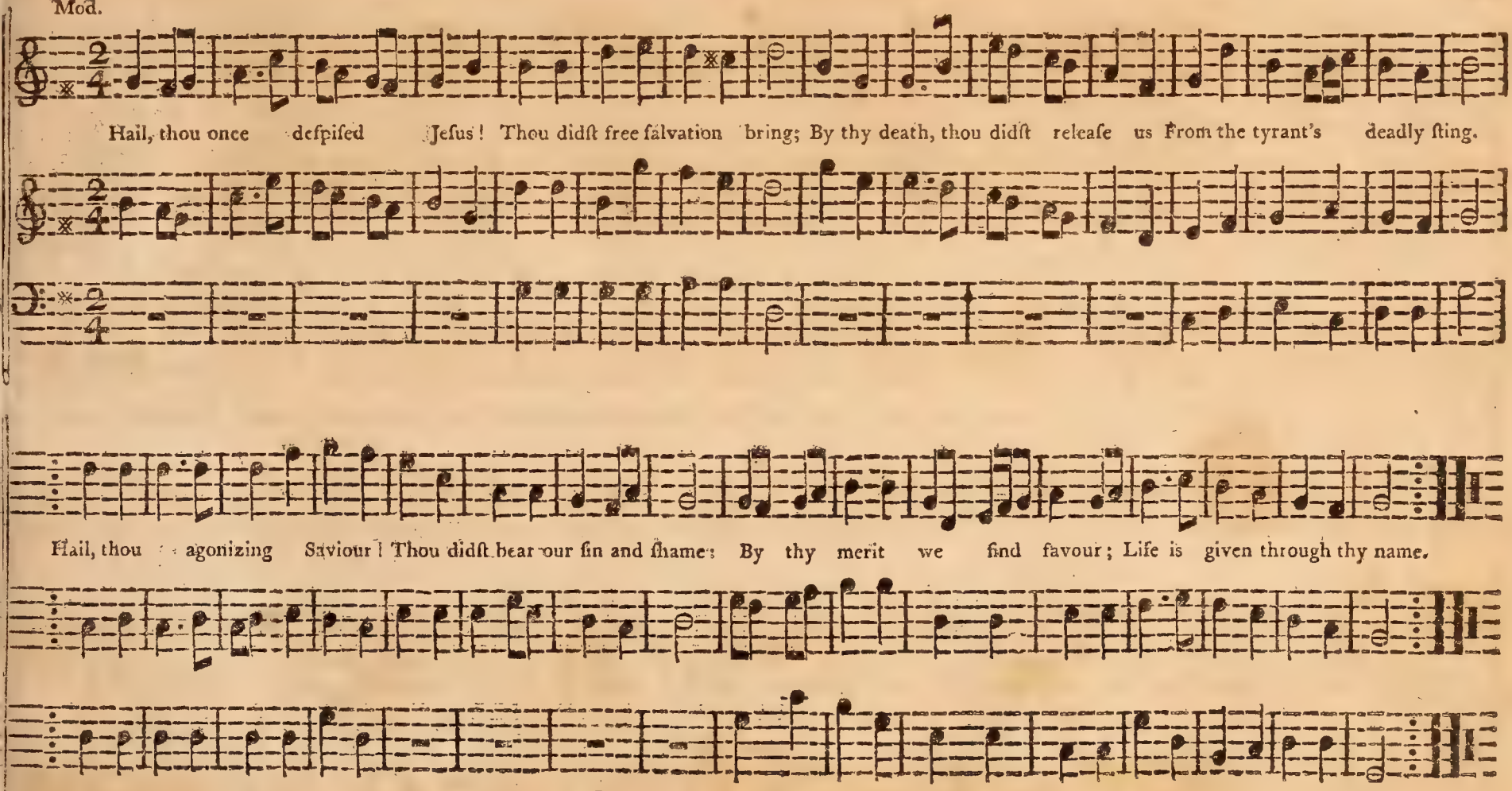



Sheba ſhall report its fame. When the queen of the South ſhall return, To the climes which acknowledge her ſway, Where the ſun's warmer beams fiercely
Pia.
burn, The princeſs with tranſport ſhall ſay, Well worthy my journey, I've ſeen A monarch, both graceful and wiſe, Deſerving the love of a queen, And a temple well worthy the
For.
ſkies. Open, ye gates, receive a queen who ſhares, With equal ſenſe your happineſs and cares, Of riches much, but more of wisdom, ſee, Proportion'd workmanſhip and maſonry.

Ode Continued.

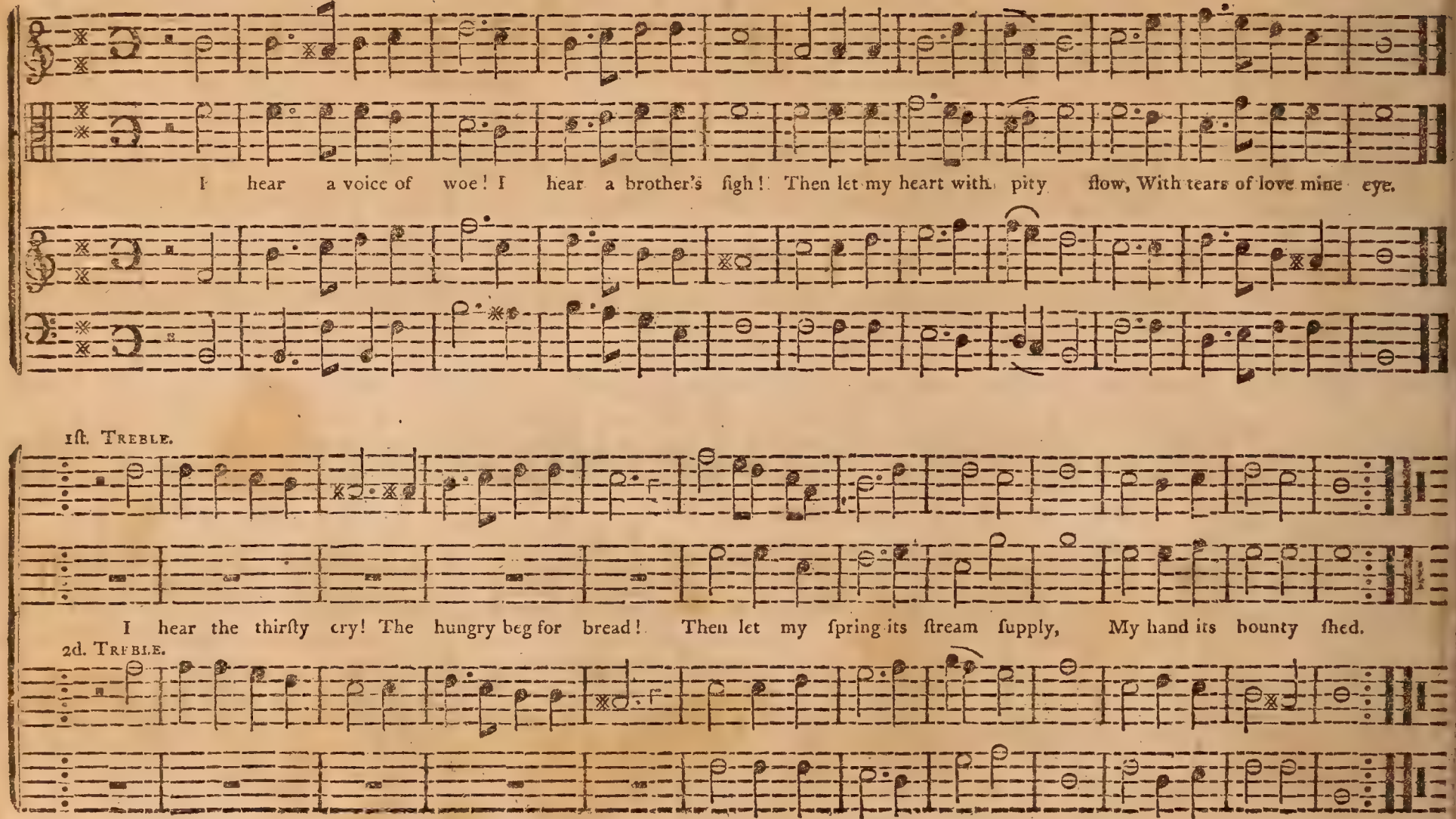


Mod.


Hail, thou once despised Jesus! Thou didst free salvation bring; By thy death, thou didst release us From the tyrant's deadly sting.
Hail, thou agonizing Saviour! Thou didst bear our sin and shame: By thy merit we find favour; Life is given through thy name.

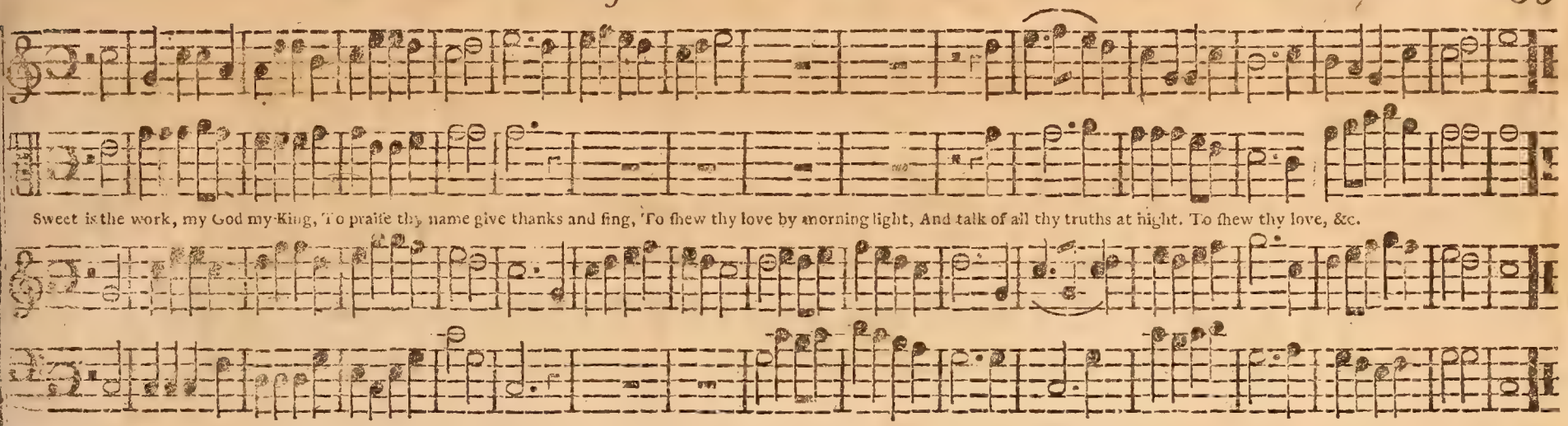
No. 8. S. M.

MANN.


I hear a voice of woe! I hear a brother's ſigh! Then let my heart with pity flow, With tears of love mine eye.
1ſt. TREBLE.
I hear the thirſty cry! The hungry beg for bread! Then let my ſpring its ſtream ſupply, My hand its bounty ſhed.
2d. TREBLE.

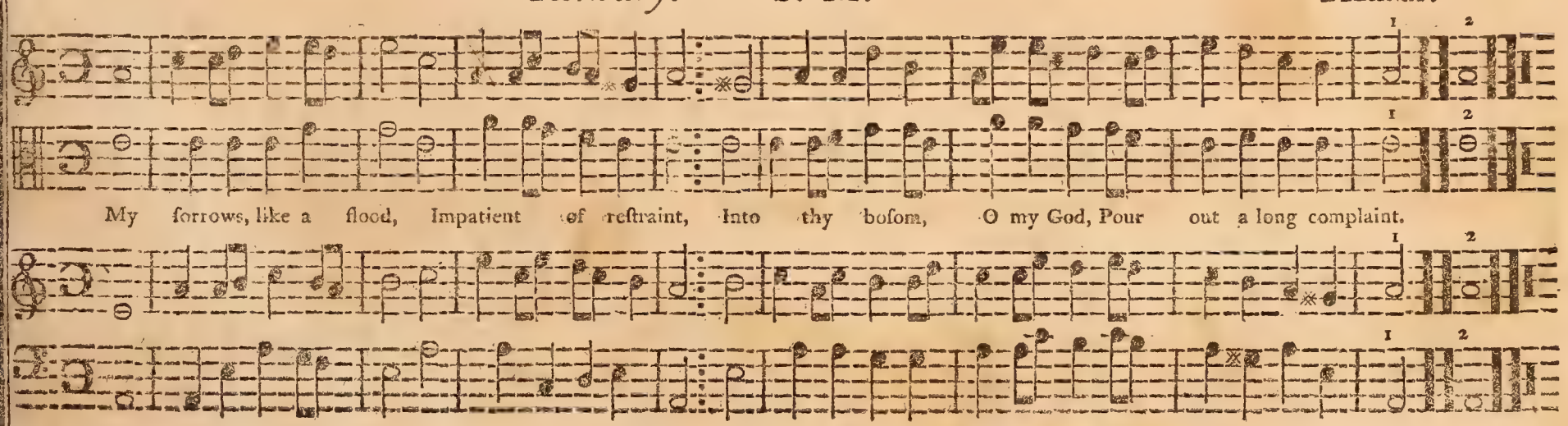
Norfolk. L. M.

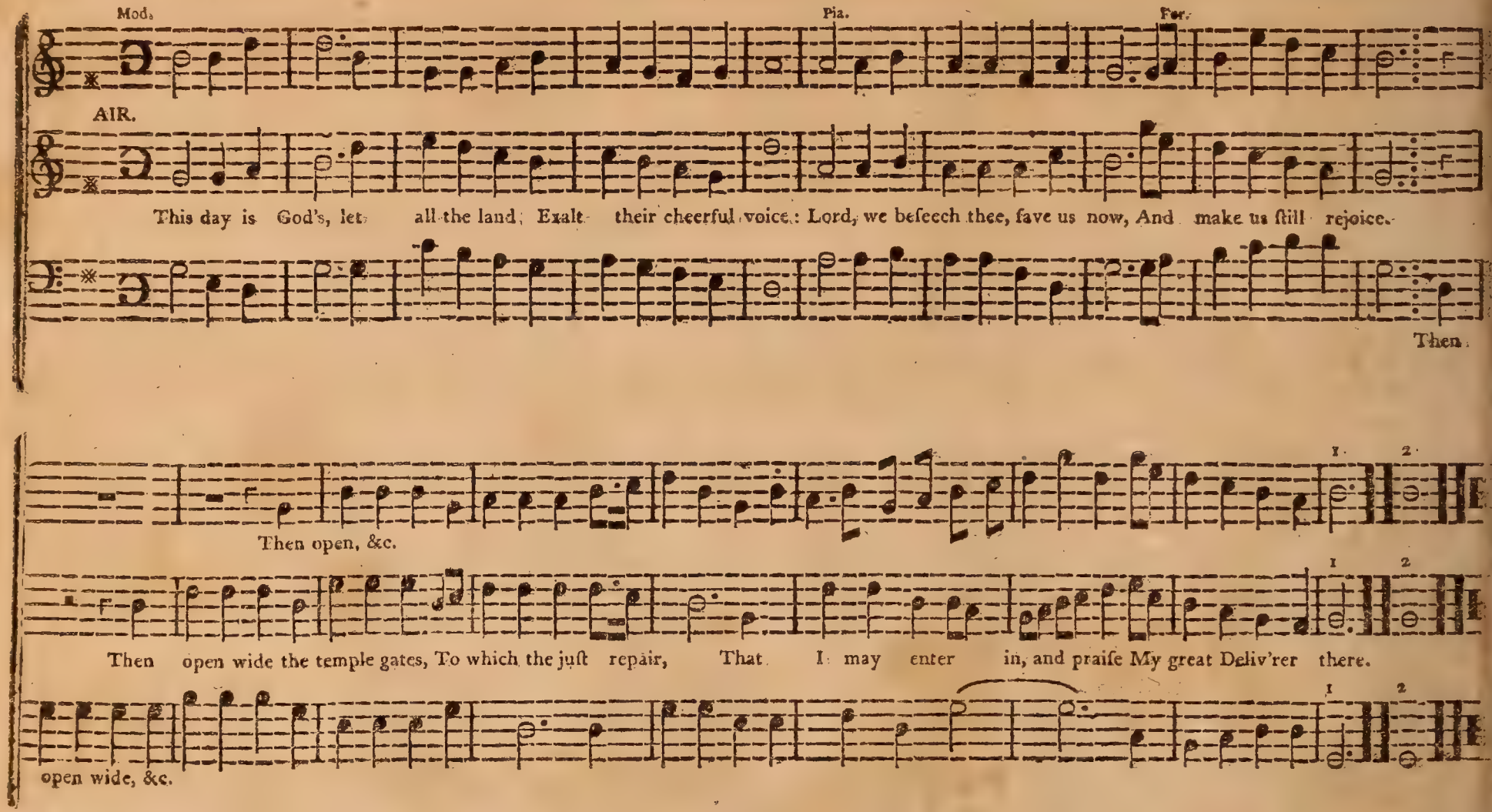
CAPIN.

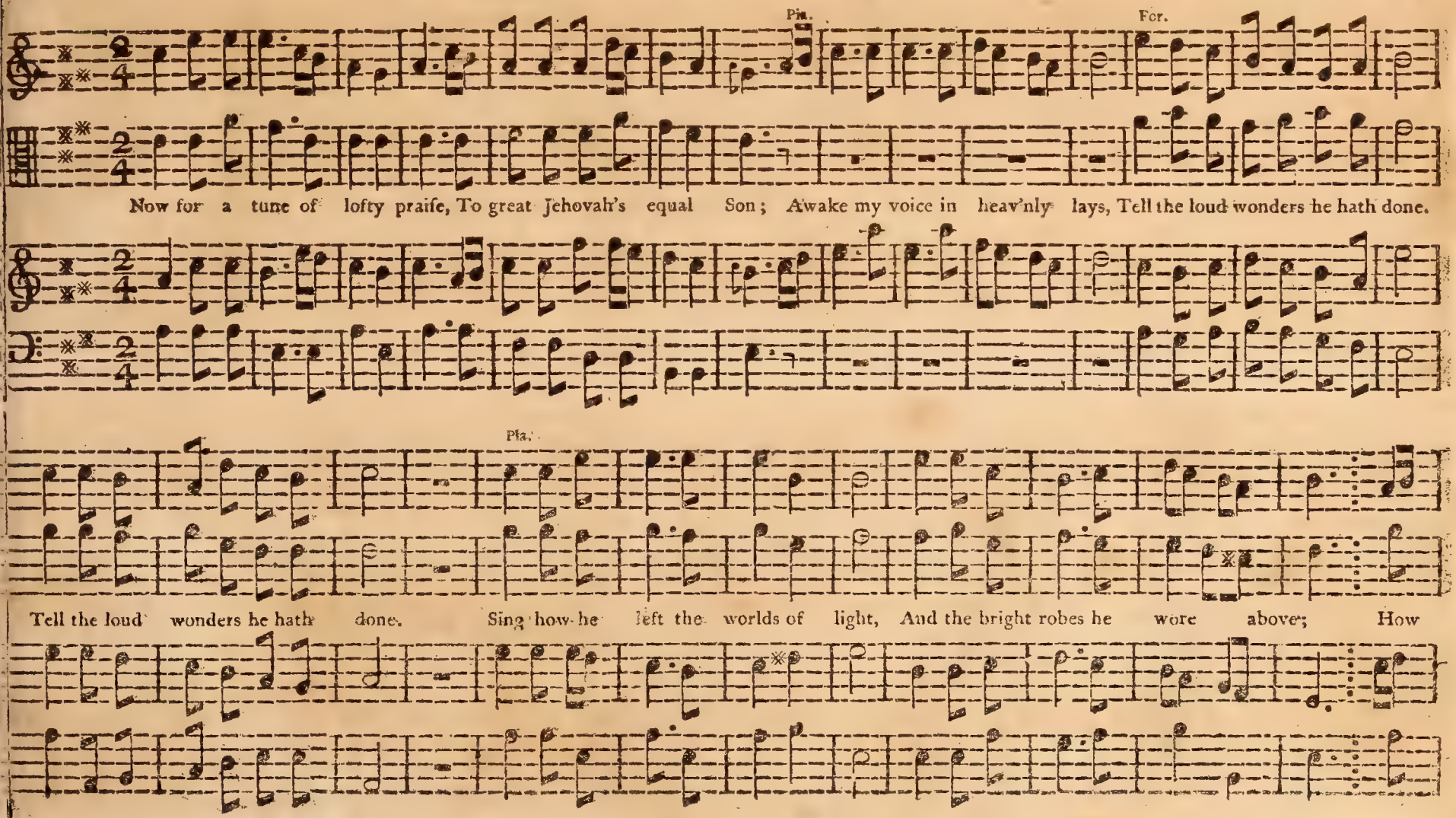


Roxbury. S. M.

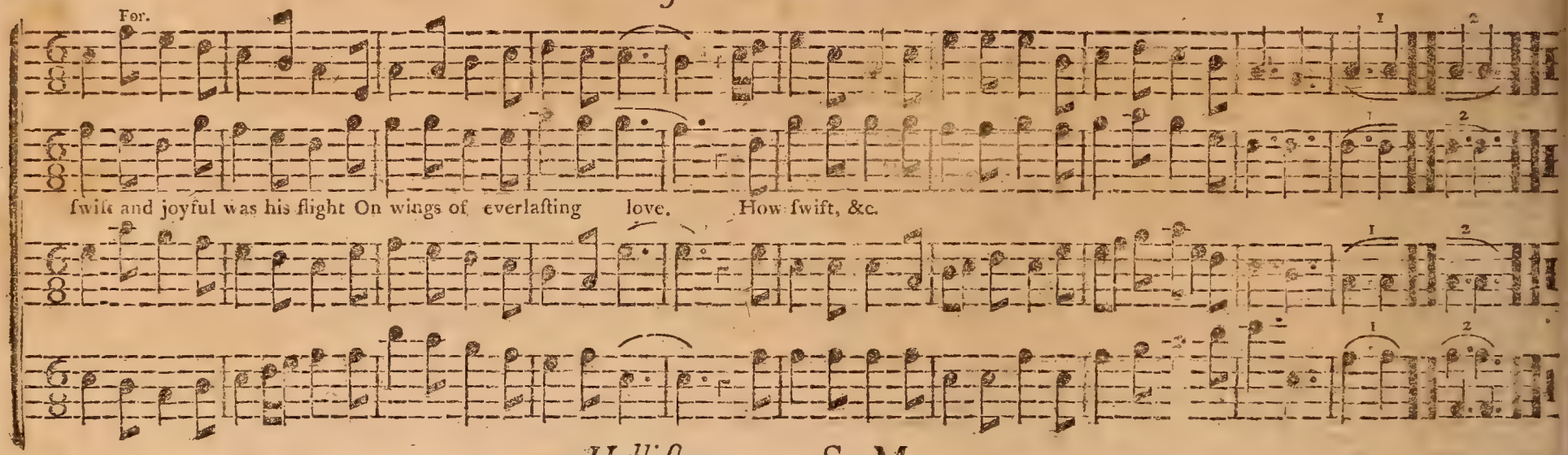
BELKNAP.




Mod.
Pia.
For.
AIR.
This day is God's, let all the land, Exalt their cheerful voice: Lord, we beſeech thee, ſave us now, And make us ſtill rejoice.
Then
Then open, &c.
Then open wide the temple gates, To which the juſt repair, That I may enter in, and praiſe My great Deliv'rer there.
open wide, &c.

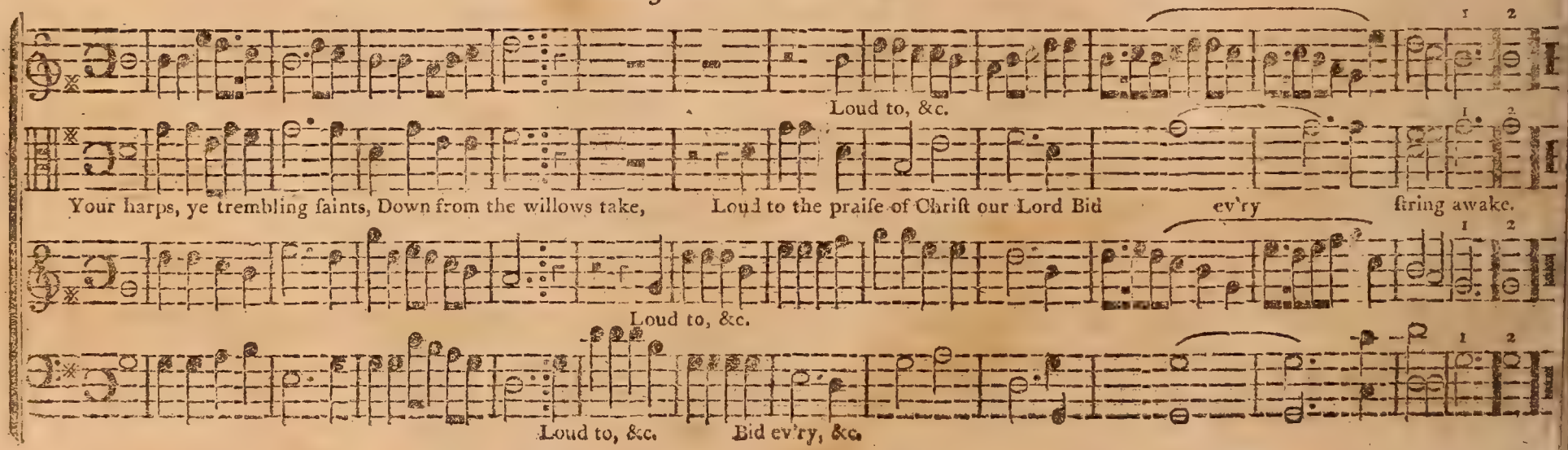

Pia.
For.
Now for a tune of lofty praiſe, To great Jehovah's equal Son; Awake my voice in heav'nly lays, Tell the loud wonders he hath done.
Pia.
Tell the loud wonders he hath done. Sing how he left the worlds of light, And the bright robes he wore above; How

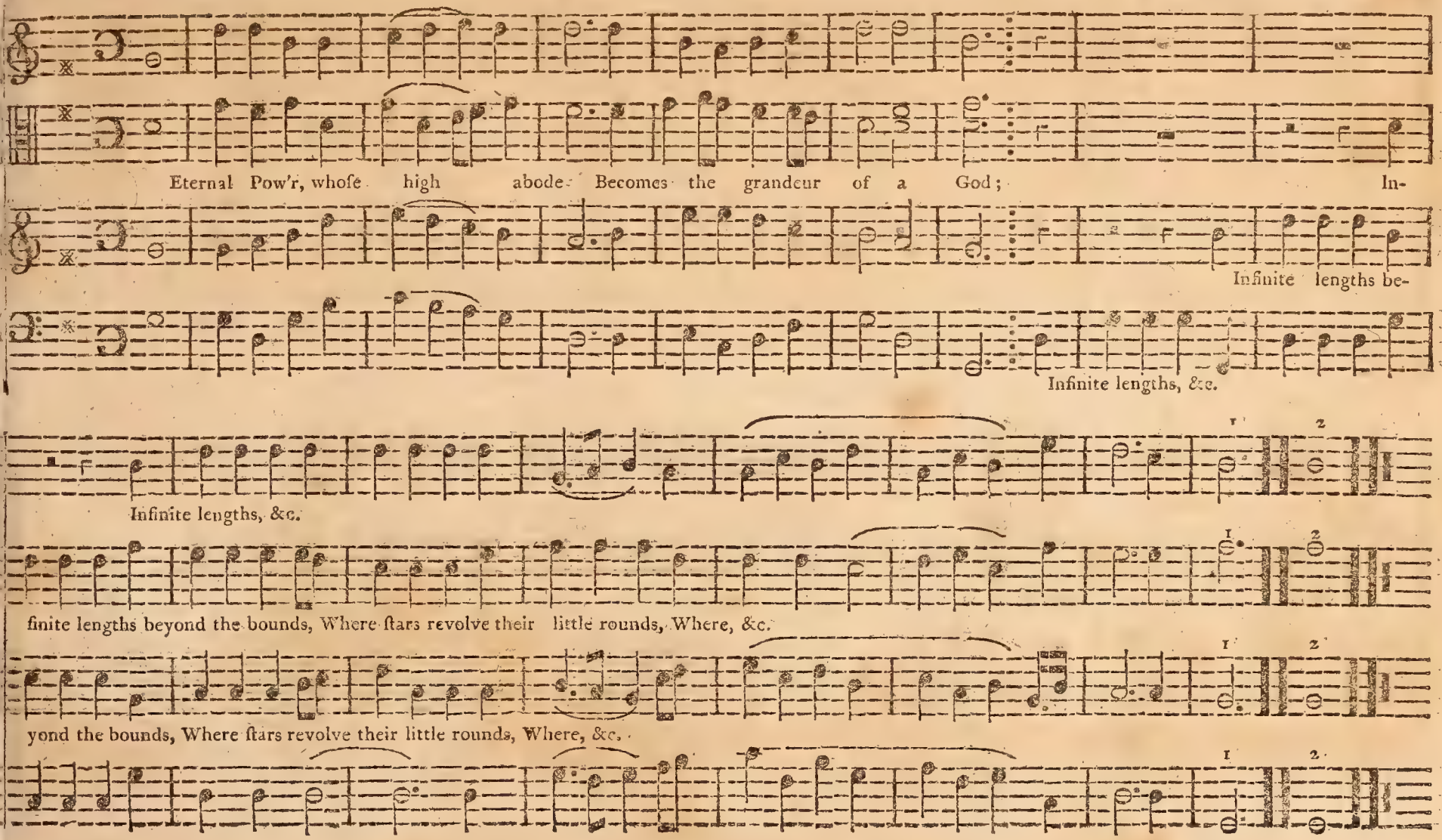
Norfolk Continued.



Hollifton. S. M.

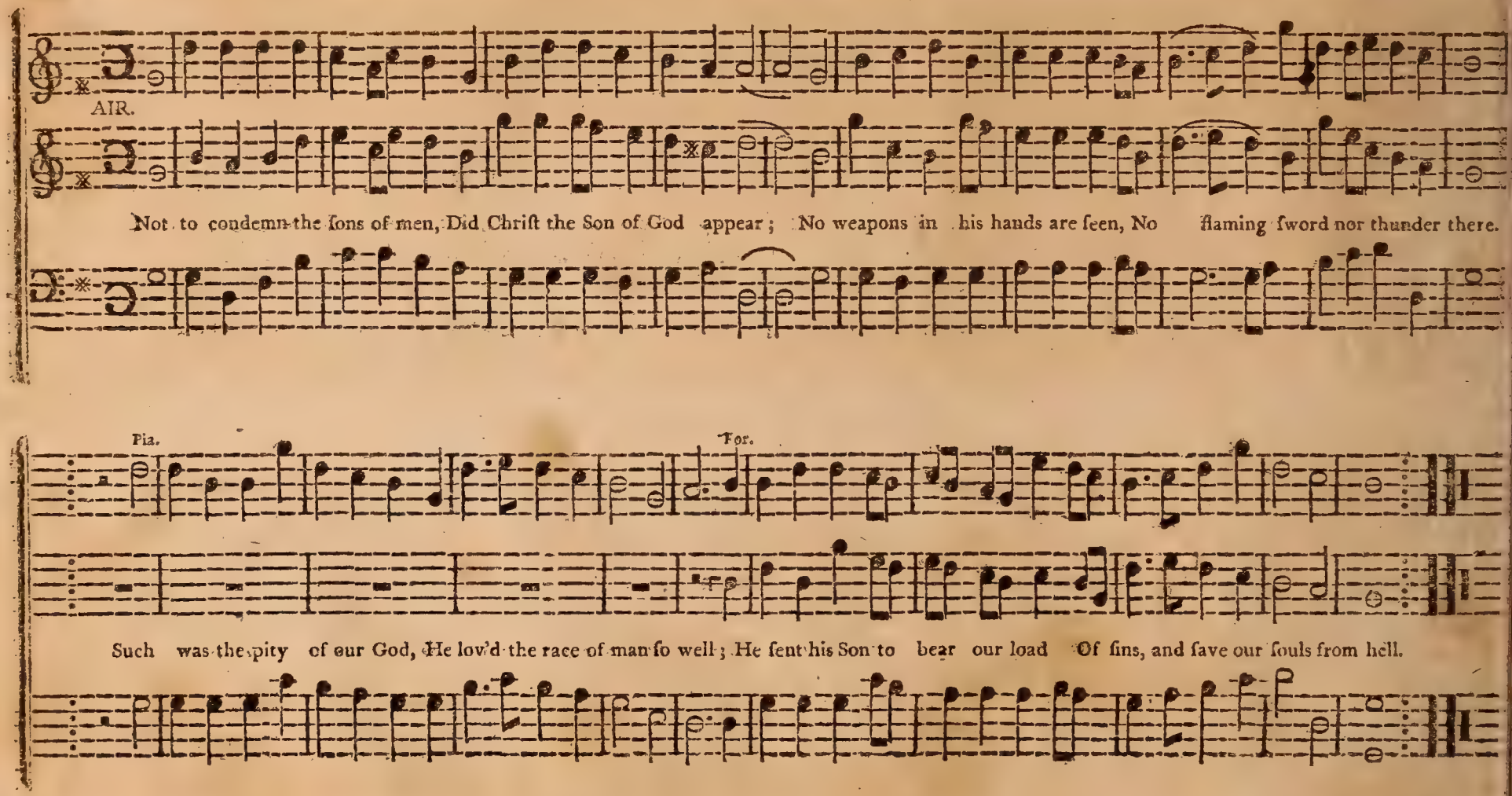
BELKNAP.

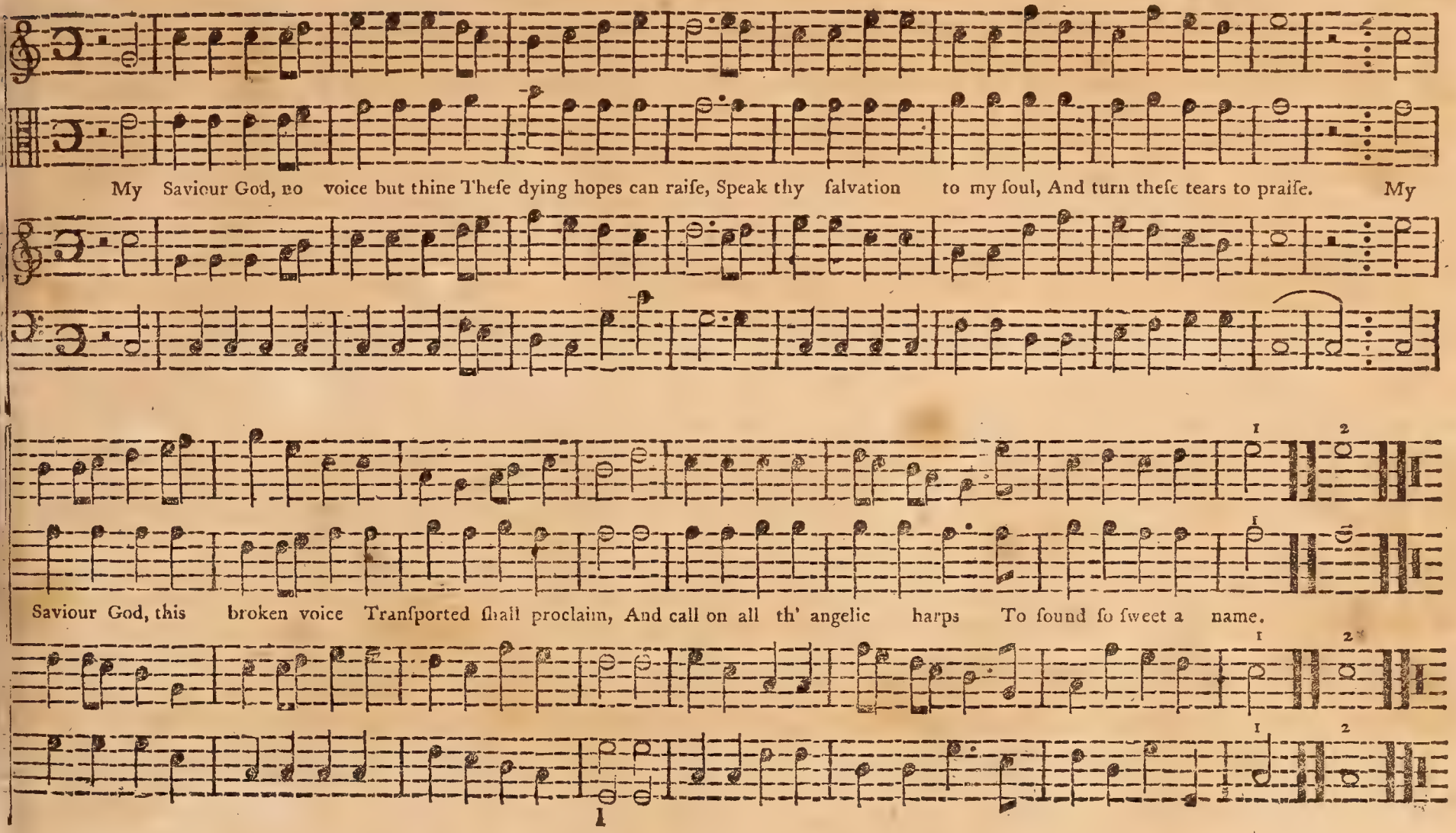



Eternal Pow'r, whoſe high abode Becomes the grandeur of a God; In-
Infinite lengths be-
Infinite lengths, &c.
Infinite lengths, &c.
finite lengths beyond the bounds, Where ſtars revolve their little rounds, Where, &c.
yond the bounds, Where ſtars revolve their little rounds, Where, &c.

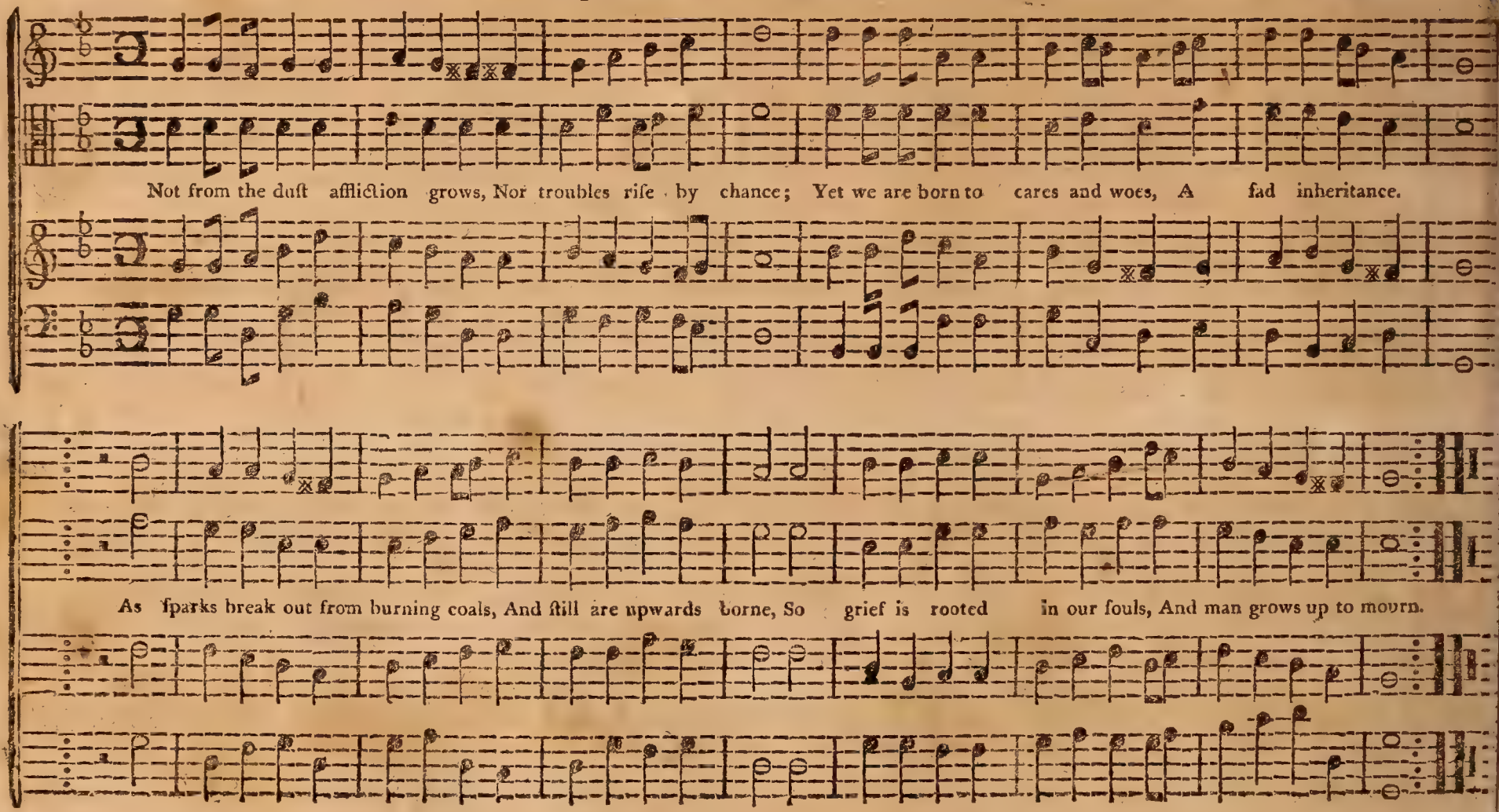
Spring Street. L. M.

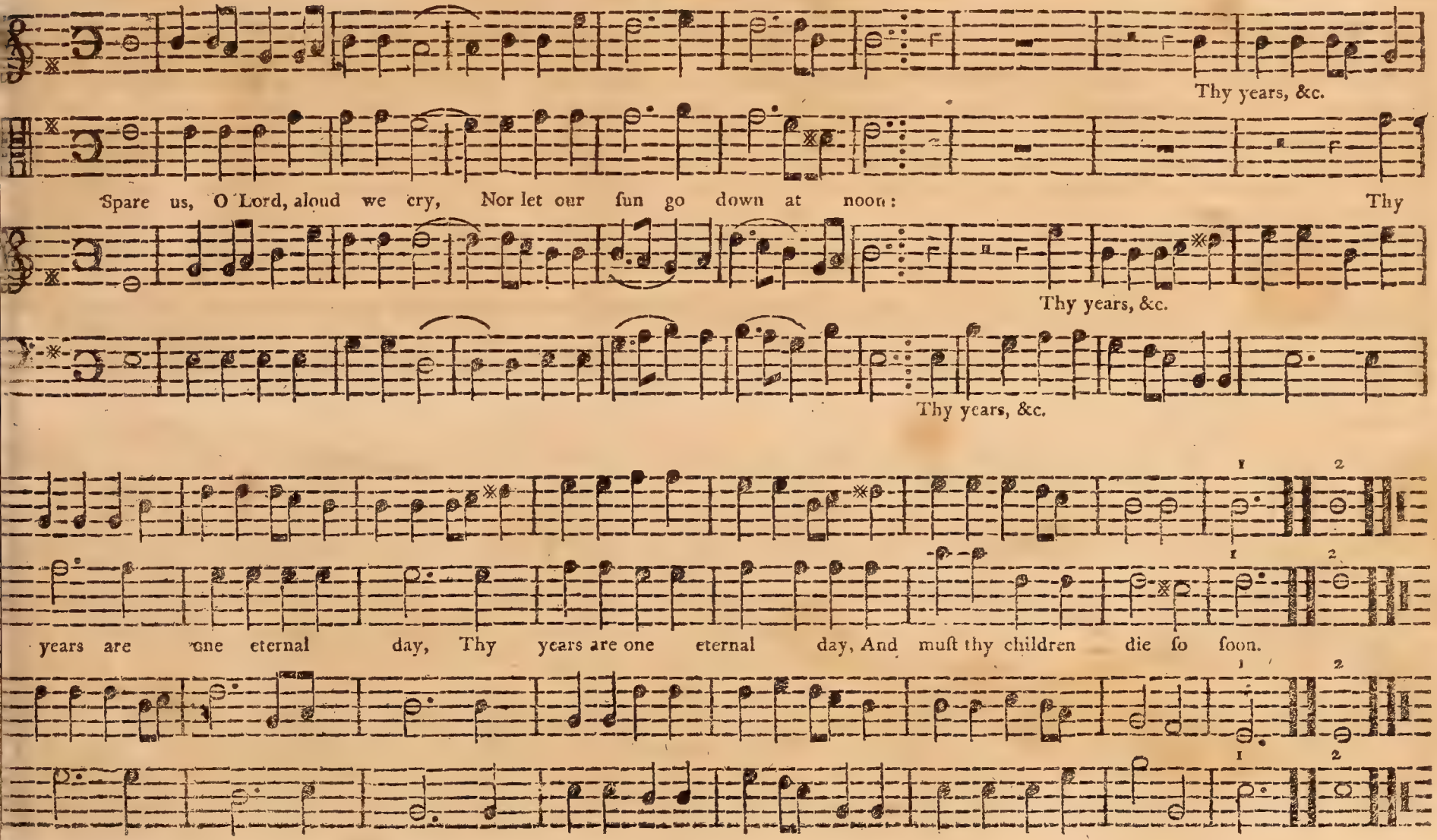
BELKNAP.




My Saviour God, no voice but thine Theſe dying hopes can raiſe, Speak thy ſalvation to my ſoul, And turn theſe tears to praiſe. My
Saviour God, this broken voice Tranſported ſhall proclaim, And call on all th' angelic harps To ſound ſo ſweet a name.

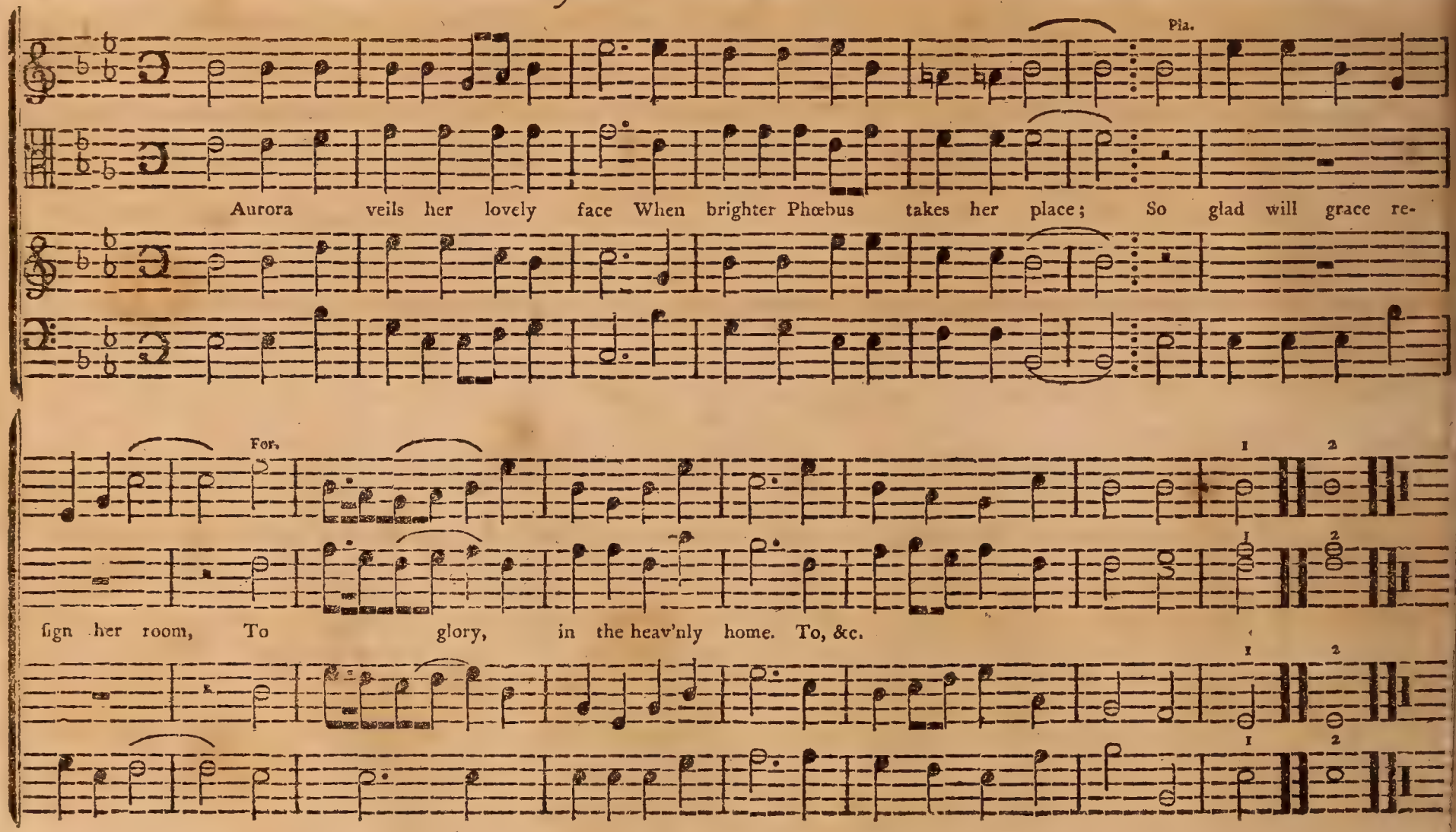
Templeton. C. M.




Thy years, &c.
Spare us, O Lord, aloud we cry, Nor let our ſun go down at noon: Thy
Thy years, &c.
Thy years, &c.
years are one eternal day, Thy years are one eternal day, And muſt thy children die ſo ſoon.

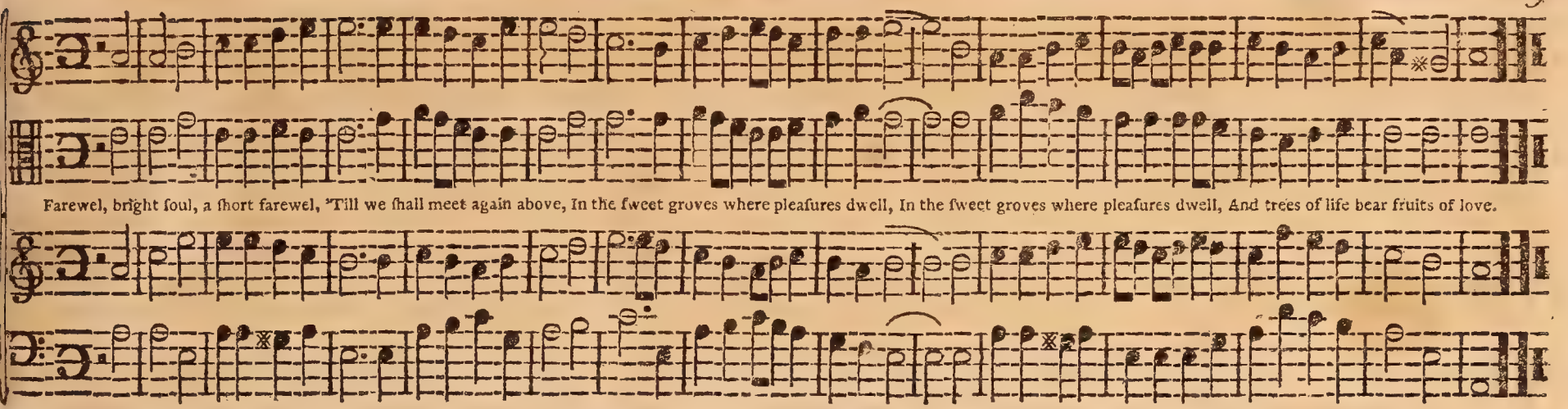
Tyot. L. M.

BELKNAP.



Acton. L. M.

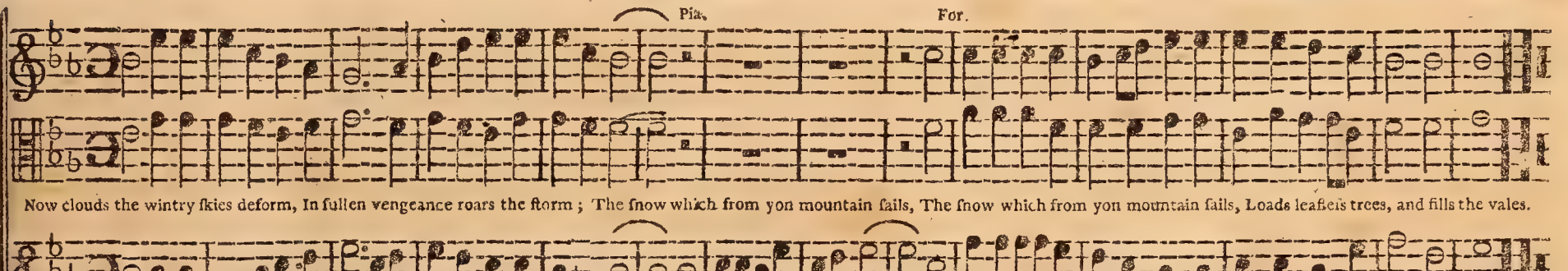
BELKNAP.



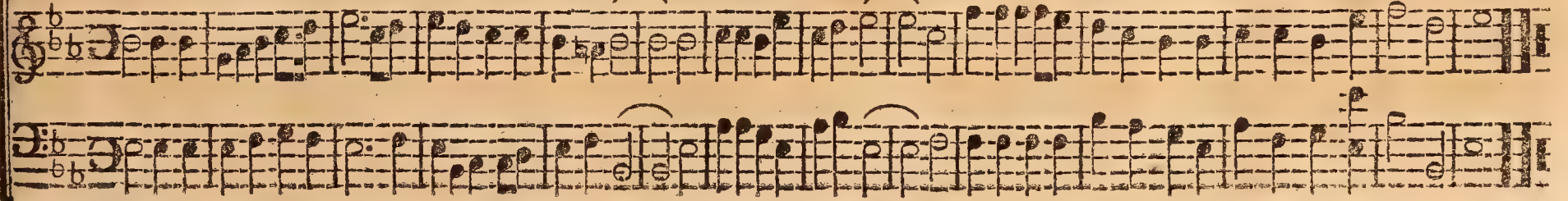
Farewel, bright ſoul, a ſhort farewel, 'Till we ſhall meet again above, In the ſweet groves where pleaſures dwell, In the ſweet groves where pleaſures dwell, And trees of life bear fruits of love.

Winter. L. M.

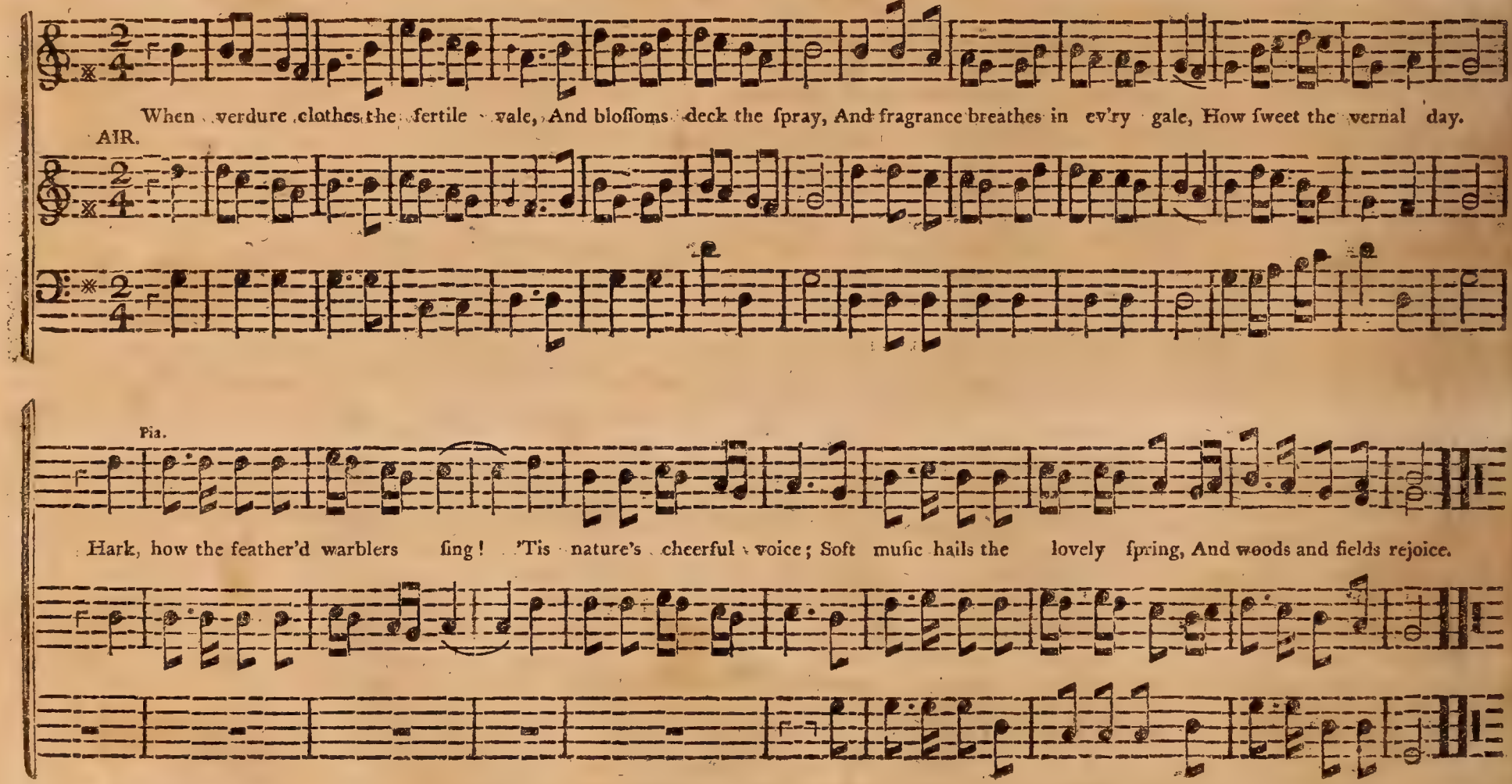
BELKNAP.

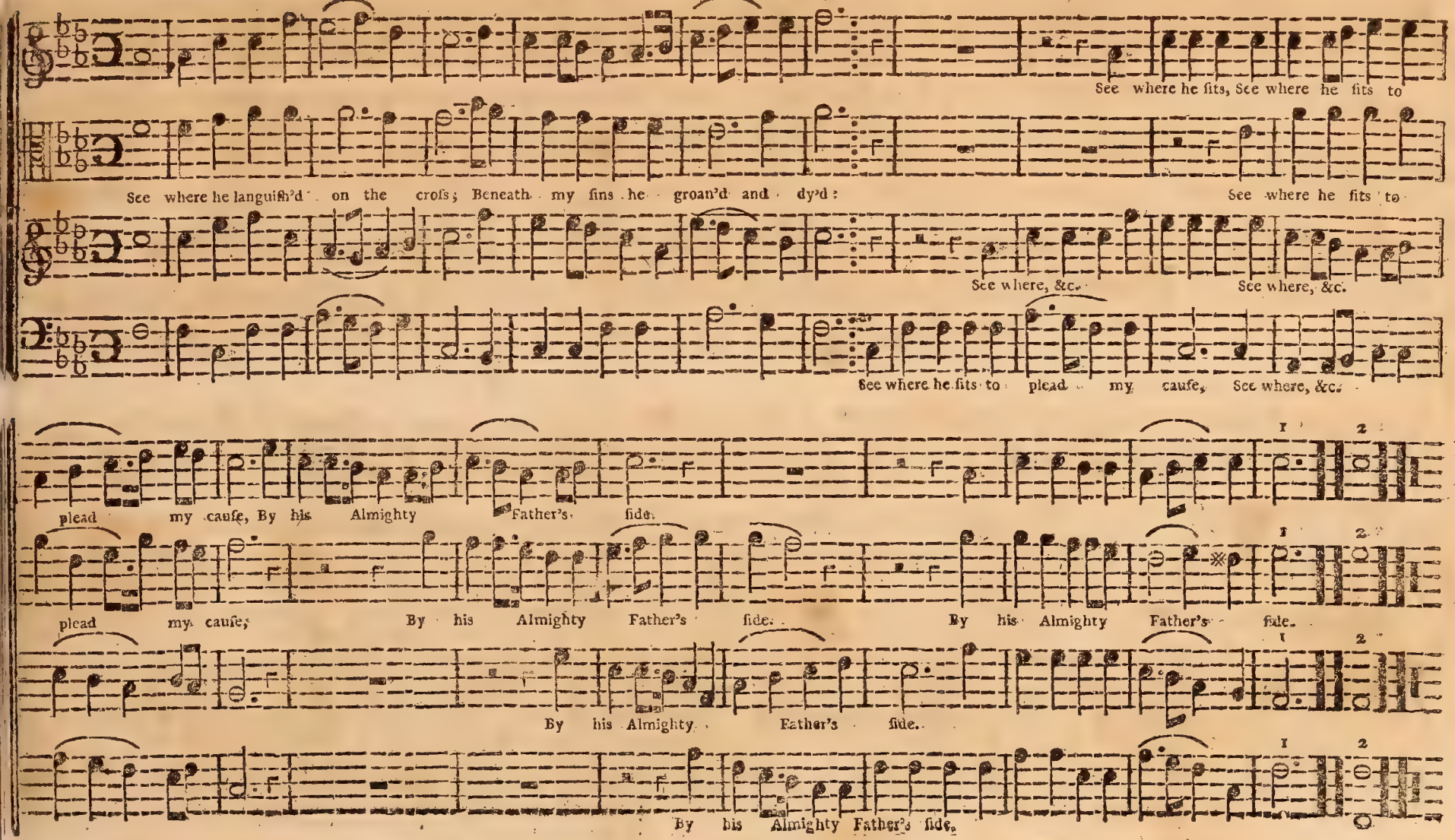


Now clouds the wintry ſkies deform, In ſullen vengeance roars the ſtorm; The ſnow which from yon mountain falls, The ſnow which from yon mountain falls, Loads leafleſs trees, and fills the vales.

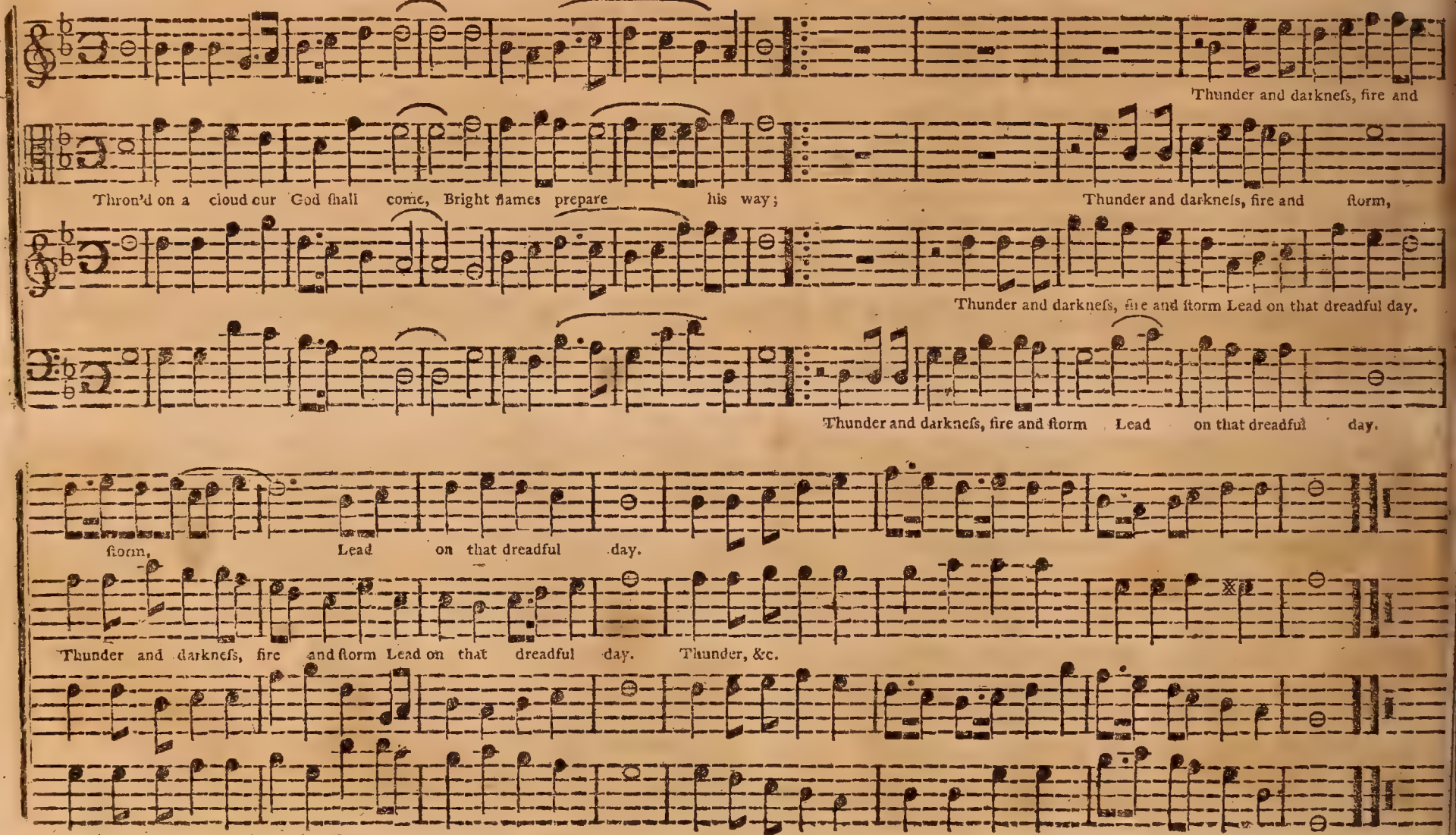


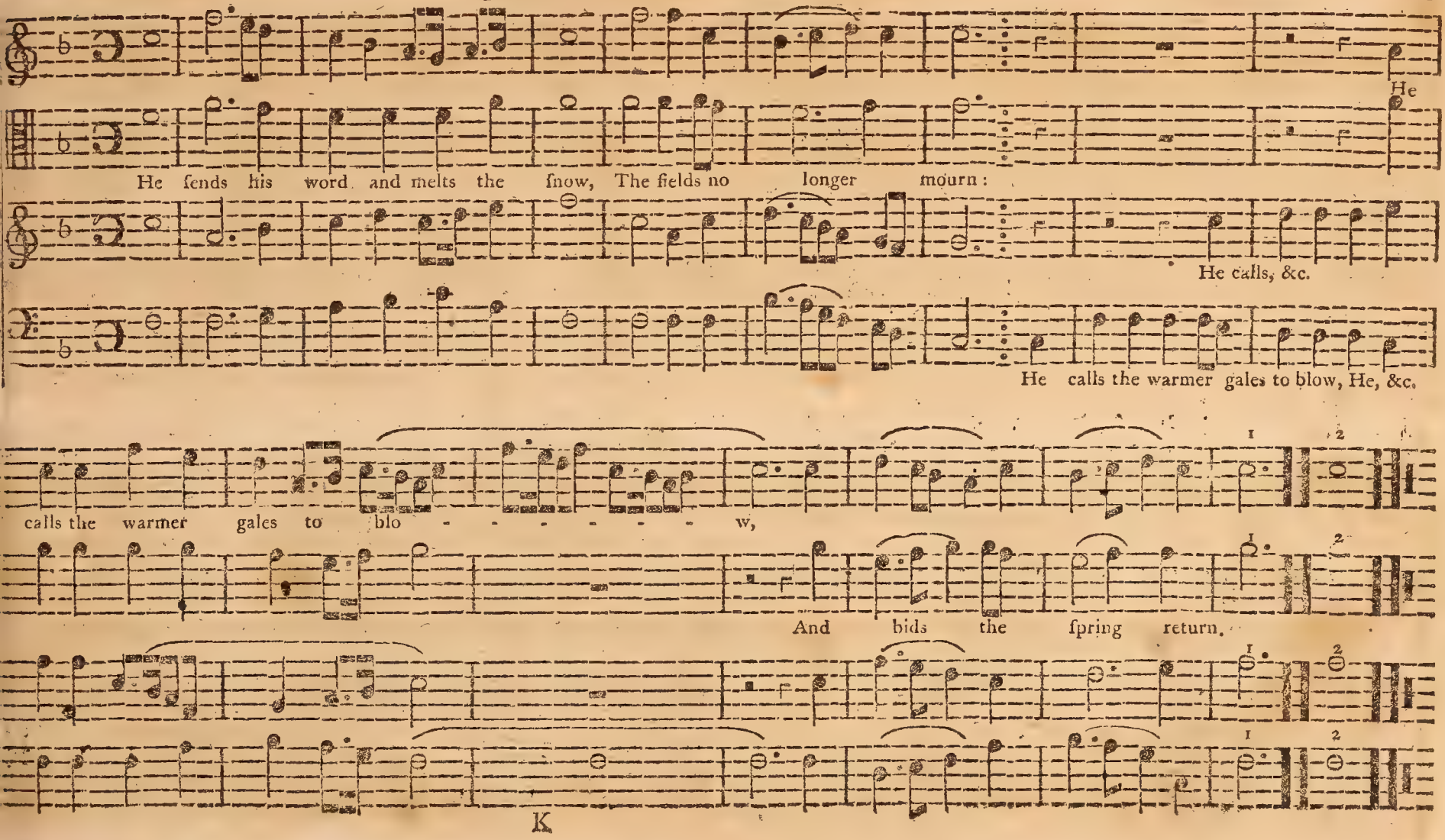
Milton. C. M.

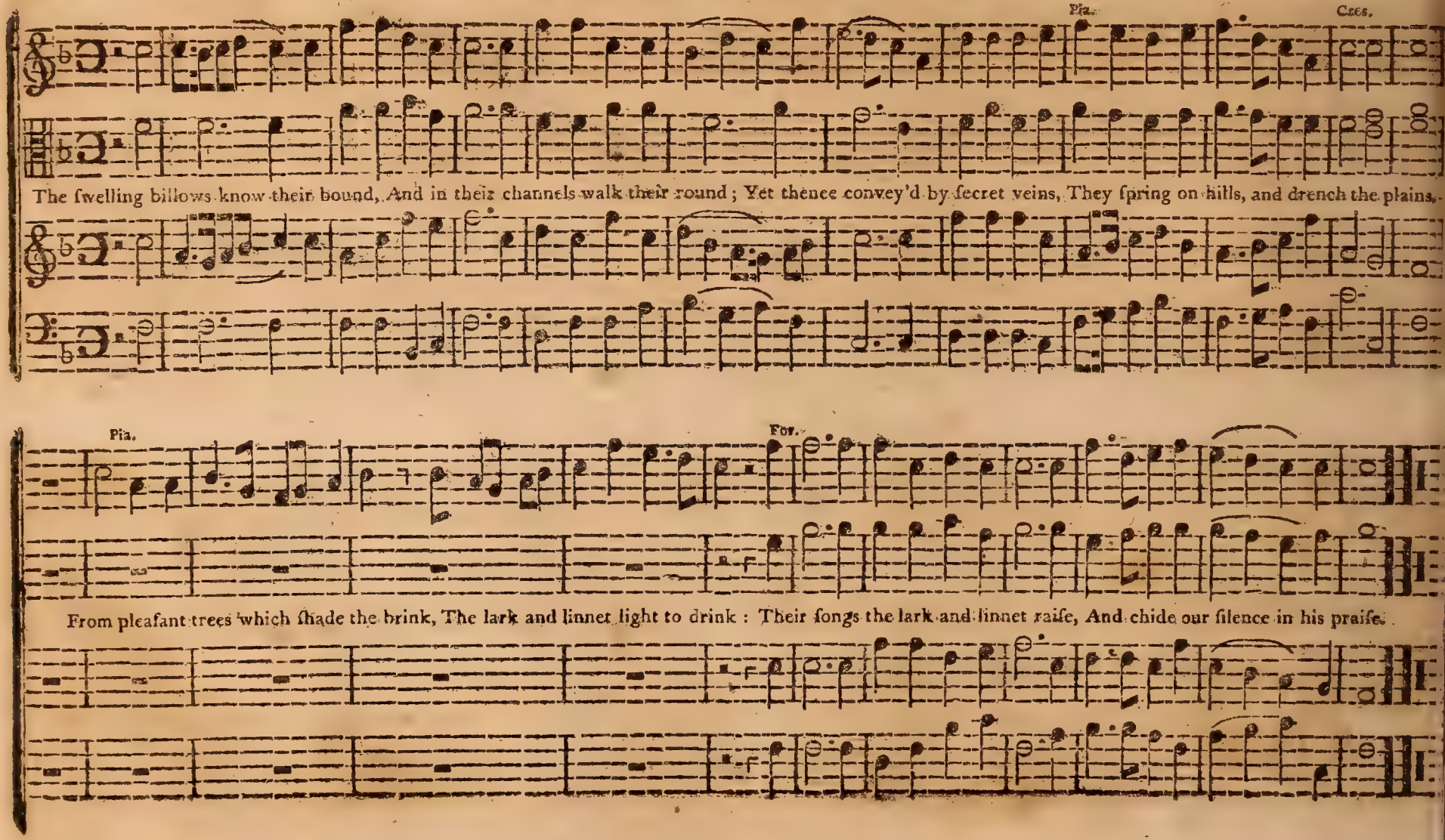

When verdure clothes the fertile vale, And bloſſoms deck the ſpray, And fragrance breathes in ev'ry gale, How ſweet the vernal day.
AIR.
Pia.
Hark, how the feather'd warblers ſing! 'Tis nature's cheerful voice; Soft muſic hails the lovely ſpring, And woods and fields rejoice.


See where he ſits, See where he ſits to
See where he languiſh'd on the croſs; Beneath my ſins he groan'd and dy'd:
See where he ſits to
See where, &c.
See where, &c.
See where he ſits to plead my cauſe, See where, &c.
1
2
plead my cauſe, By his Almighty Father's ſide.
plead my cauſe; By his Almighty Father's ſide.
By his Almighty Father's ſide.
By his Almighty Father's ſide.
By his Almighty Father's ſide.

Newmark. C. M.


Thunder and darkneſs, fire and
Thron'd on a cloud our God ſhall come, Bright flames prepare his way;
Thunder and darkneſs, fire and ſtorm,
Thunder and darkneſs, fire and ſtorm Lead on that dreadful day.
Thunder and darkneſs, fire and ſtorm Lead on that dreadful day.
ſtorm, Lead on that dreadful day.
Thunder and darkneſs, fire and ſtorm Lead on that dreadful day. Thunder, &c.


He
He ſends his word and melts the ſnow, The fields no longer mourn:
He calls, &c.
He calls the warmer gales to blow, He, &c.
calls the warmer gales to blo - - - - - - - w,
And bids the ſpring return.


Pia.
Cres.
The ſwelling billows know their bound, And in their channels walk their round; Yet thence convey'd by ſecret veins, They ſpring on hills, and drench the plains.
Pia.
For.
From pleaſant trees which ſhade the brink, The lark and linnet light to drink: Their ſongs the lark and linnet raiſe, And chide our ſilence in his praiſe.

AIR.

A ſpan is all that we can boaſt, How ſhort the fleeting time! Man is but vanity and duſt, Man is but vanity and duſt, In all his flow'r and prime.

New Bedford. L. M.

Pia.

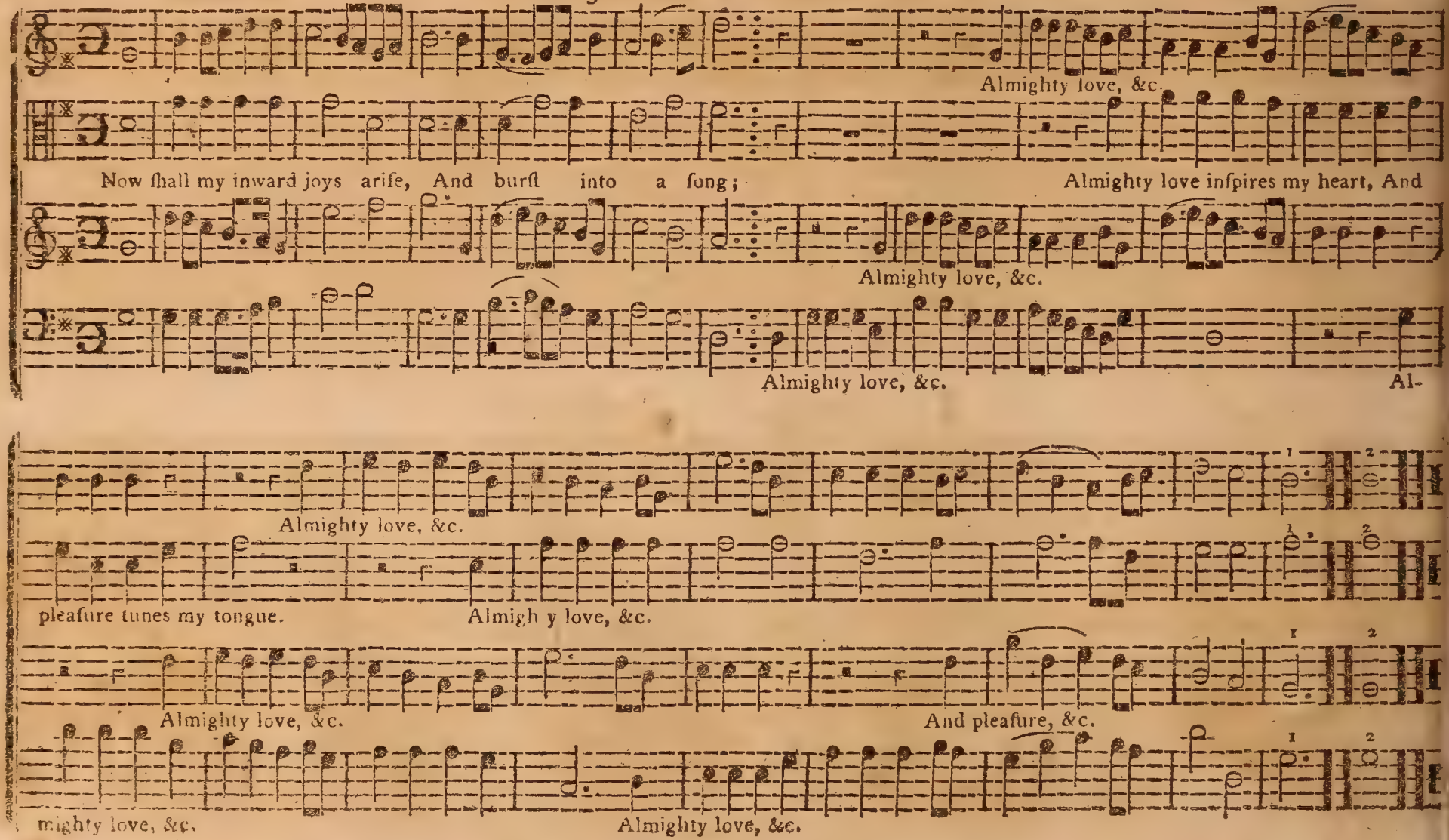
Wide as he ſpreads his golden flame,

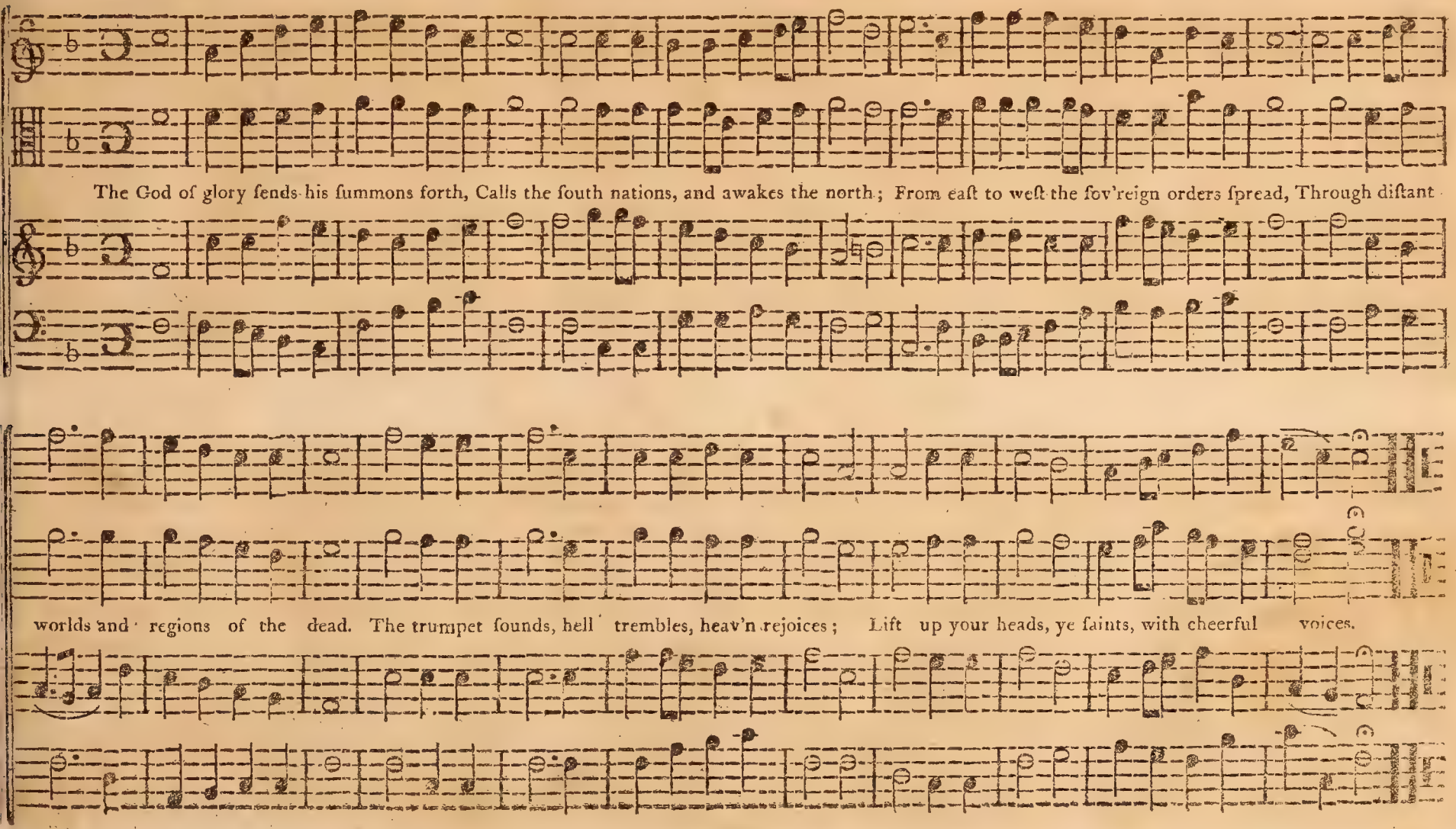
AIR.

Father of light! we ſing thy name, Who made the ſun to rule the day: Wide as he ſpreads his golden flame, His beams thy pow'r and love diſplay.

Carliſle. C. M.

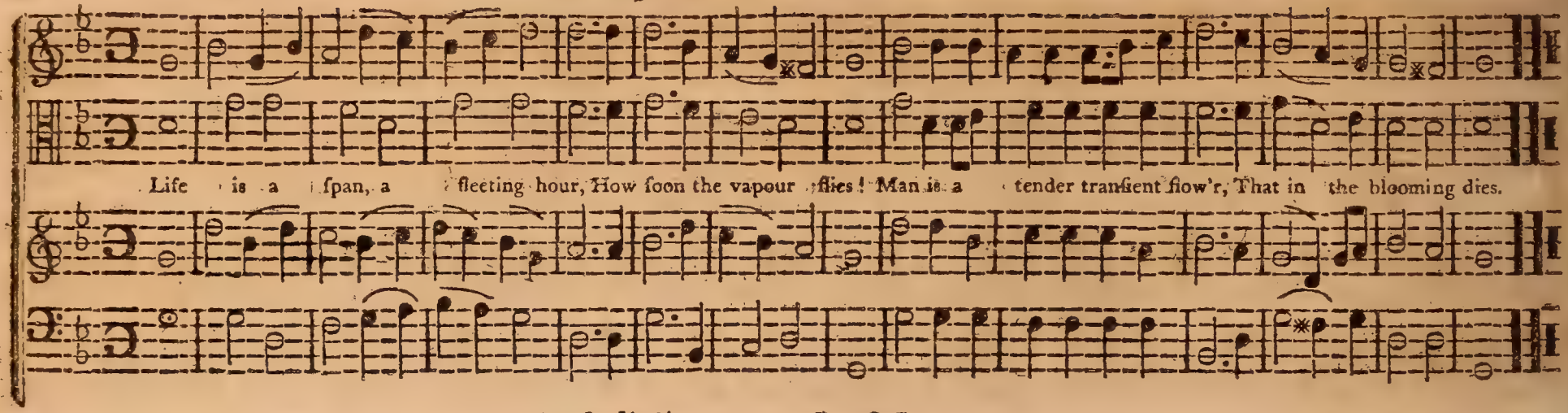
BELKNAP.




The God of glory ſends his ſummons forth, Calls the ſouth nations, and awakes the north; From eaſt to weſt the ſov'reign orders ſpread, Through diſtant
worlds and regions of the dead. The trumpet ſounds, hell trembles, heav'n rejoices; Lift up your heads, ye ſaints, with cheerful voices.

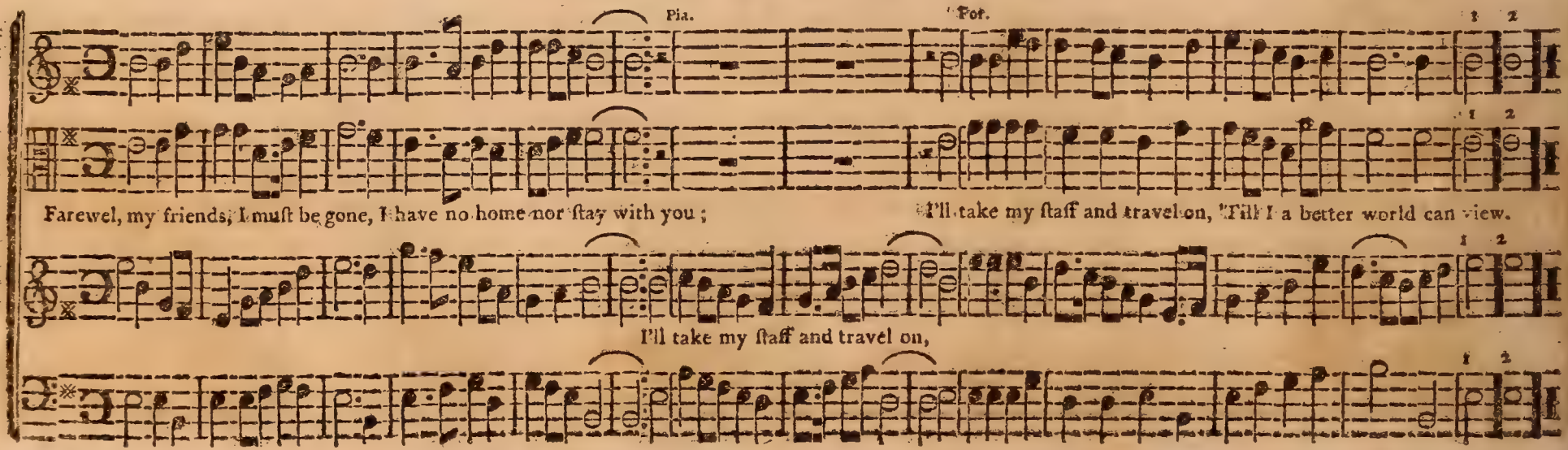
Newport. C. M.

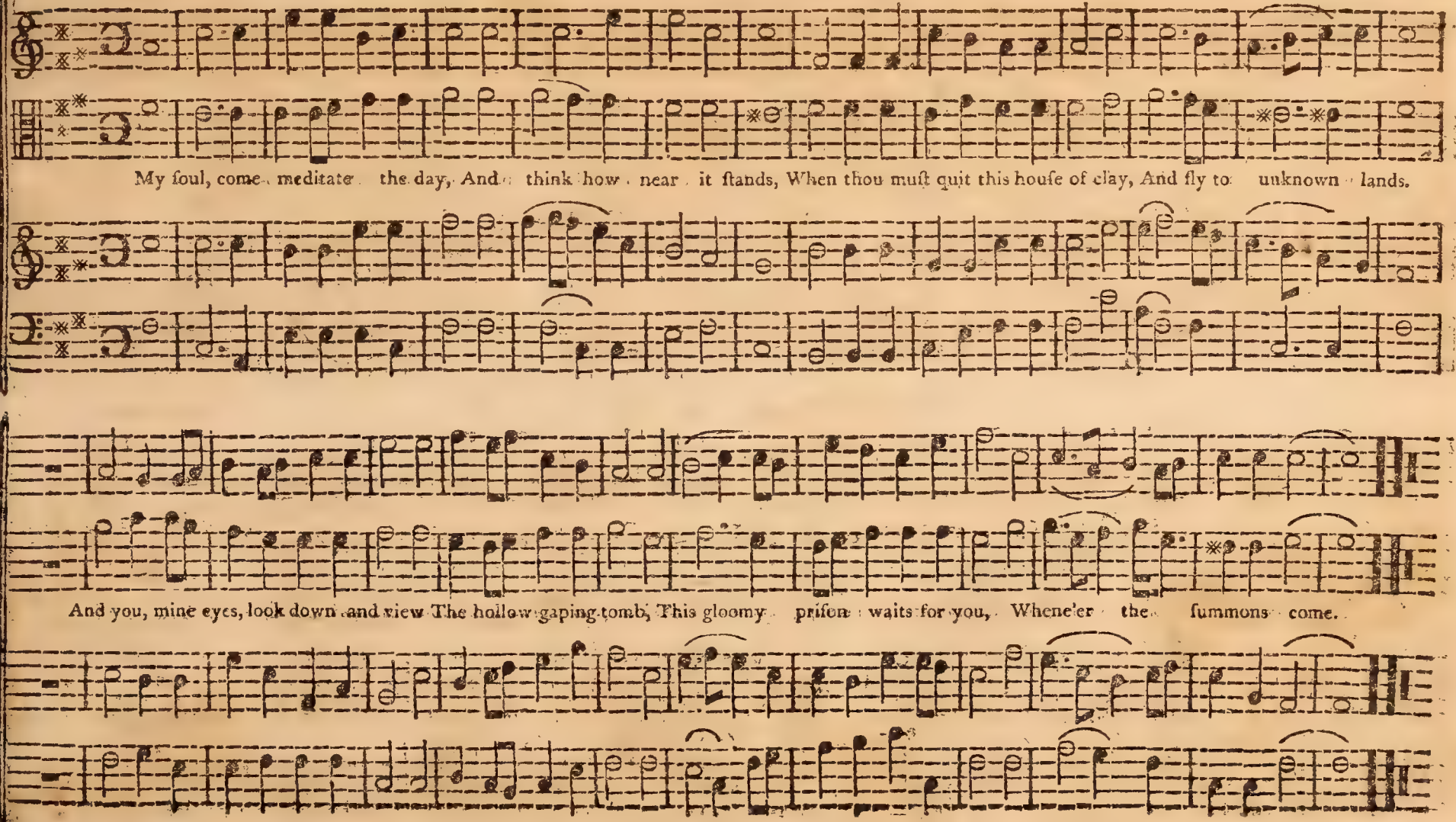
BELKNAP.



Valediction. L. M.

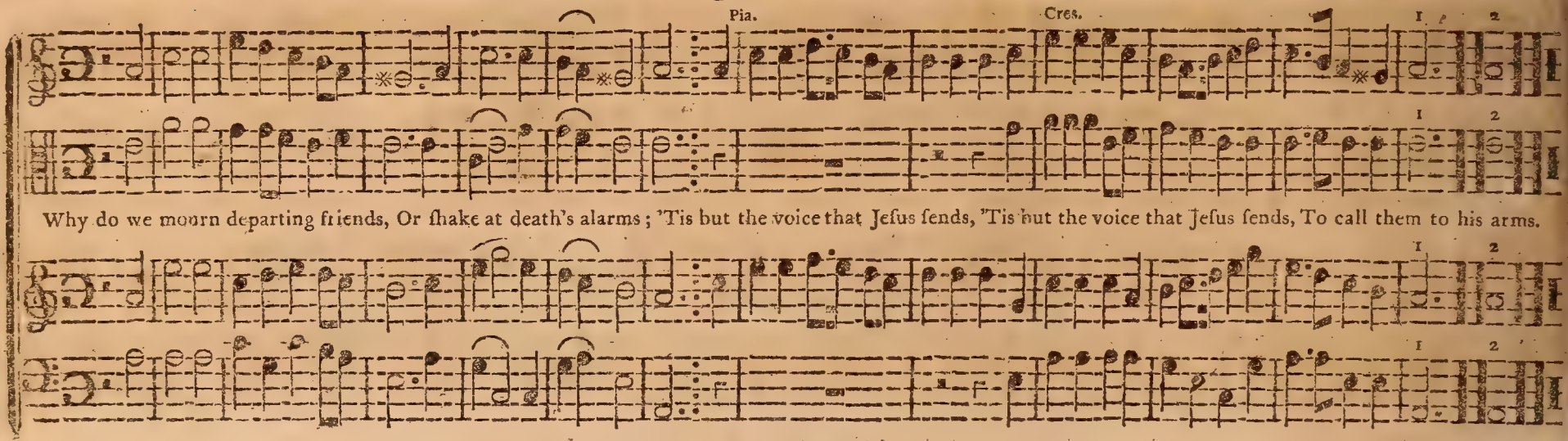
BELKNAP.




My soul, come meditate the day, And think how near it ſtands, When thou muſt quit this houſe of clay, And fly to unknown lands.
And you, mine eyes, look down and view The hollow gaping tomb, This gloomy priſon waits for you, Whene'er the ſummons come.

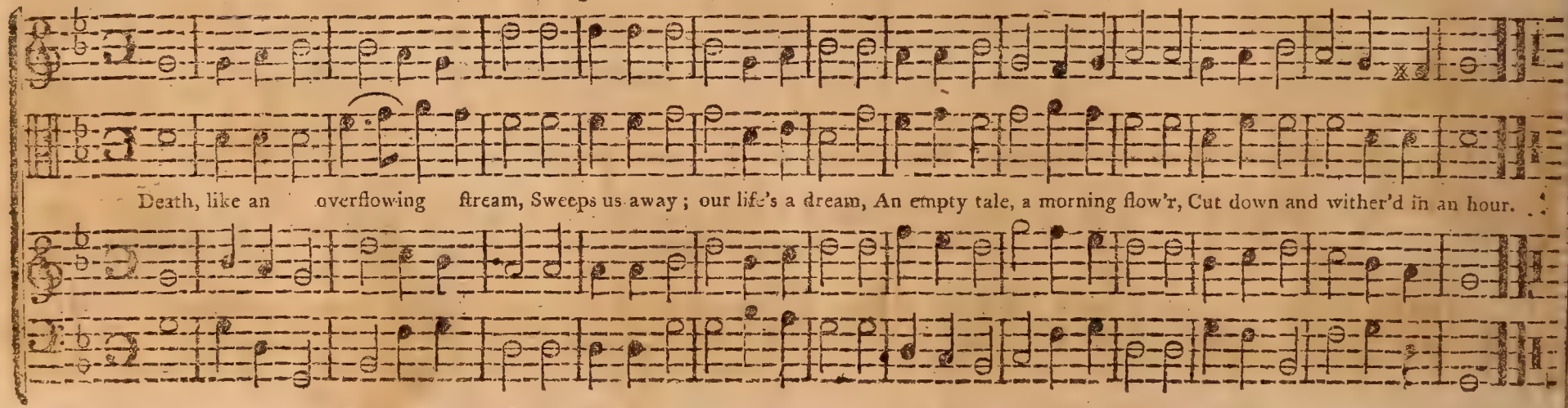
Northborough. C. M.

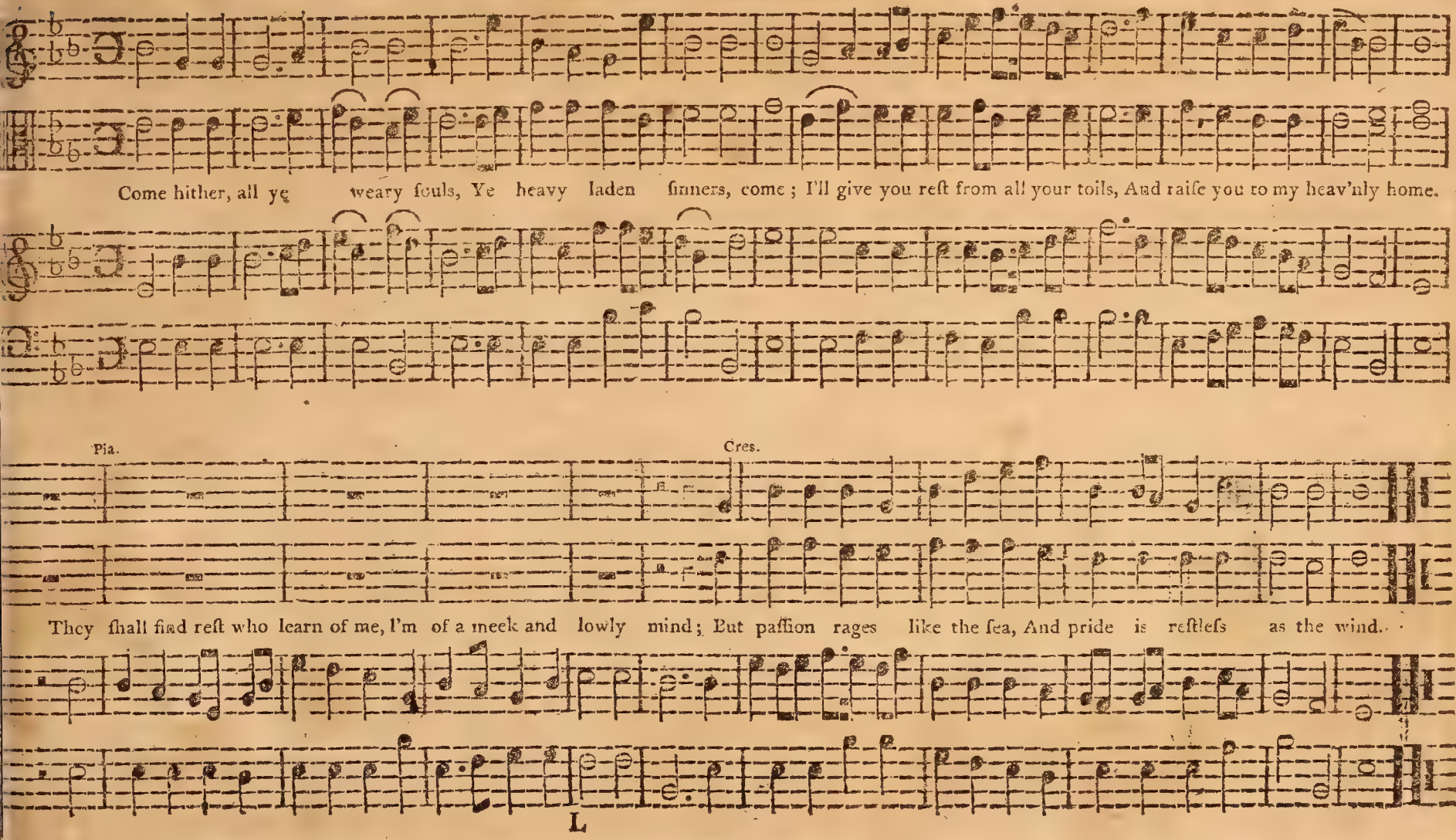
BELKNAP.



Hopkinton. L. M.

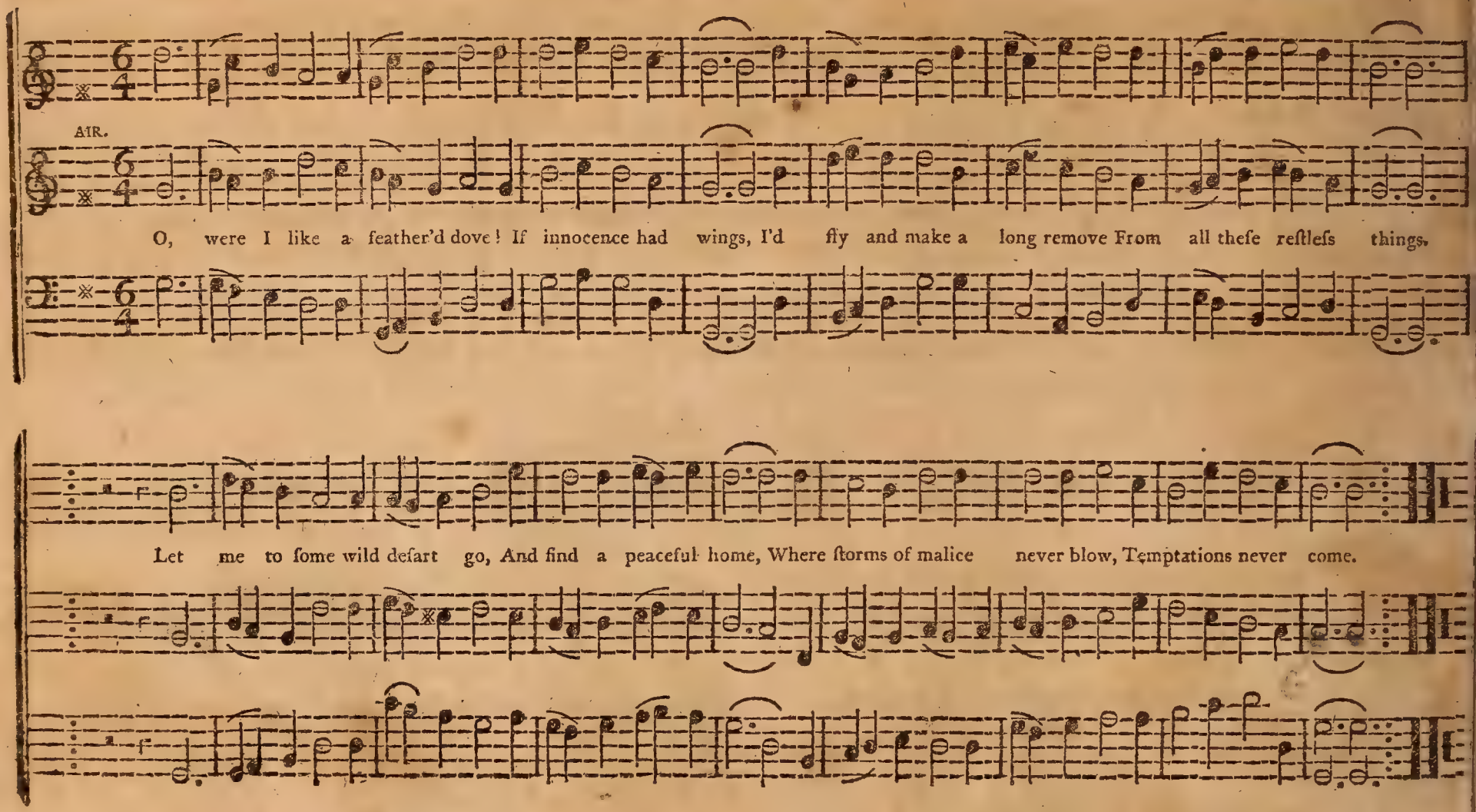
WOOD.

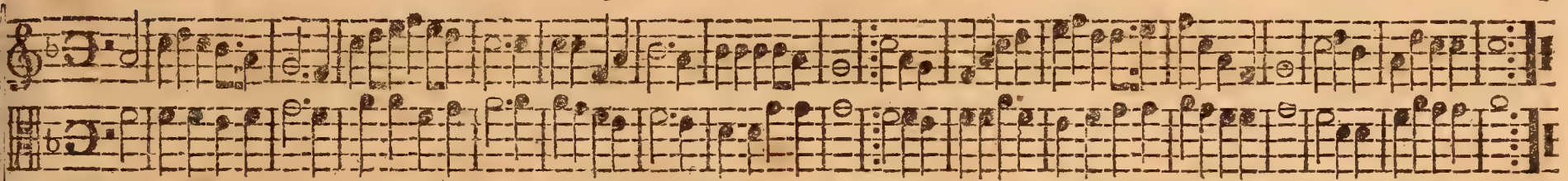



Come hither, all ye weary ſouls, Ye heavy laden ſinners, come; I'll give you reſt from all your toils, And raiſe you to my heav'nly home.
Pia.
Cres.
They ſhall find reſt who learn of me, I'm of a meek and lowly mind; But paſſion rages like the ſea, And pride is reſtleſs as the wind.

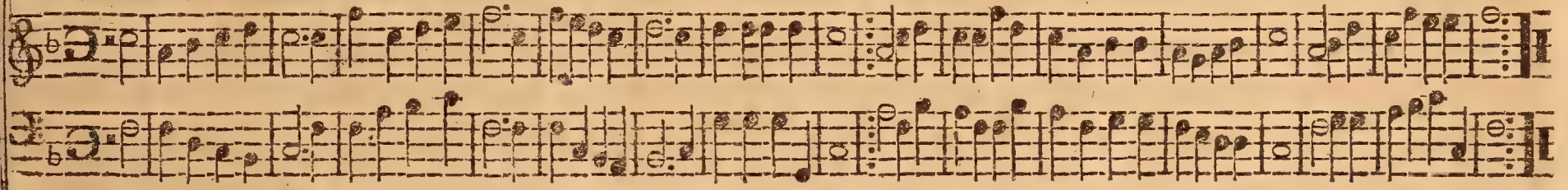
The Dove. C. M.

CAPEN.



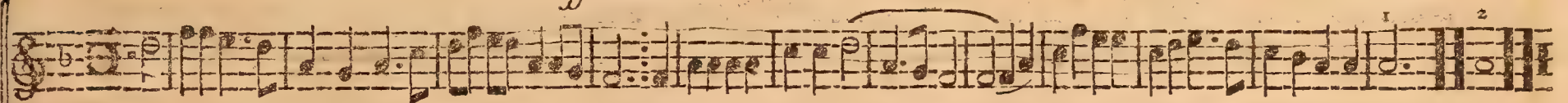


Awake, our drowſy ſouls! Shake off each ſlothful band! The wonders of this day Our nobleſt ſongs demand. Auſpicious morn! Thy bliſsful rays Bright ſeraphs hail, In ſongs of praiſe. Bright, &c.



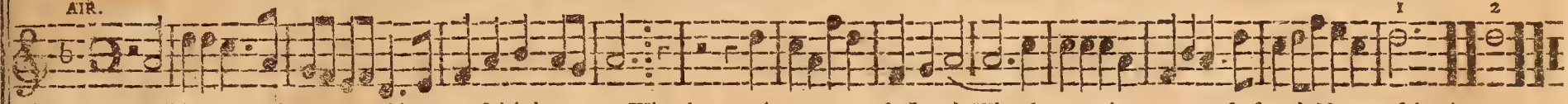
Diſſolution. C. M.

A. How.



Why do my minutes move ſo ſlow? Why do, &c.

AIR.



Death may diſſolve my body now, And bear my ſpirit home; Why do my minutes move ſo ſlow? Why do my minutes move ſo ſlow? Nor my ſalvation come.

Why do my minutes move ſo ſlow? &c.

Sandy River. L. M.

BELKNAP.

Pia.

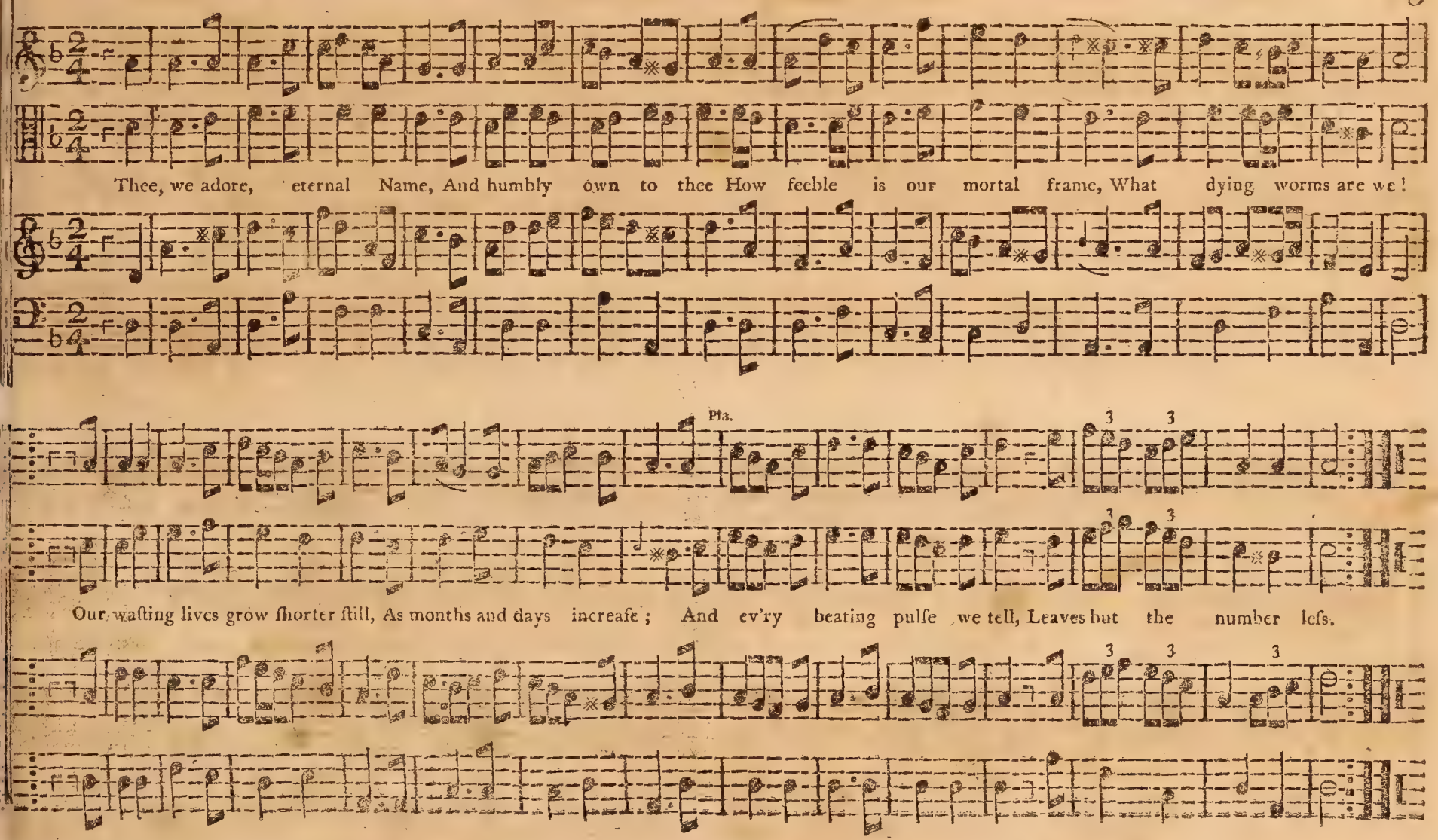
Beyond this curtain of the

AIR.

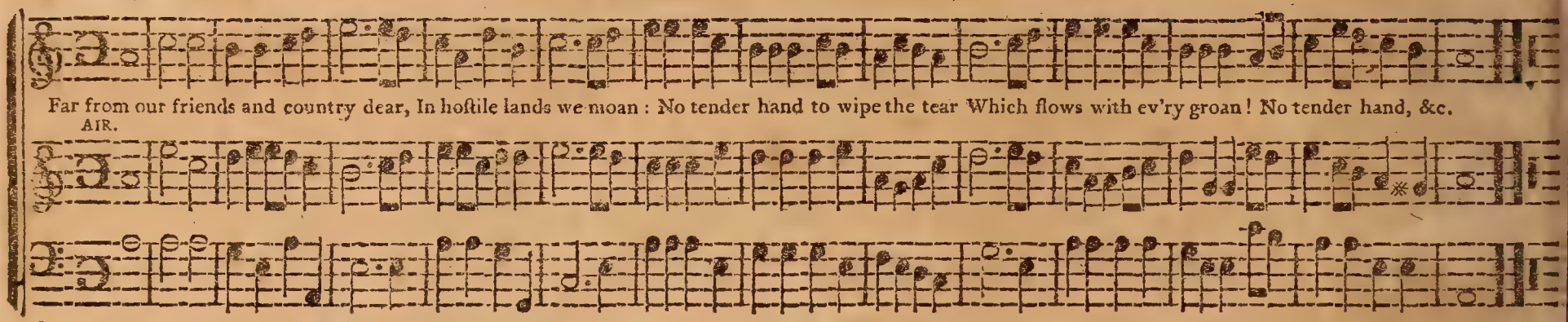
Deſcend, ye hoſts of angels bright, And bear me on your guardian wings, Through regions of celeſtial light, Above the reach of earthly things.

ſky, Up where eternal ages roll!

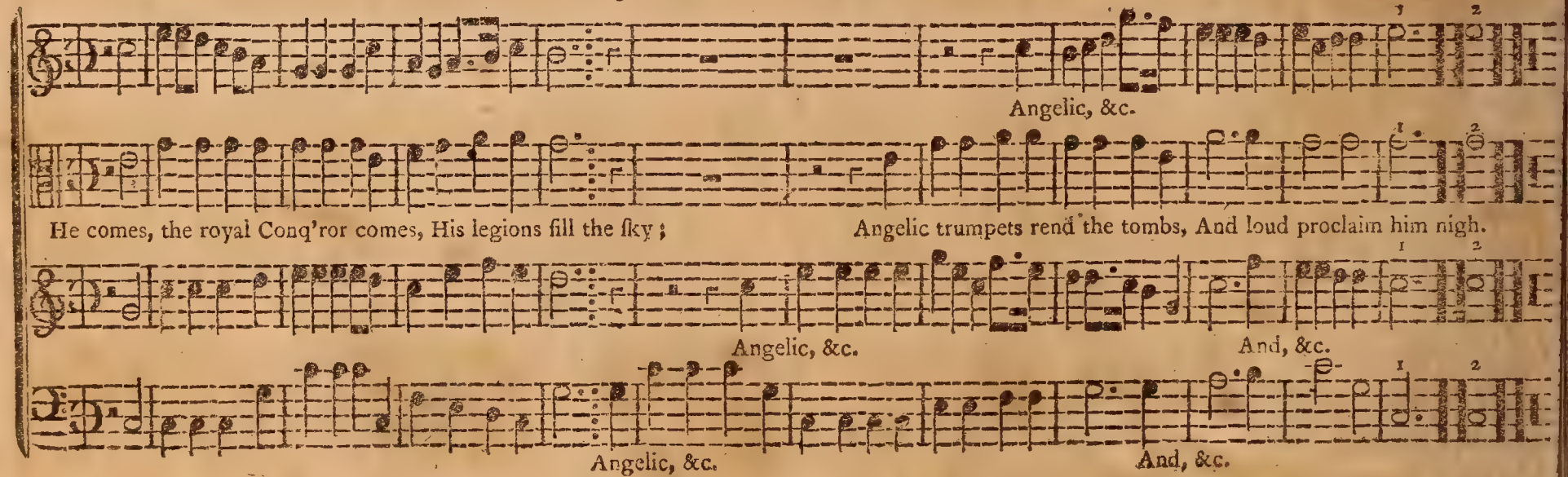
Where ſolid pleaſures never die, And fruits immortal feaſt the ſoul. And fruits immortal feaſt the ſoul.

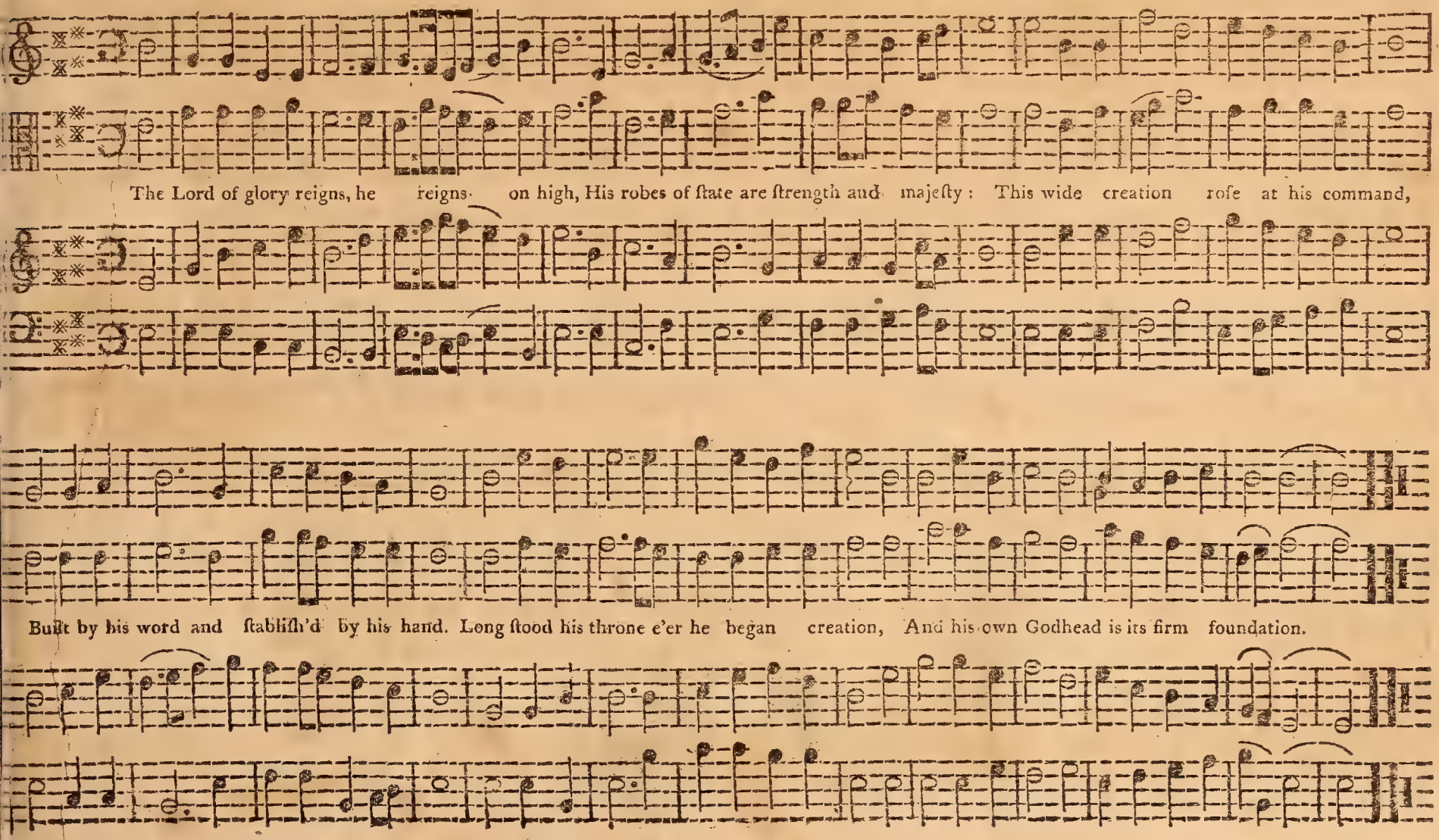

Thee, we adore, eternal Name, And humbly own to thee How feeble is our mortal frame, What dying worms are we!
Pia.
Our wasting lives grow shorter still, As months and days increase; And ev'ry beating pulse we tell, Leaves but the number less.

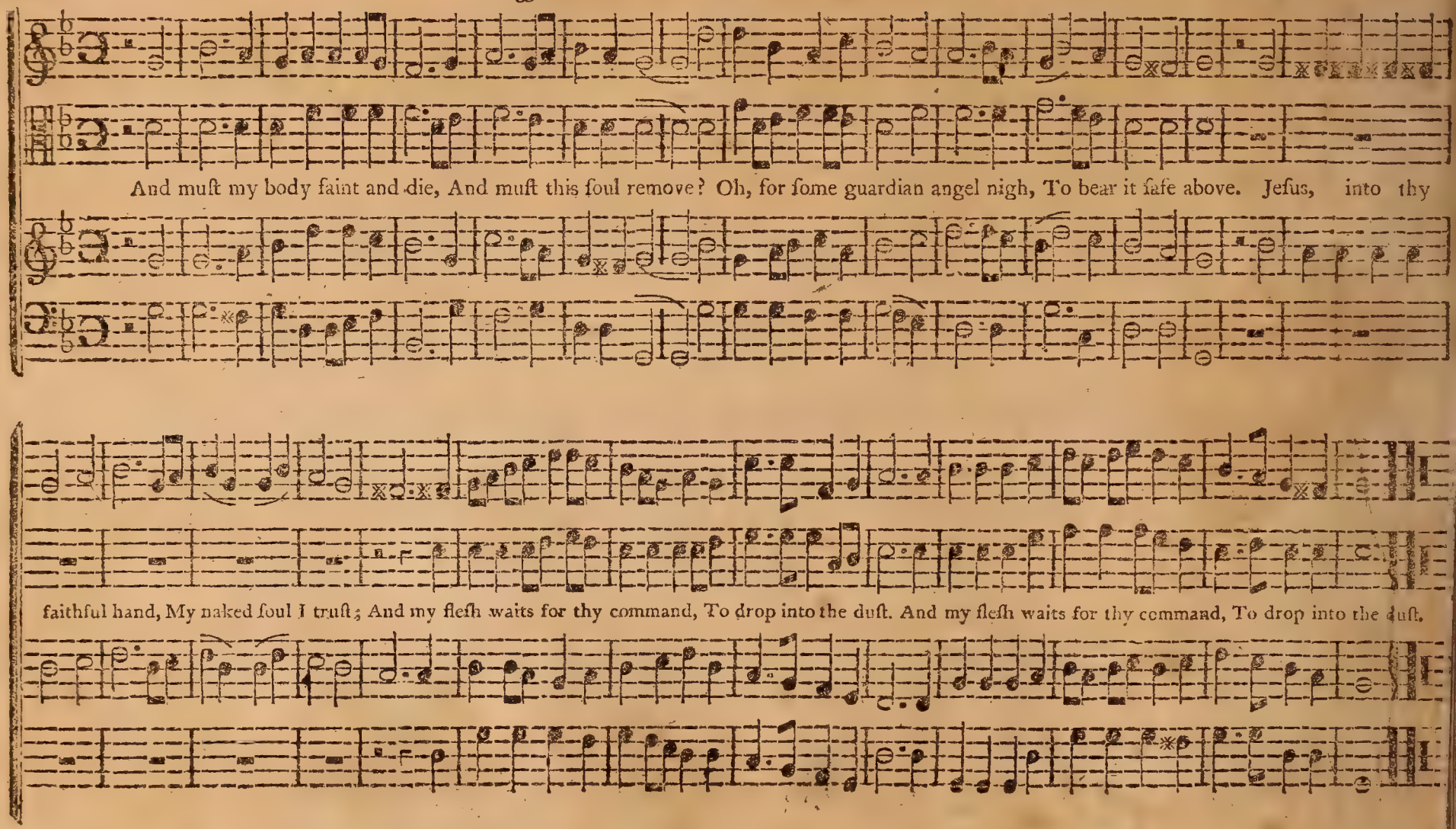
Dalton. C. M.

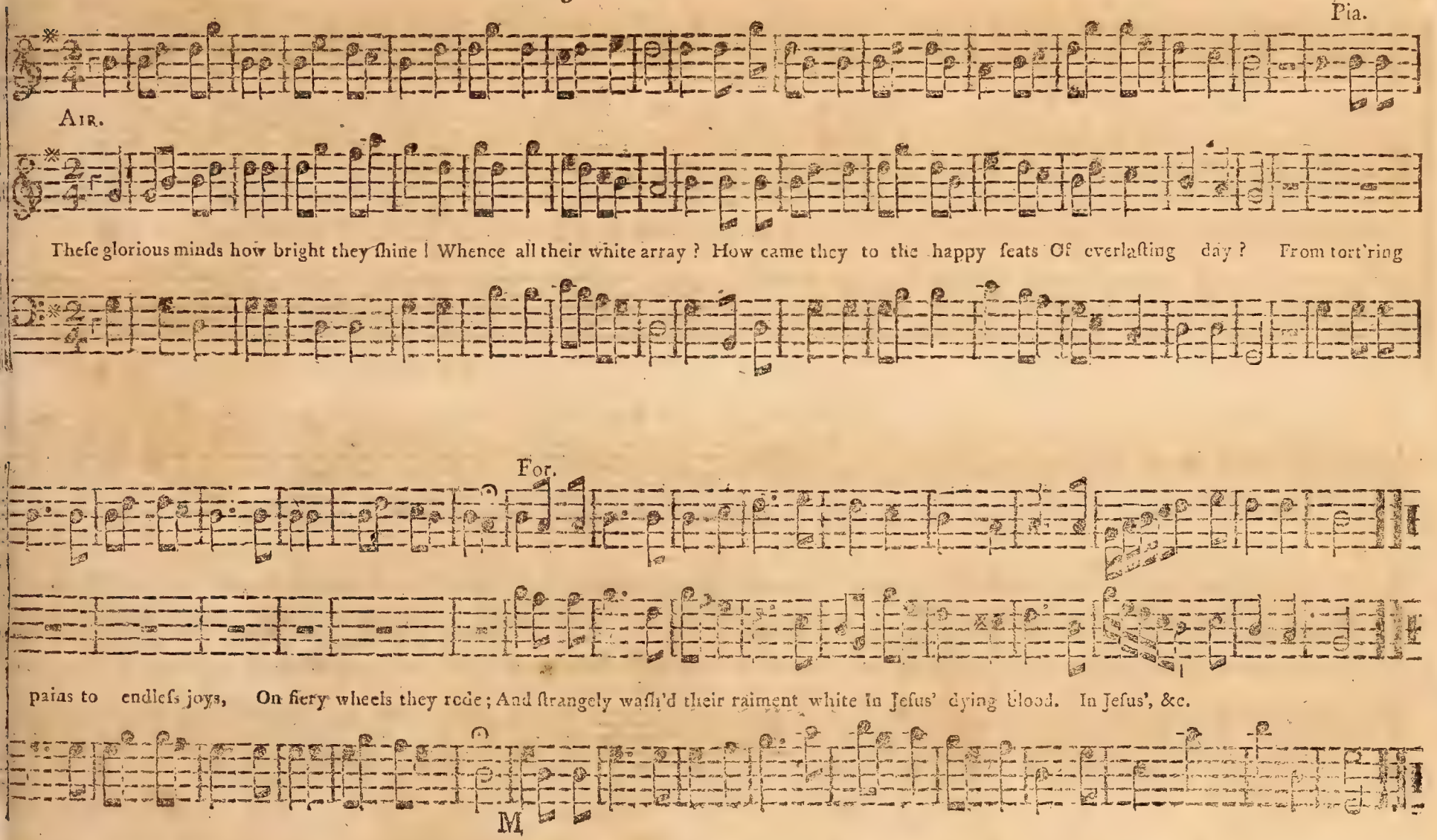


Goſhen. C. M.



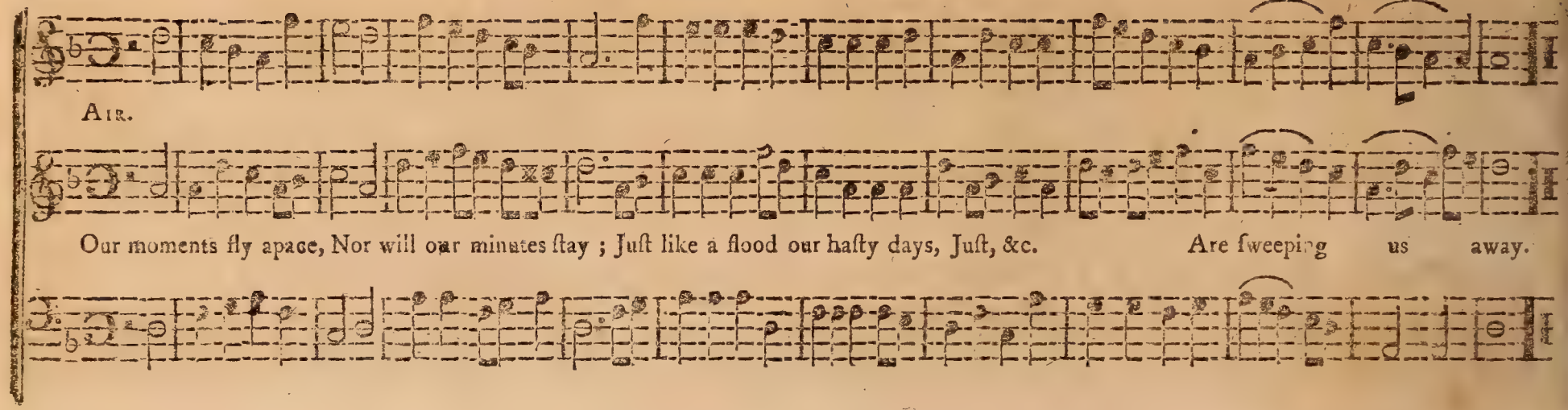

The Lord of glory reigns, he reigns on high, His robes of ſtate are ſtrength and majeſty: This wide creation roſe at his command,
Built by his word and ſtabliſh'd by his hand. Long ſtood his throne e'er he began creation, And his own Godhead is its firm foundation.


And muſt my body faint and die, And muſt this ſoul remove? Oh, for ſome guardian angel nigh, To bear it ſafe above. Jeſus, into thy
faithful hand, My naked ſoul I truſt; And my fleſh waits for thy command, To drop into the duſt. And my fleſh waits for thy command, To drop into the duſt.


Pia.
Air.
These glorious minds how bright they shine ! Whence all their white array ? How came they to the happy seats Of everlasting day ? From tort'ring
For.
pains to endless joys, On fiery wheels they rode ; And strangely wash'd their raiment white In Jesus' dying Blood. In Jesus', &c.

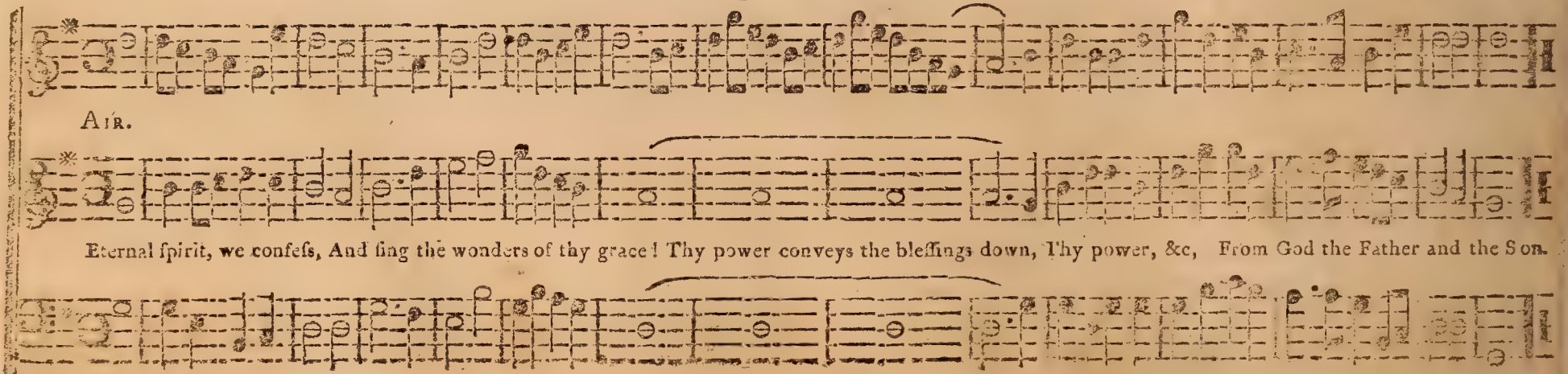
Shirley. S. M.

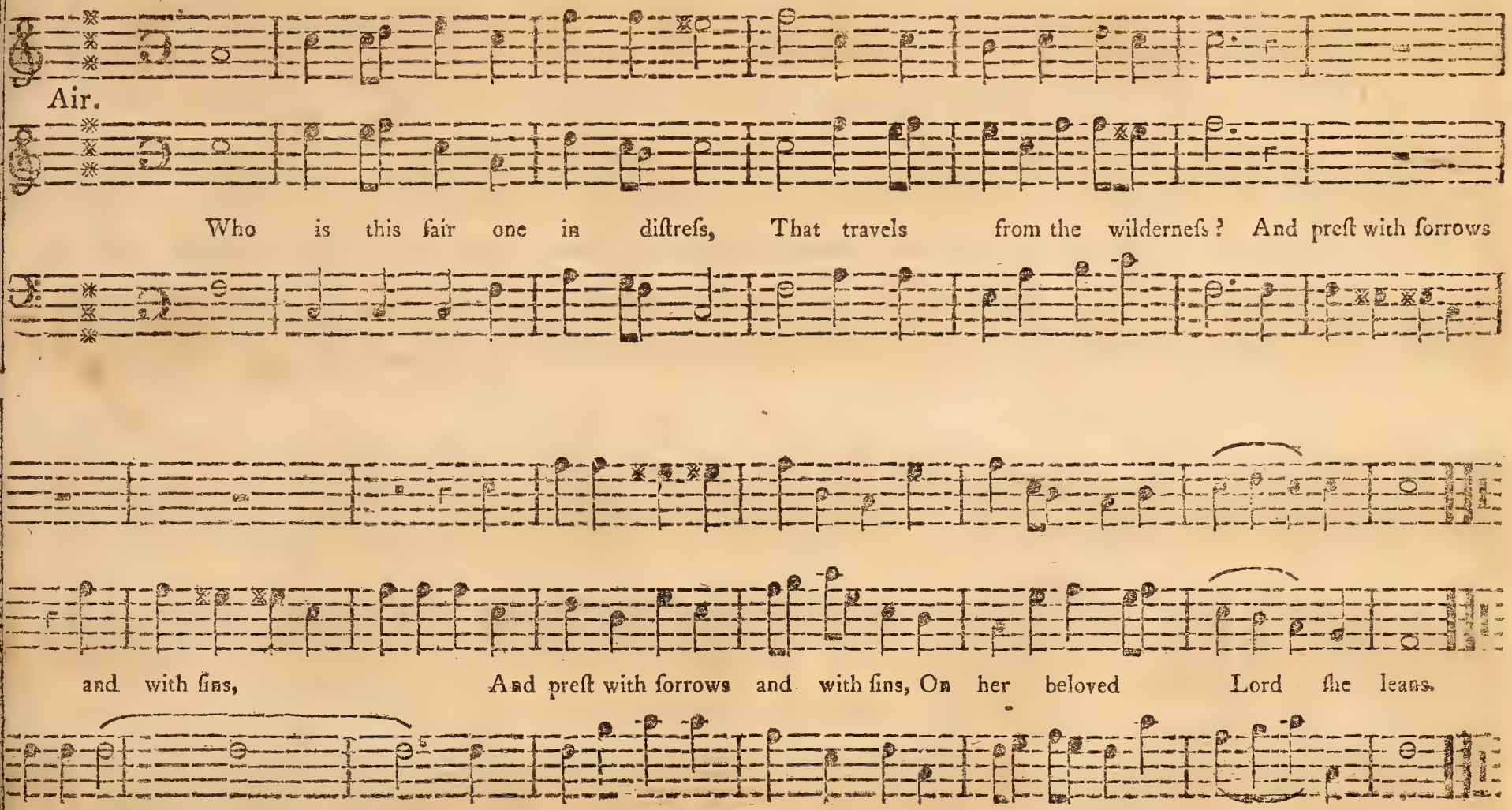
BELKNAP.



Hamburg. L. M.

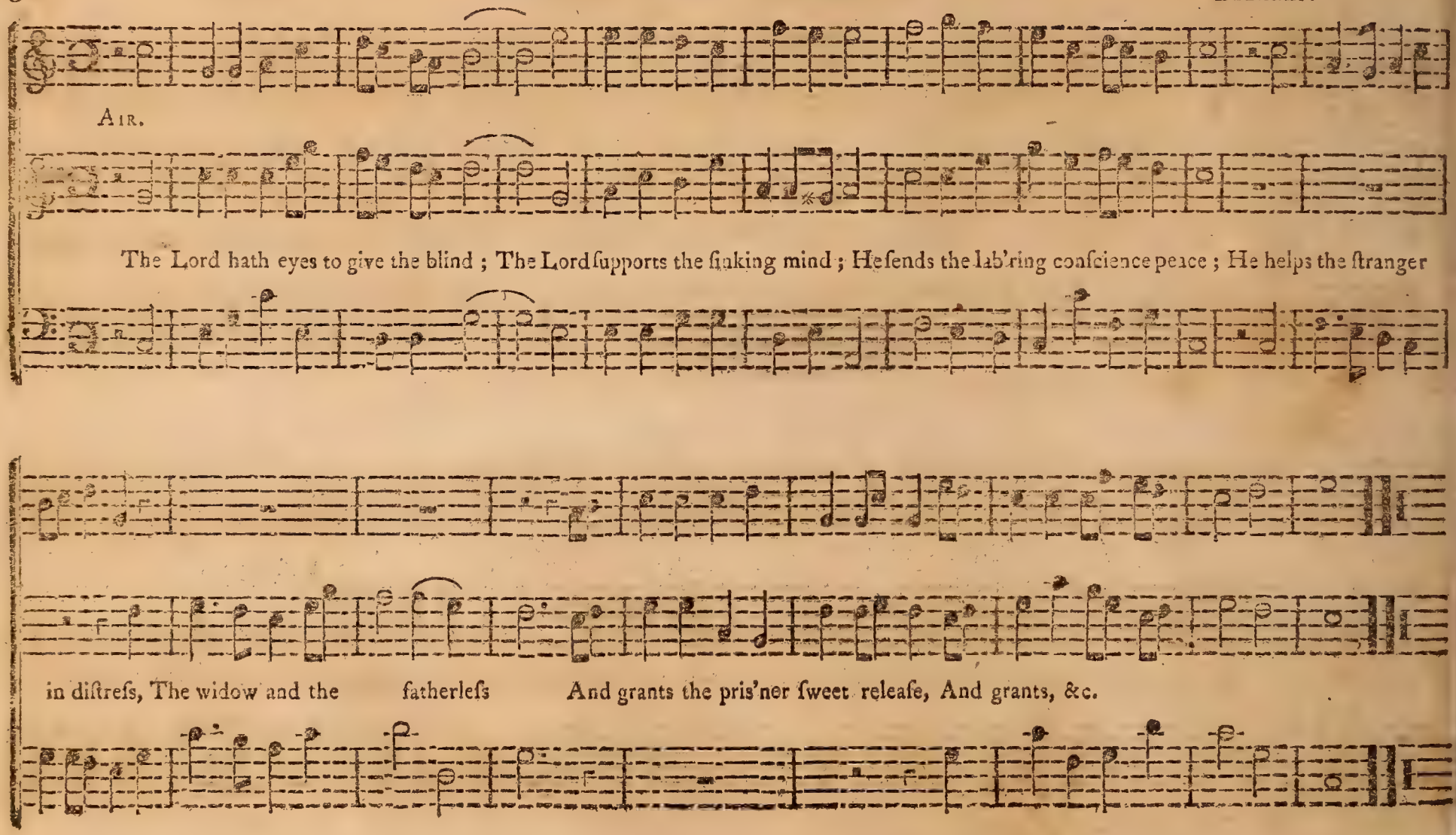
BELKNAP.

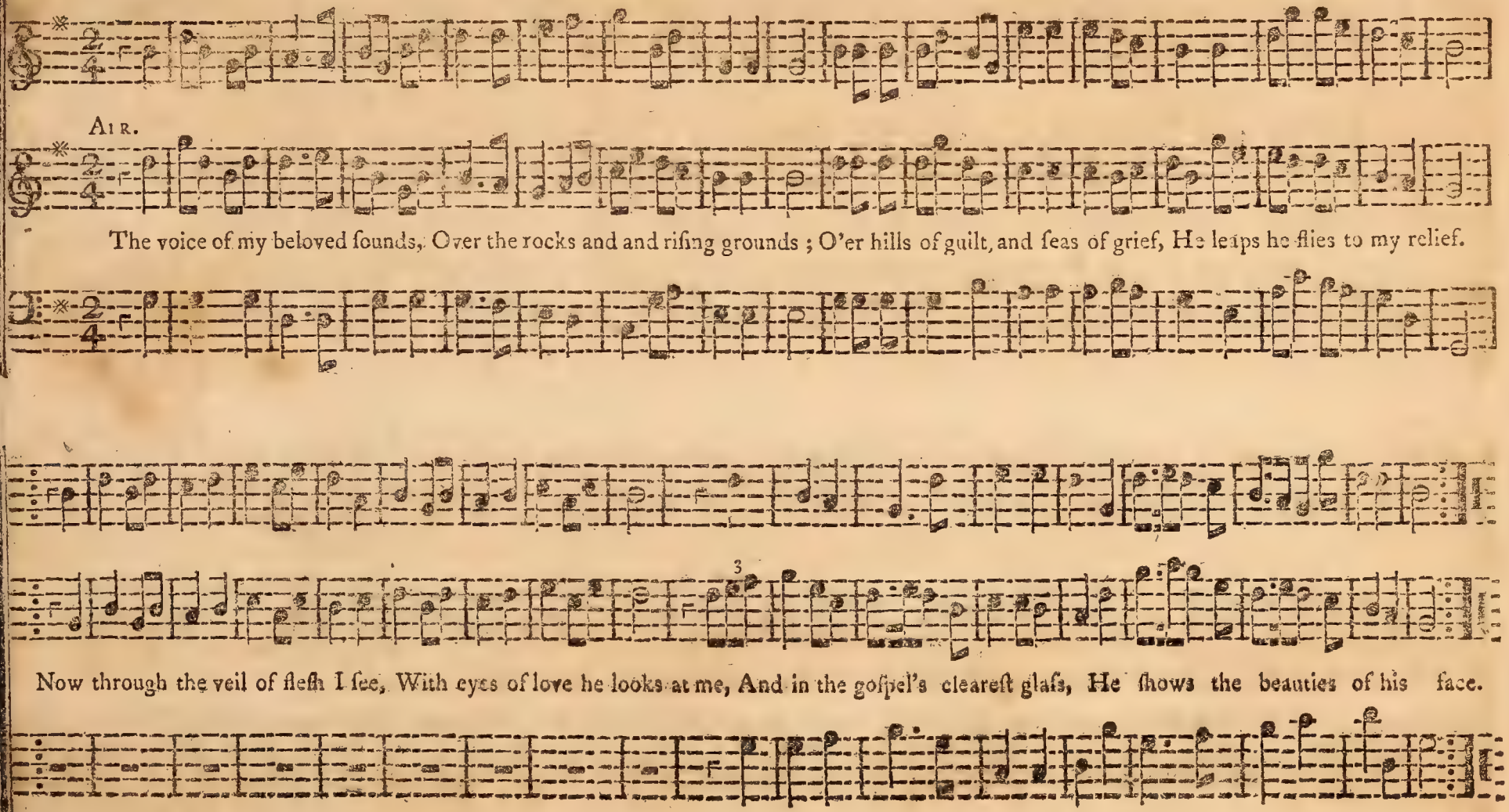



Air.
Who is this fair one in diſtreſs, That travels from the wilderneſs? And preſt with ſorrows
and with ſins, And preſt with ſorrows and with ſins, On her beloved Lord ſhe leans.

Saco. Six Line L. M.

BELKNAP.

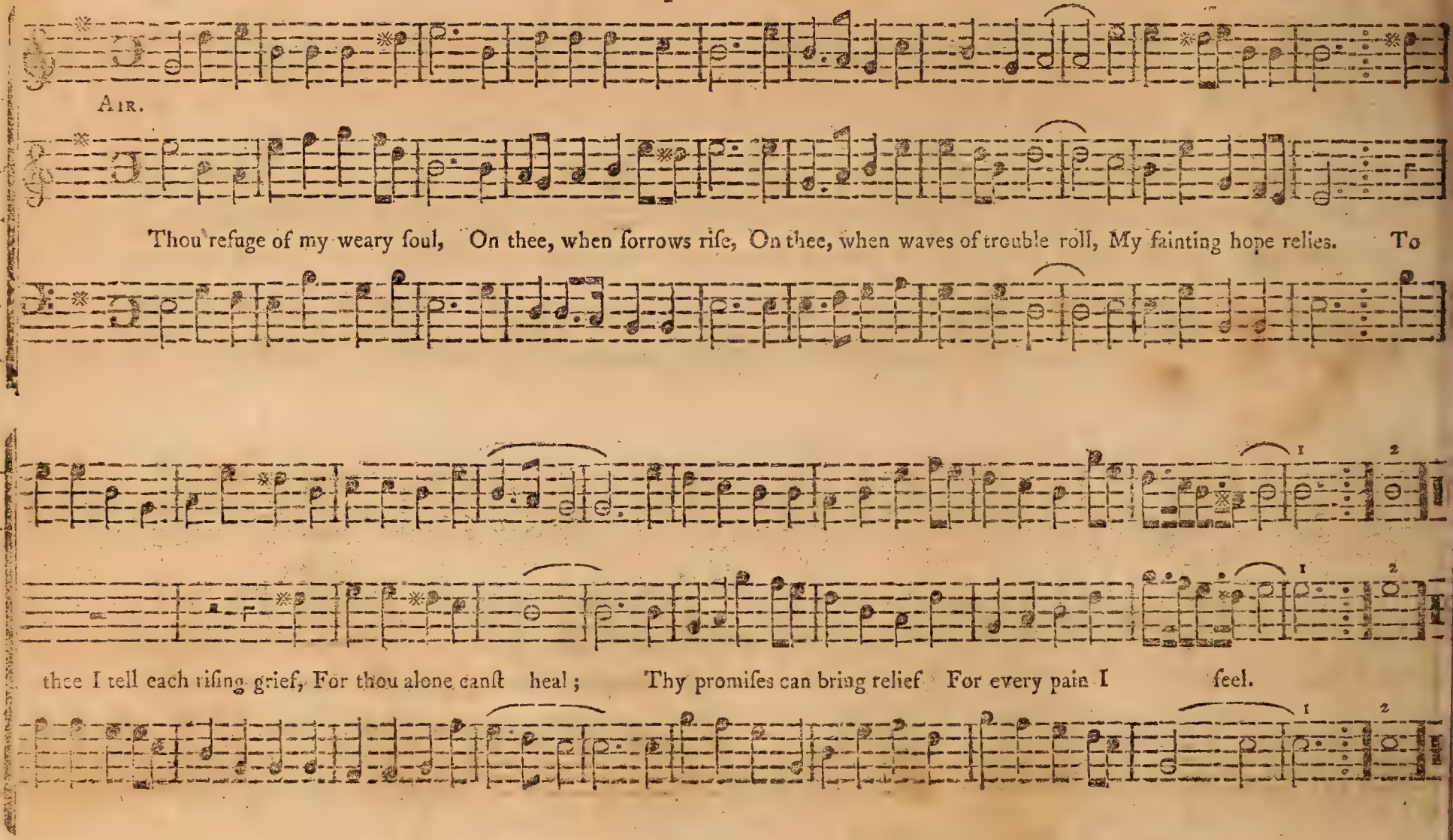



AIR.
The voice of my beloved founds, Over the rocks and and rifing grounds ; O'er hills of guilt, and feas of grief, He leaps he flies to my relief.
Now through the veil of flefh I fee, With eyes of love he looks at me, And in the gofpel's cleareft glafs, He fhows the beauties of his face.

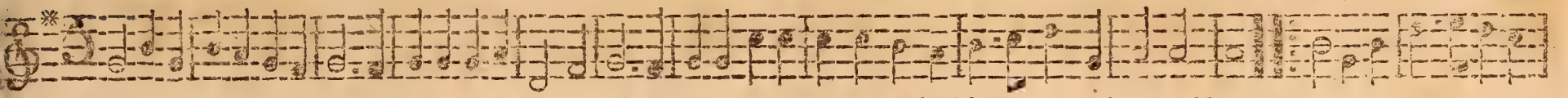
Randolph. C M.

BELKNAP.

AIR.



Pia.

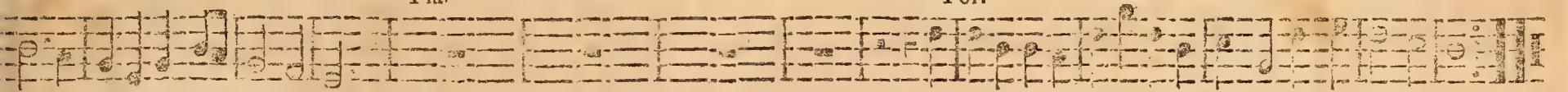


I feel my Saviour's cheering voice : And longs to join immortal lays.

AIR.

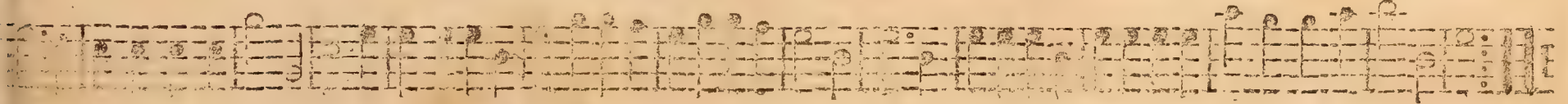
Now can my foul in God rejoice, My heart awakes to ſing his praiſe Hold me, O Jeſus, in thine

Pia. For.



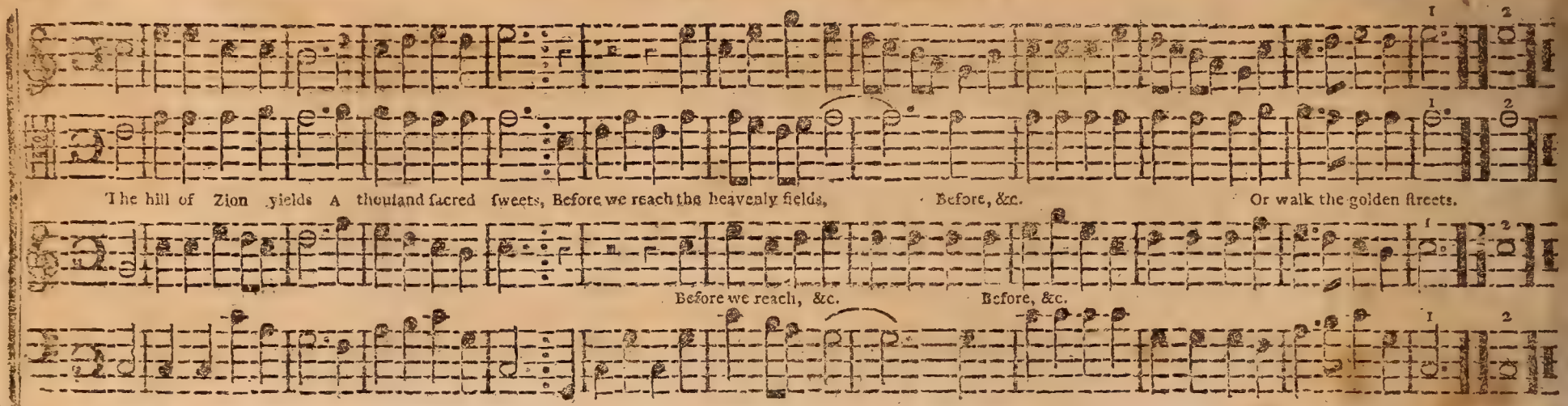
And cheer me with immortal charms.

arms, Till I awake in realms above, Forever to enjoy thy love. Till I awake, &c.



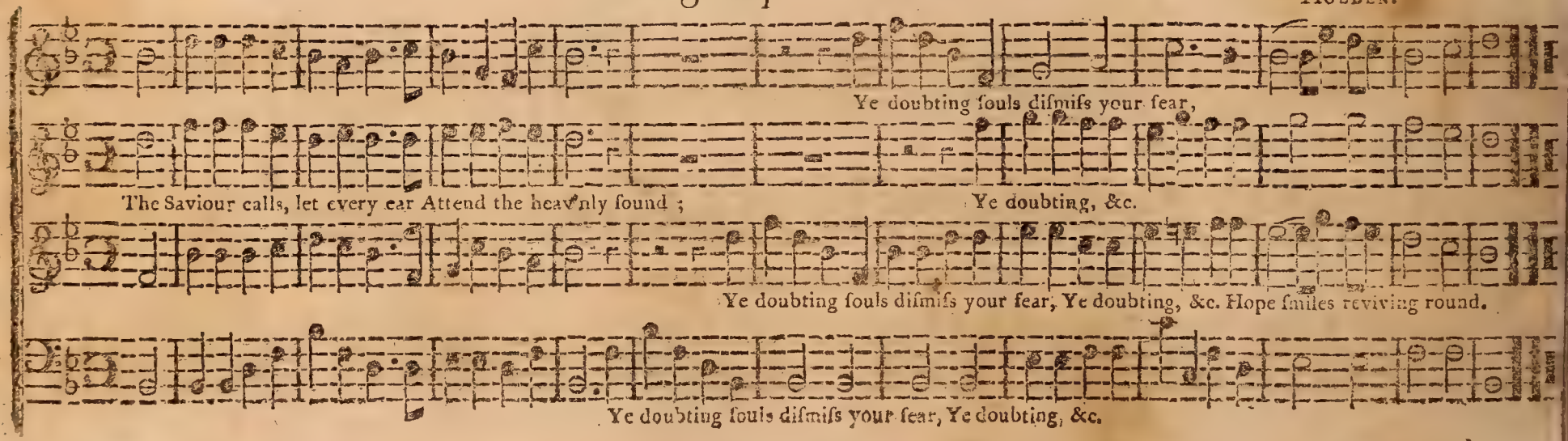
Concord. S. M.

HOLDEN.

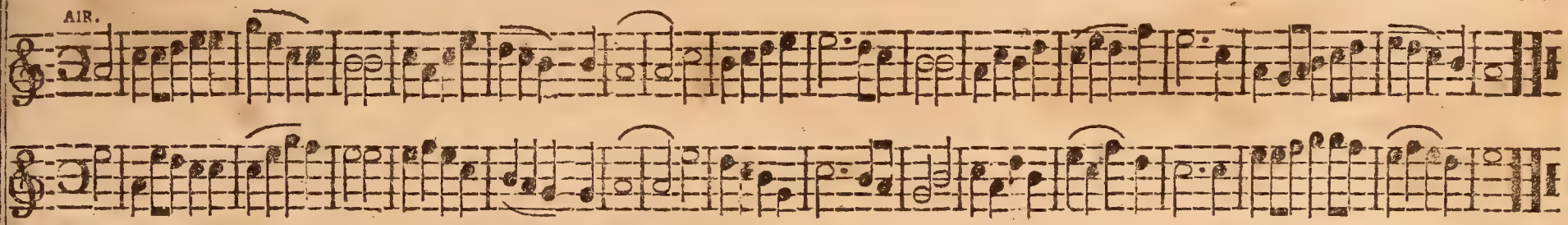


Reviving Hope. C. M.

HOLDEN.

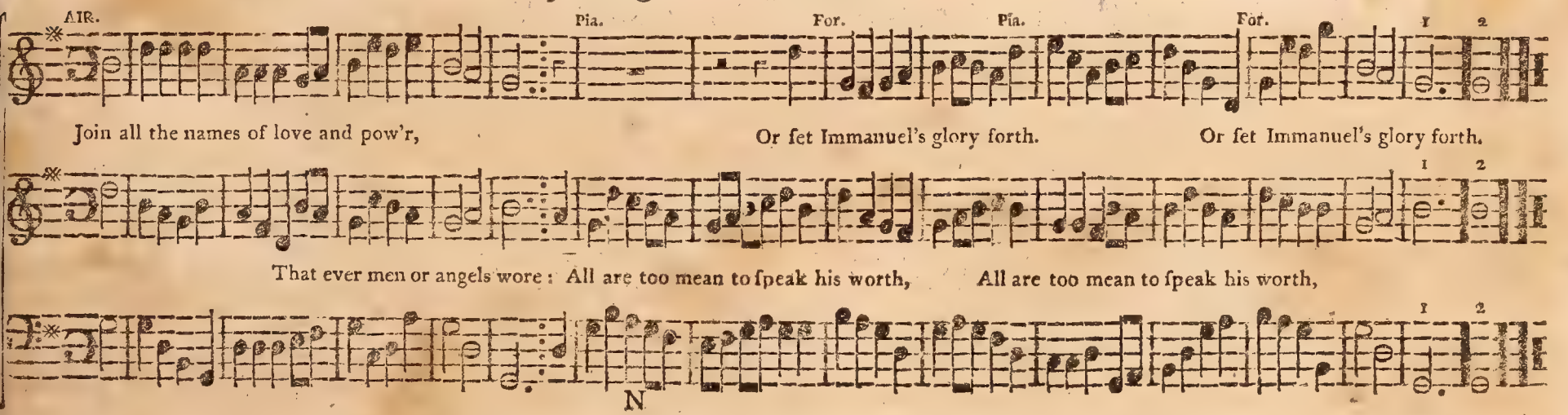


Vienna. L. M.



Fryeburgh. L. M.

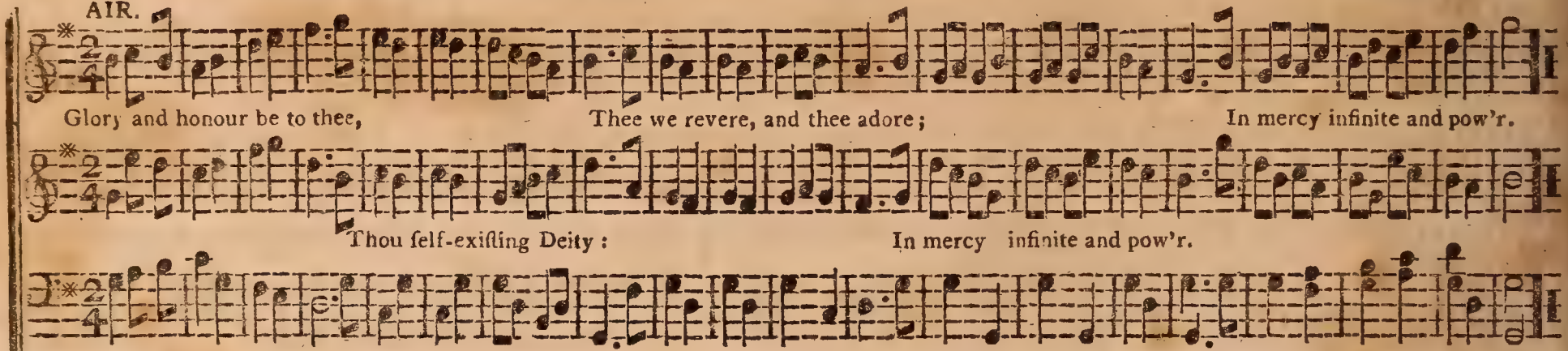
ALBEE.



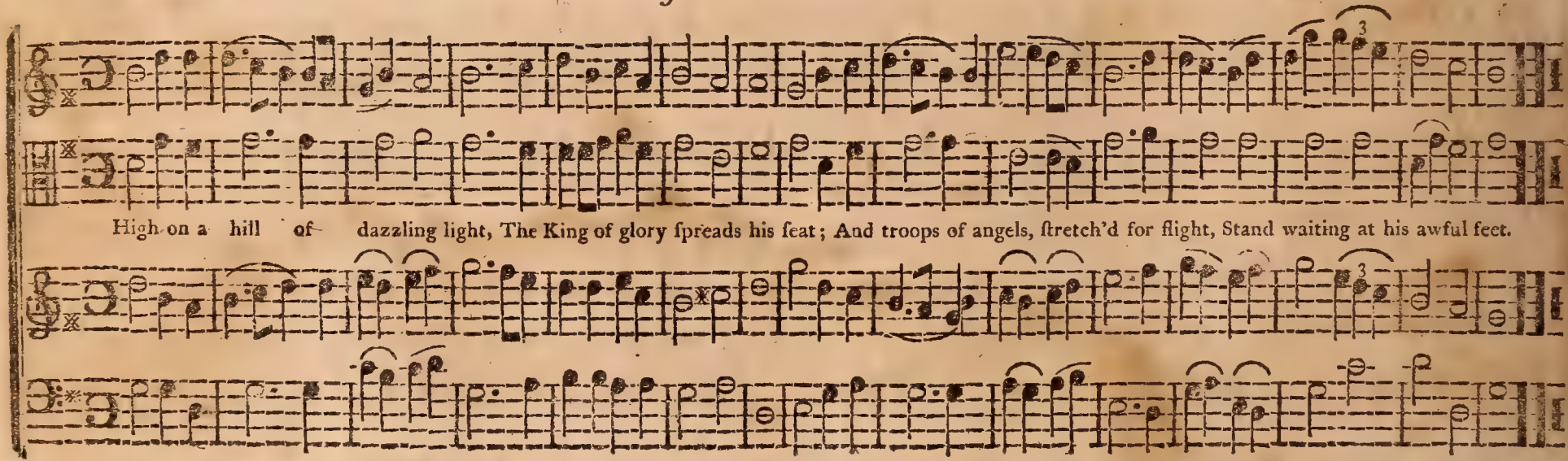
Hamilton. L. M.

ALBEE.

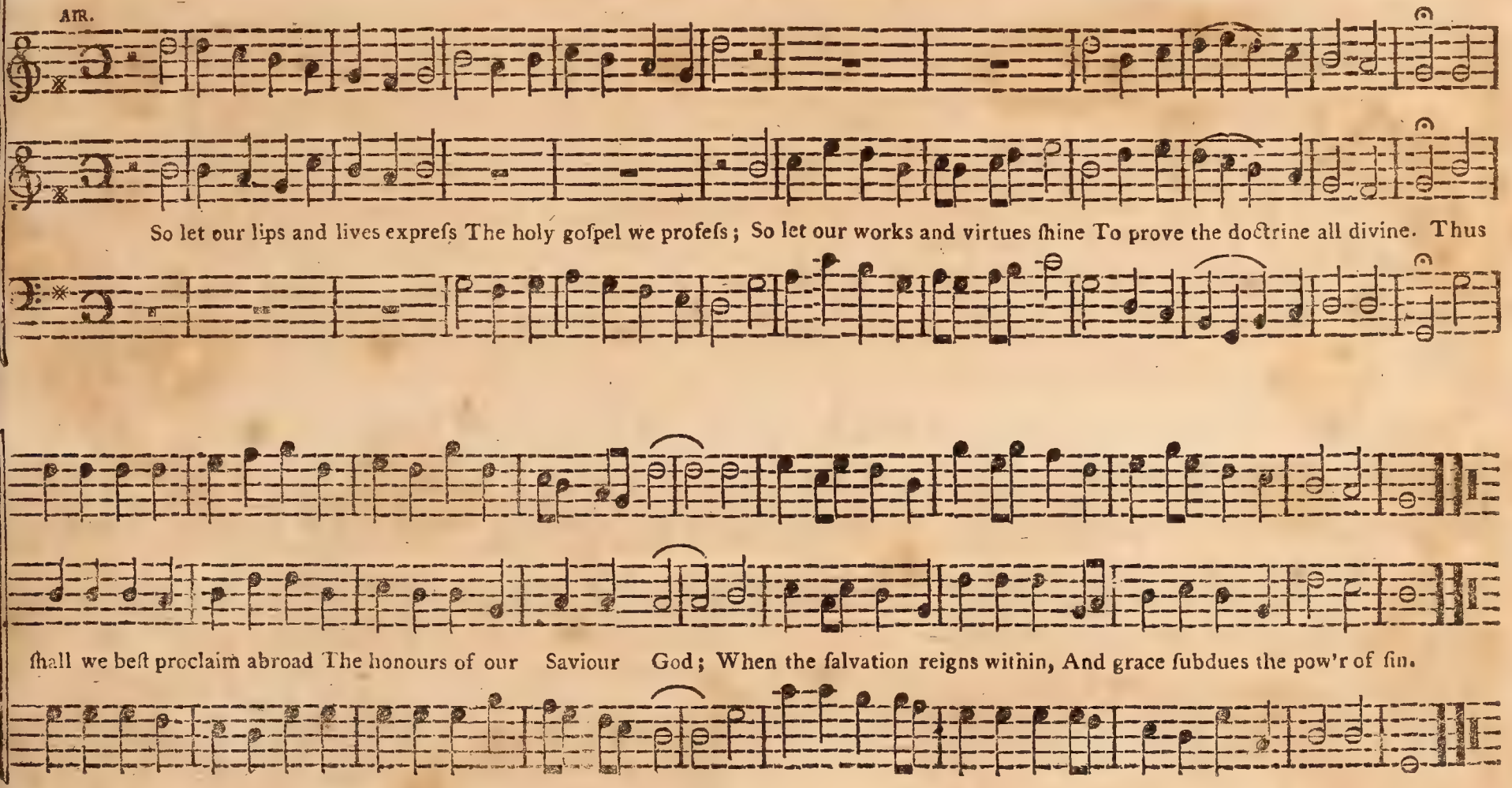
AIR.



Corniſh. L. M.

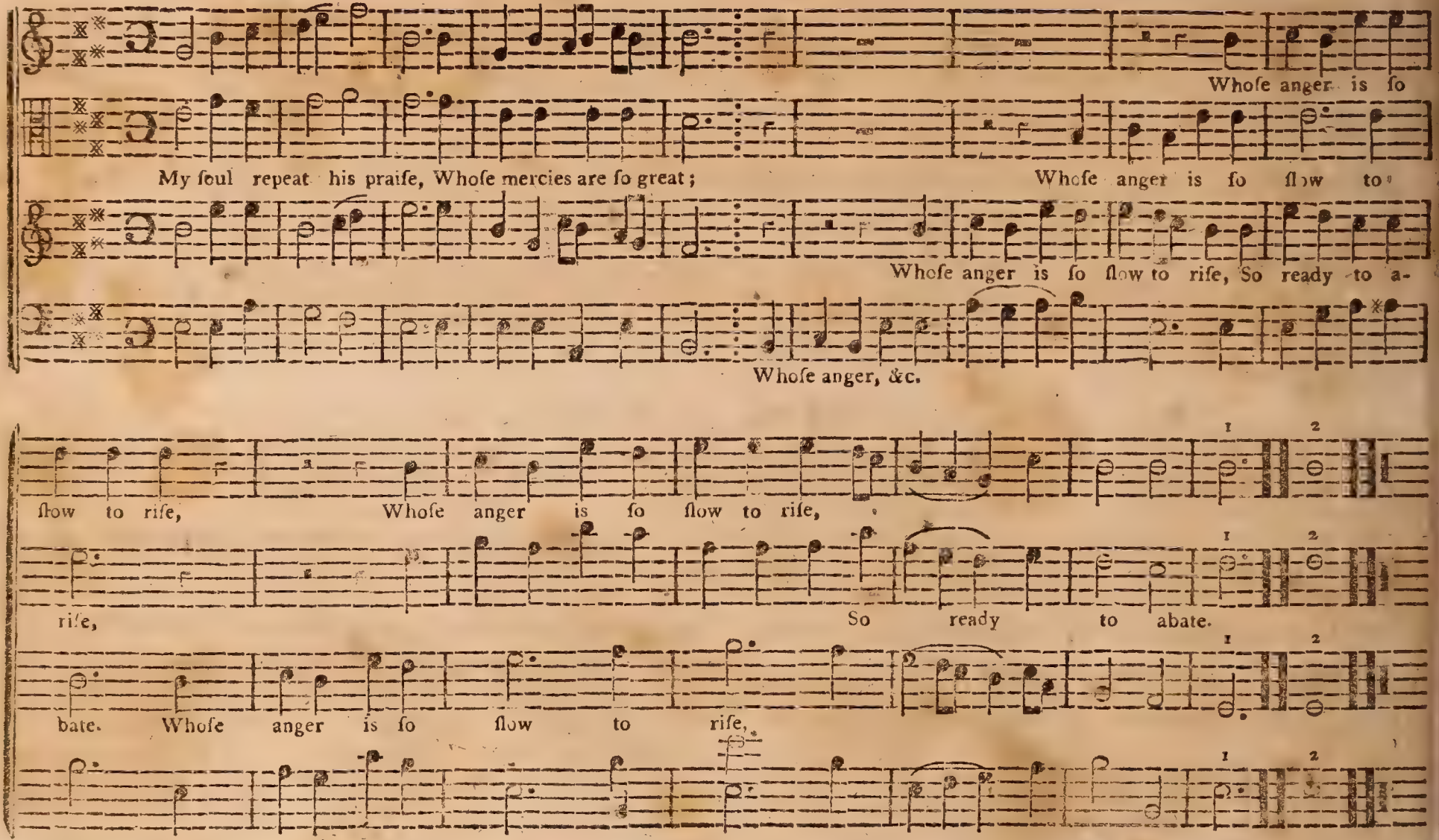


AIR.

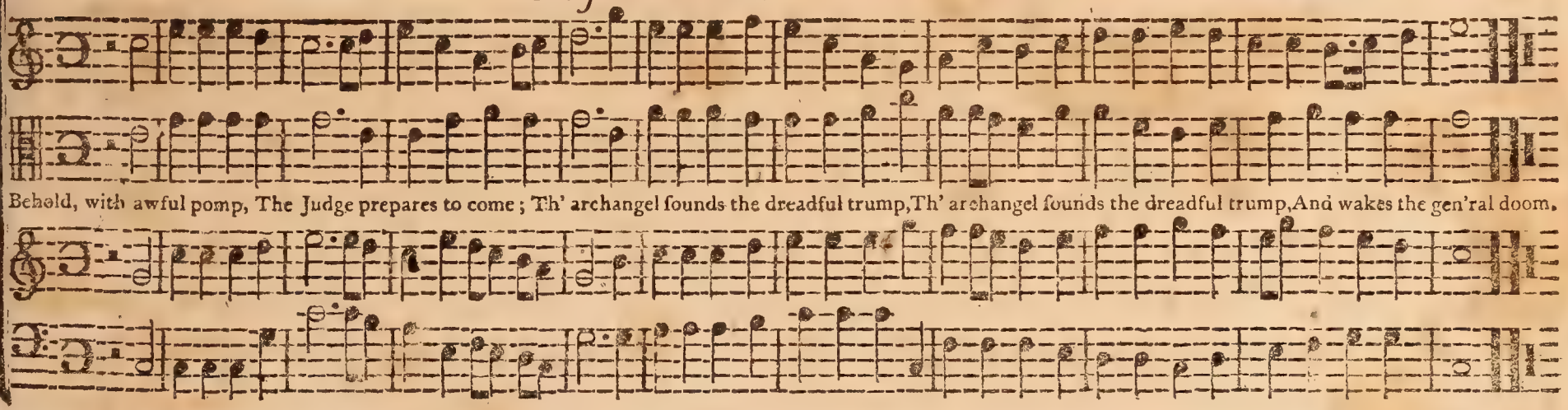

So let our lips and lives expreſs The holy goſpel we profeſs; So let our works and virtues ſhine To prove the doctrine all divine. Thus
ſhall we beſt proclaim abroad The honours of our Saviour God; When the ſalvation reigns within, And grace ſubdues the pow'r of ſin.

Yarmouth. S. M.

KIMBALL.

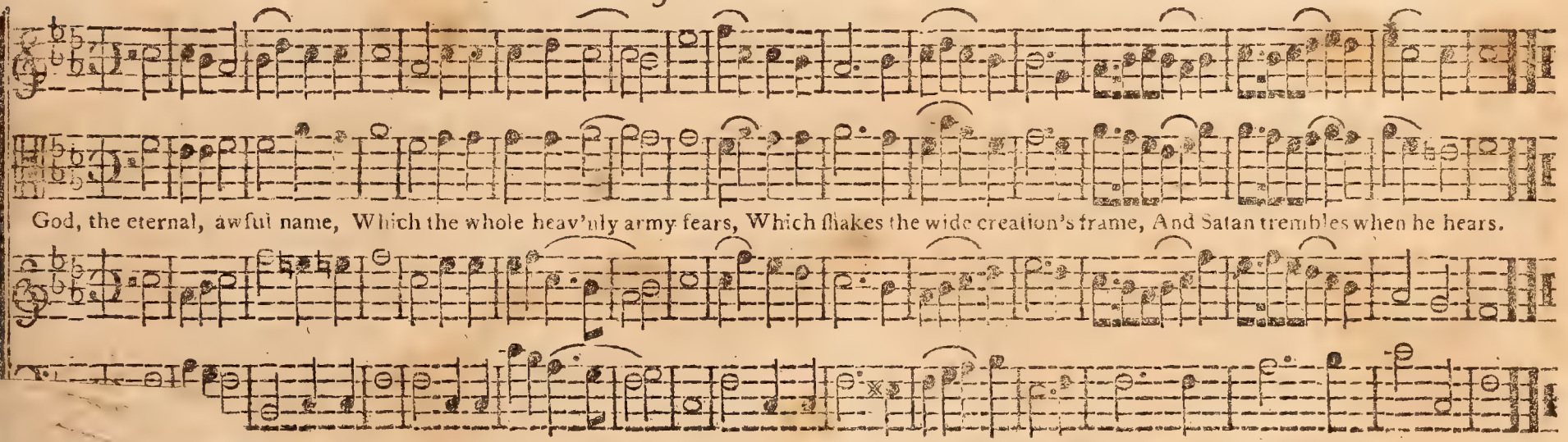


Consummation. S. M.

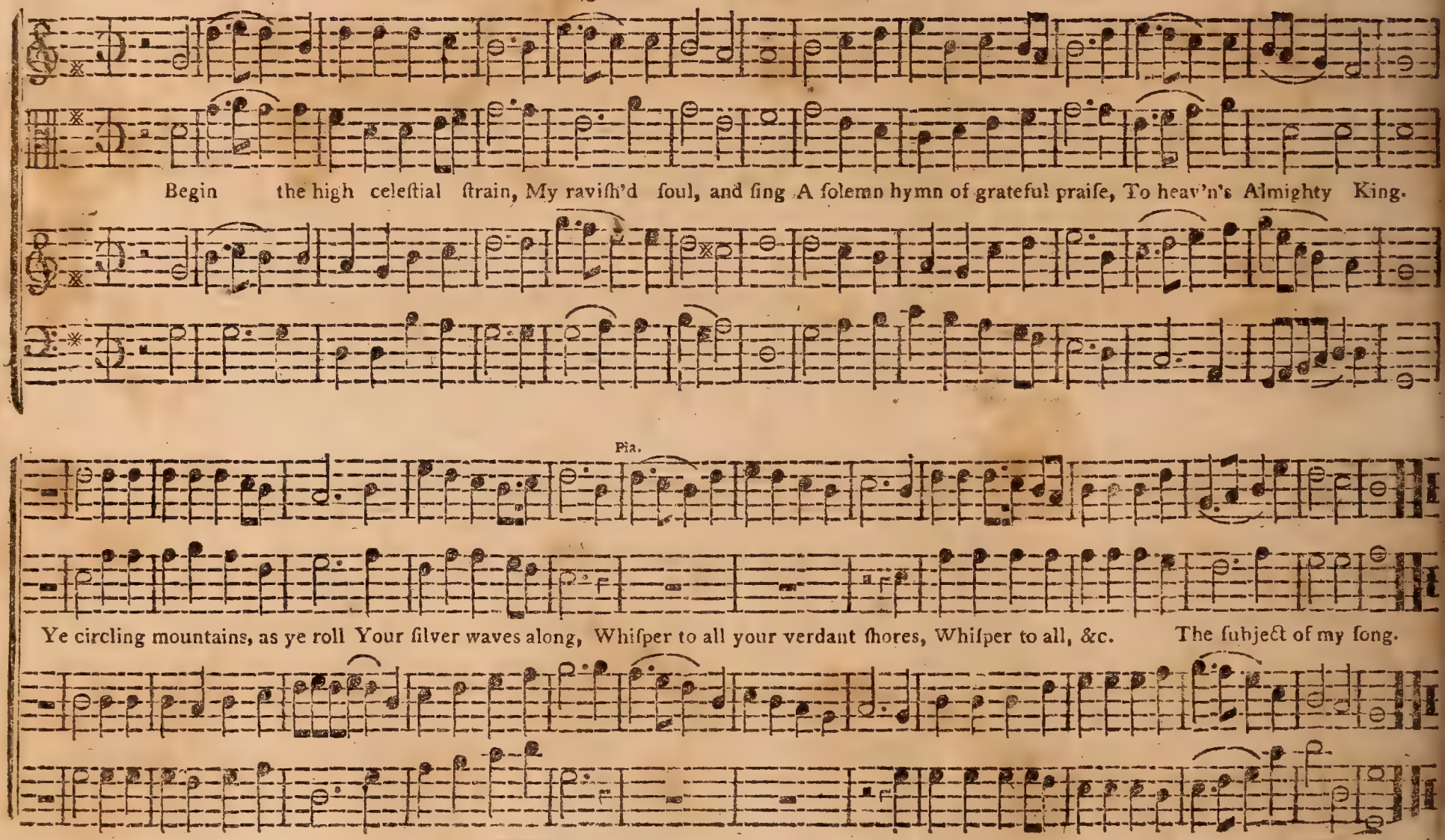


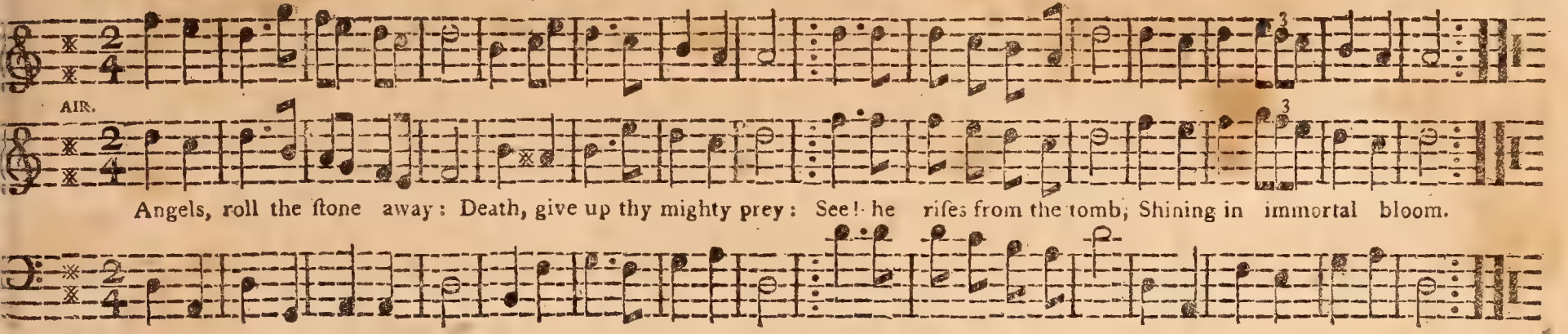
Pittsford. L. M.

BELKNAP.



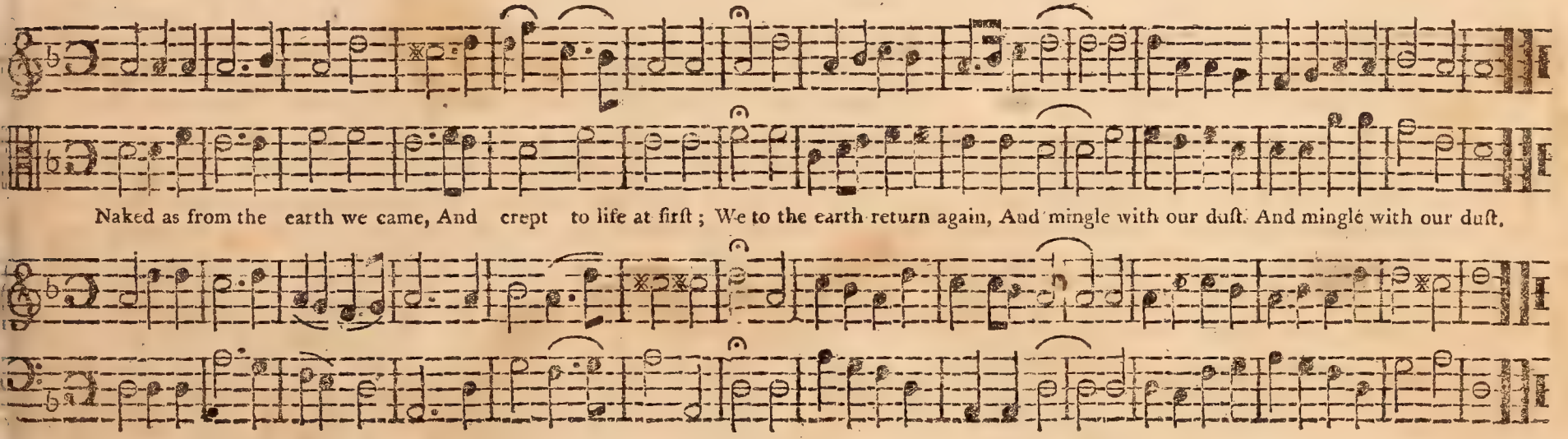
Pomfret. C. M.


Begin the high celeſtial ſtrain, My raviſh'd ſoul, and ſing A ſolemn hymn of grateful praiſe, To heav'n's Almighty King.
Pia.
Ye circling mountains, as ye roll Your ſilver waves along, Whiſper to all your verdant ſhores, Whiſper to all, &c. The ſubject of my ſong.



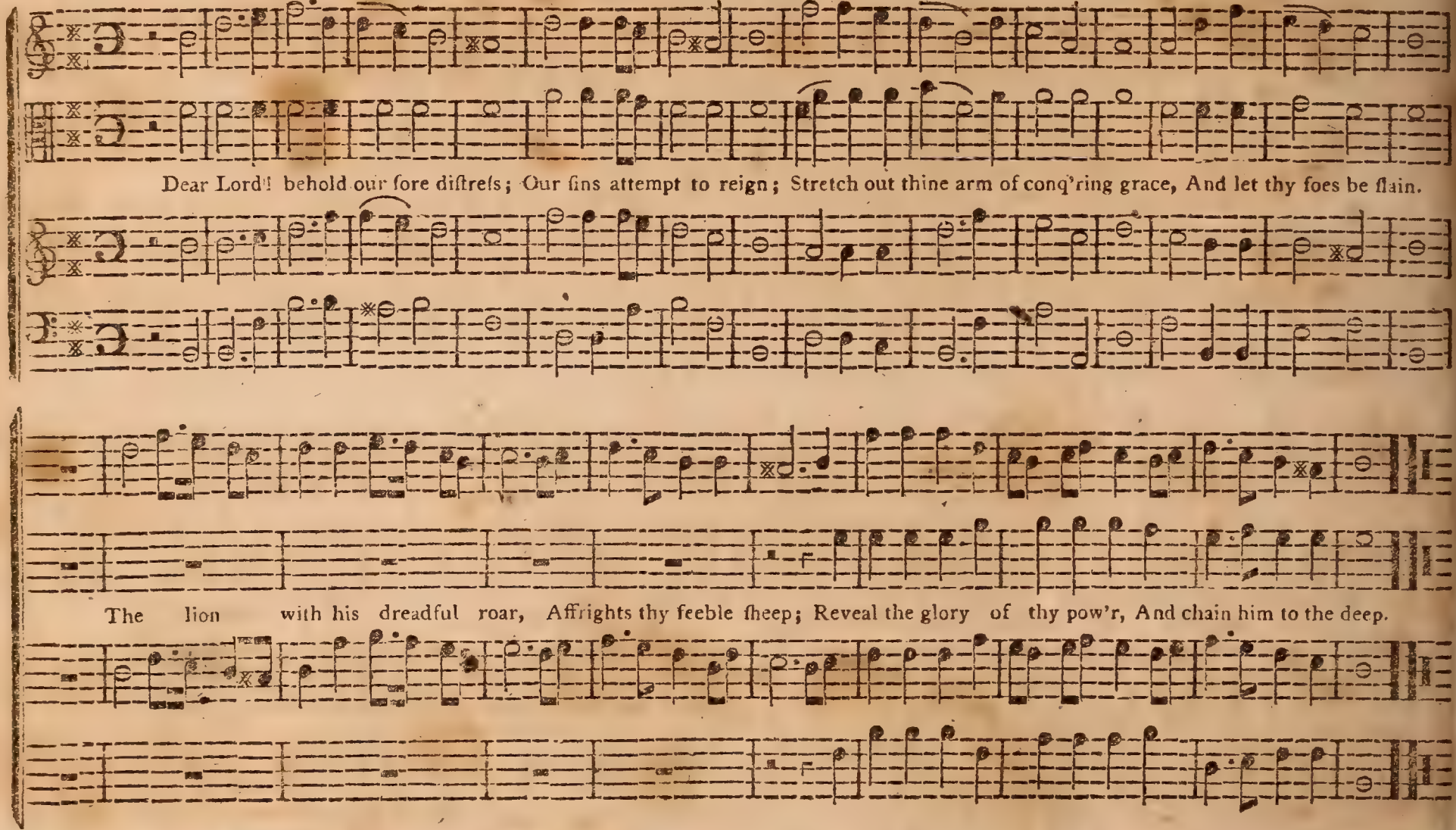
Dover. C. M.

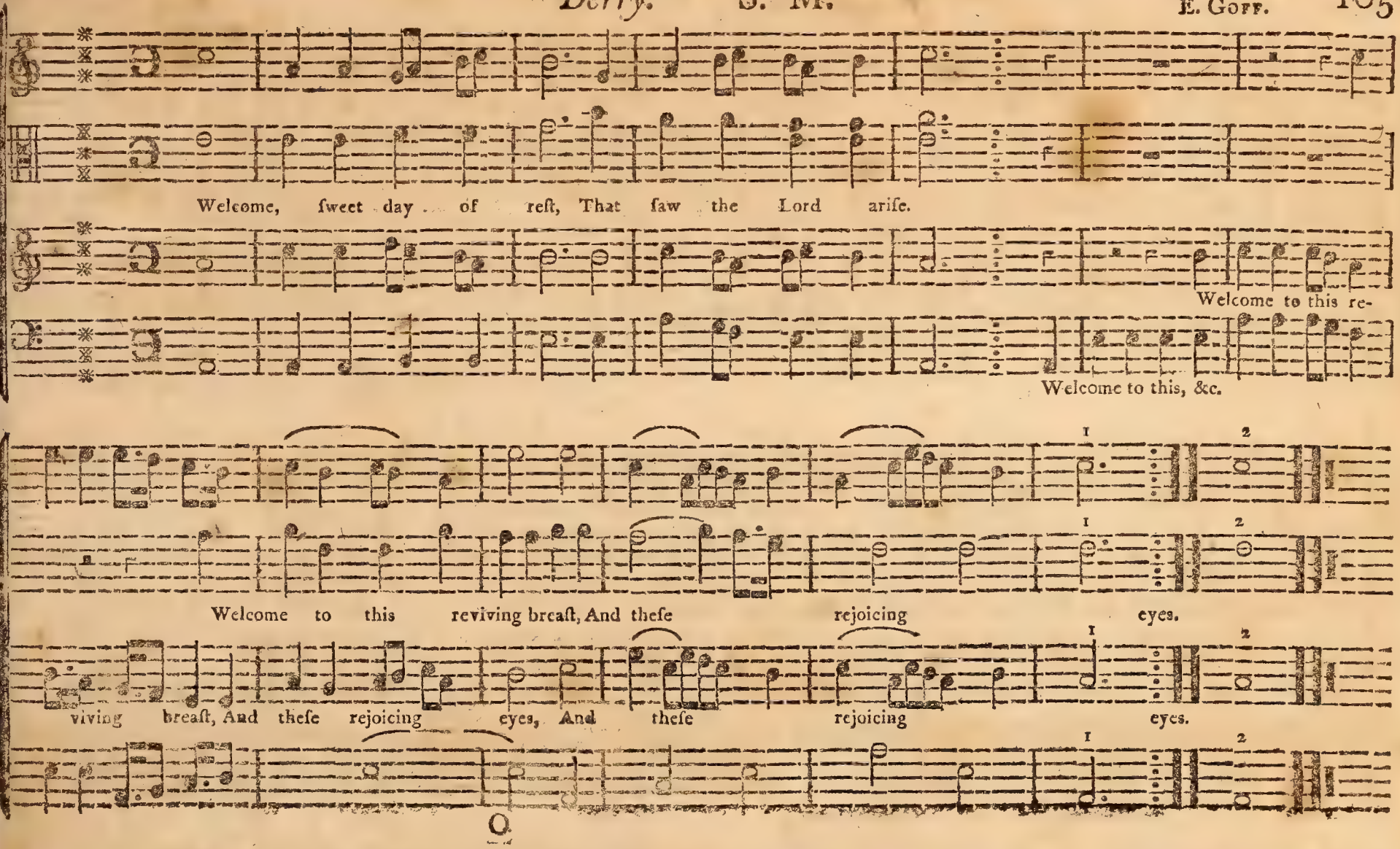
BELKNAP.



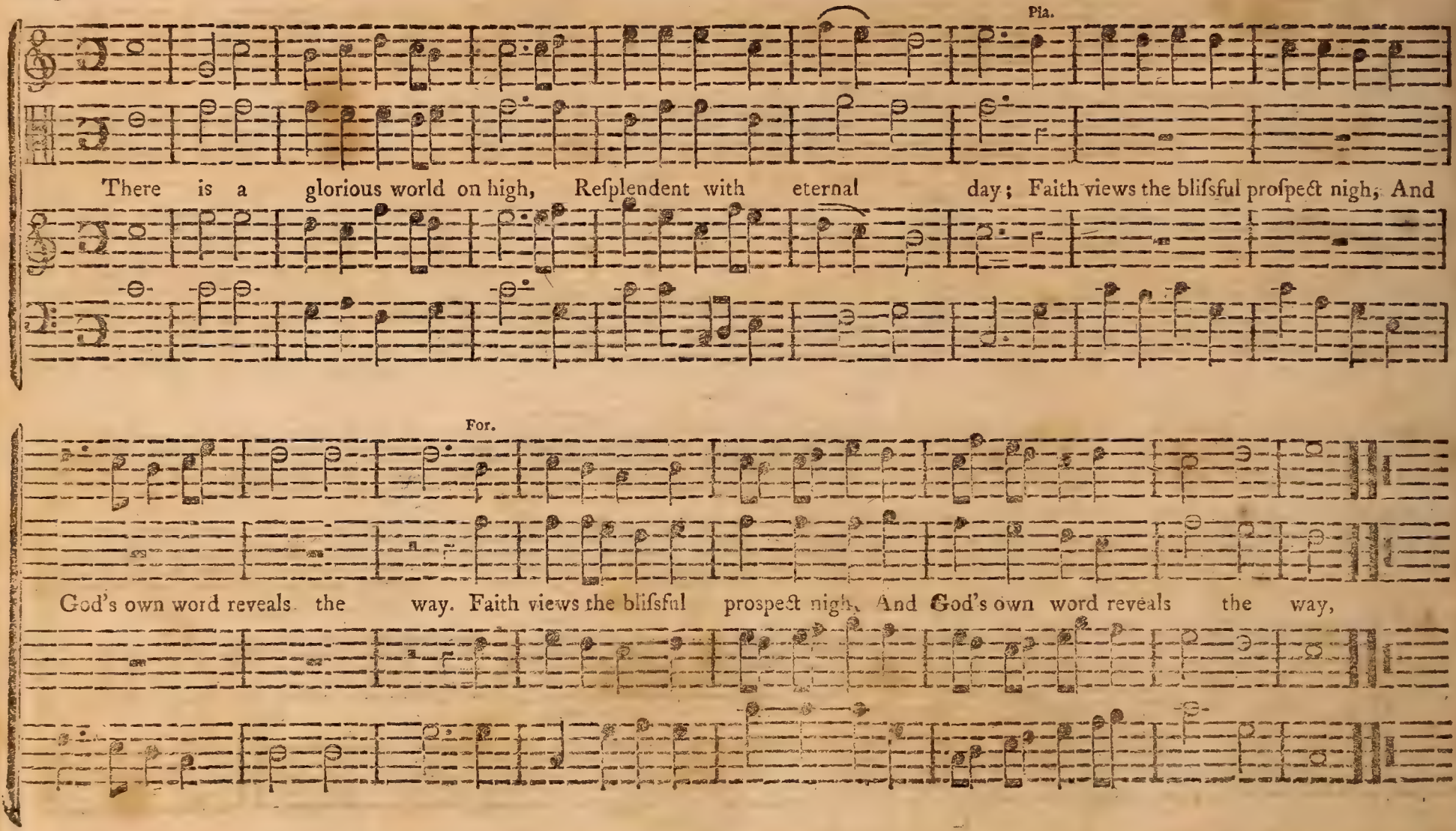
Salem. C. M.

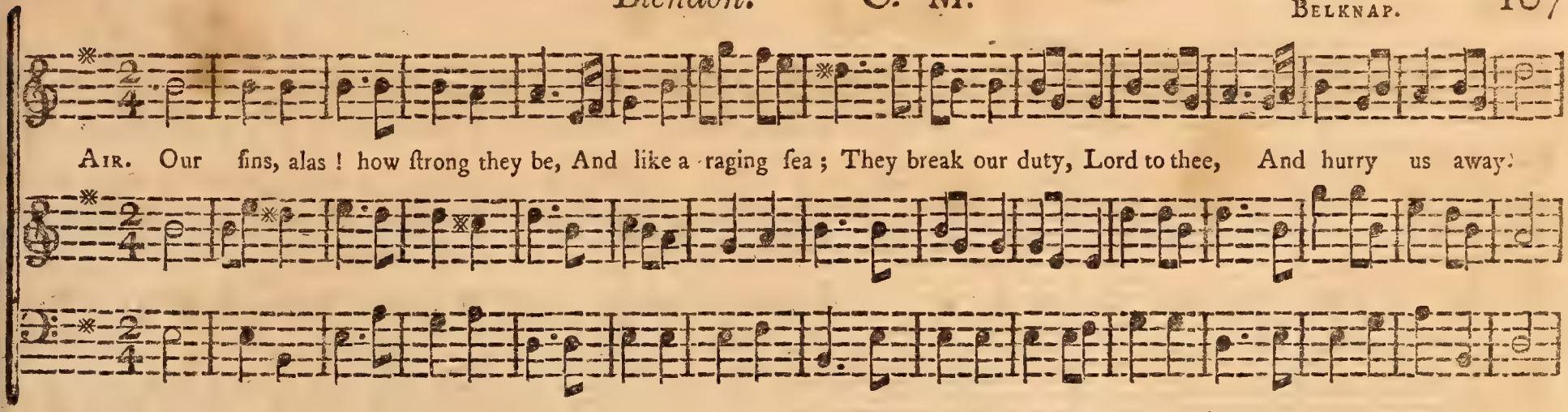
BELKNAP.

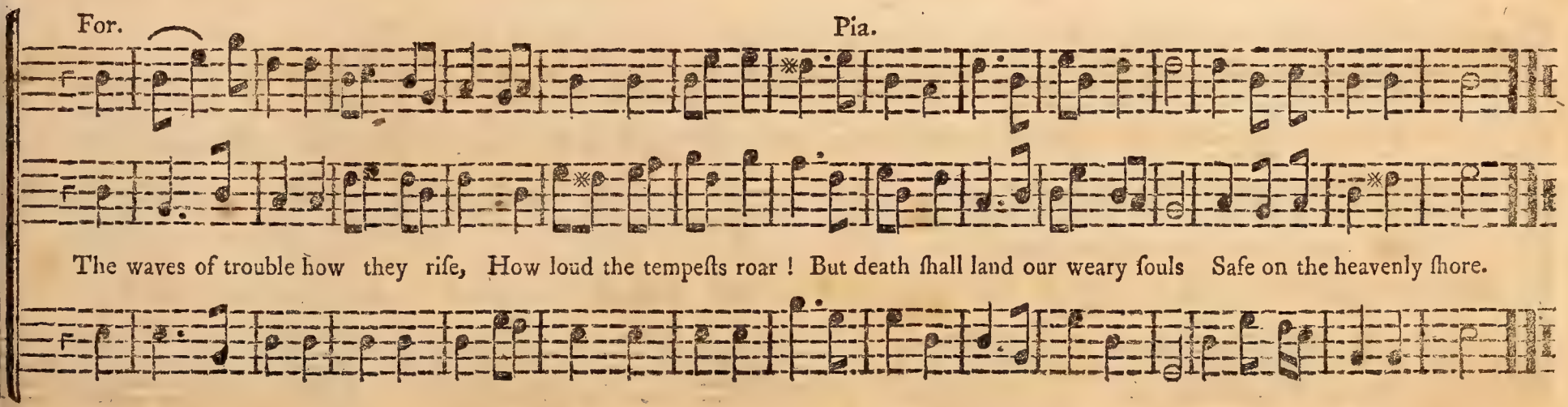



Welcome, ſweet day of reſt, That ſaw the Lord ariſe.
Welcome to this re-
Welcome to this, &c.
Welcome to this reviving breaſt, And theſe rejoicing eyes.
viving breaſt, And theſe rejoicing eyes, And theſe rejoicing eyes.

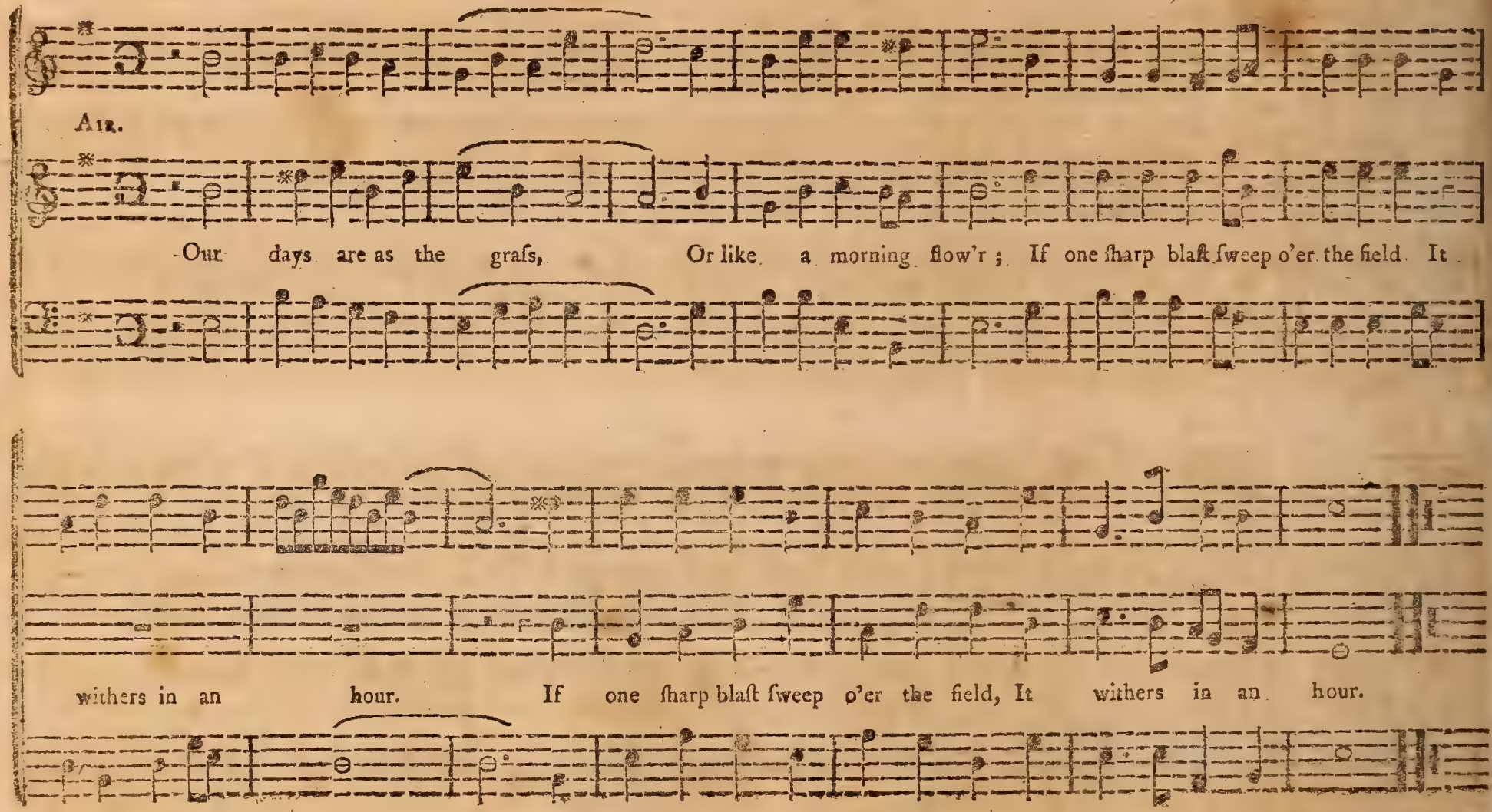
Hotham. L. M.

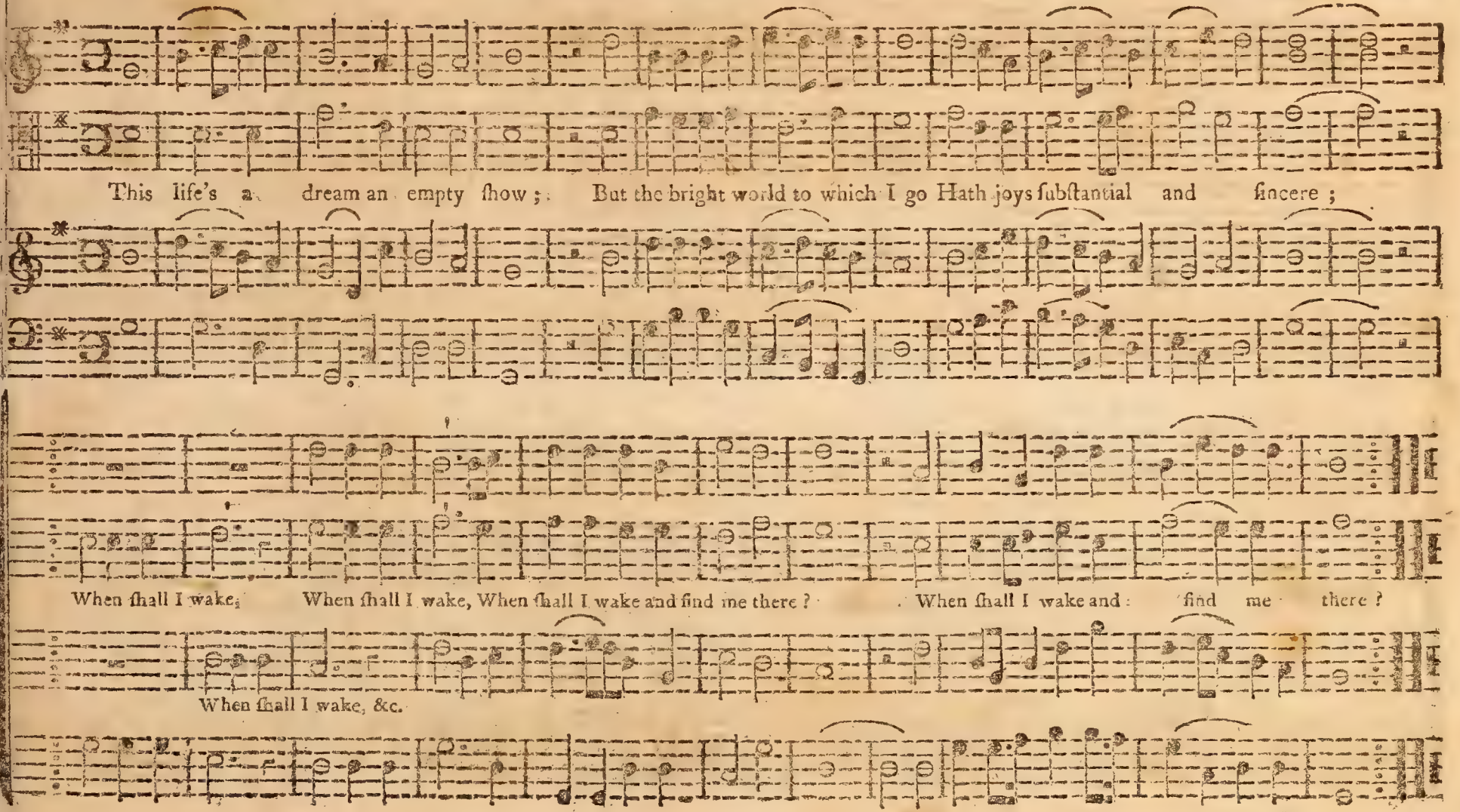

Pia.
There is a glorious world on high, Reſplendent with eternal day; Faith views the bliſsful proſpect nigh, And
For.
God's own word reveals the way. Faith views the bliſsful proſpect nigh, And God's own word reveals the way,


AIR. Our ſins, alas! how ſtrong they be, And like a raging ſea; They break our duty, Lord to thee, And hurry us away.


For.
Pia.
The waves of trouble how they riſe, How loud the tempeſts roar! But death ſhall land our weary ſouls Safe on the heavenly ſhore.

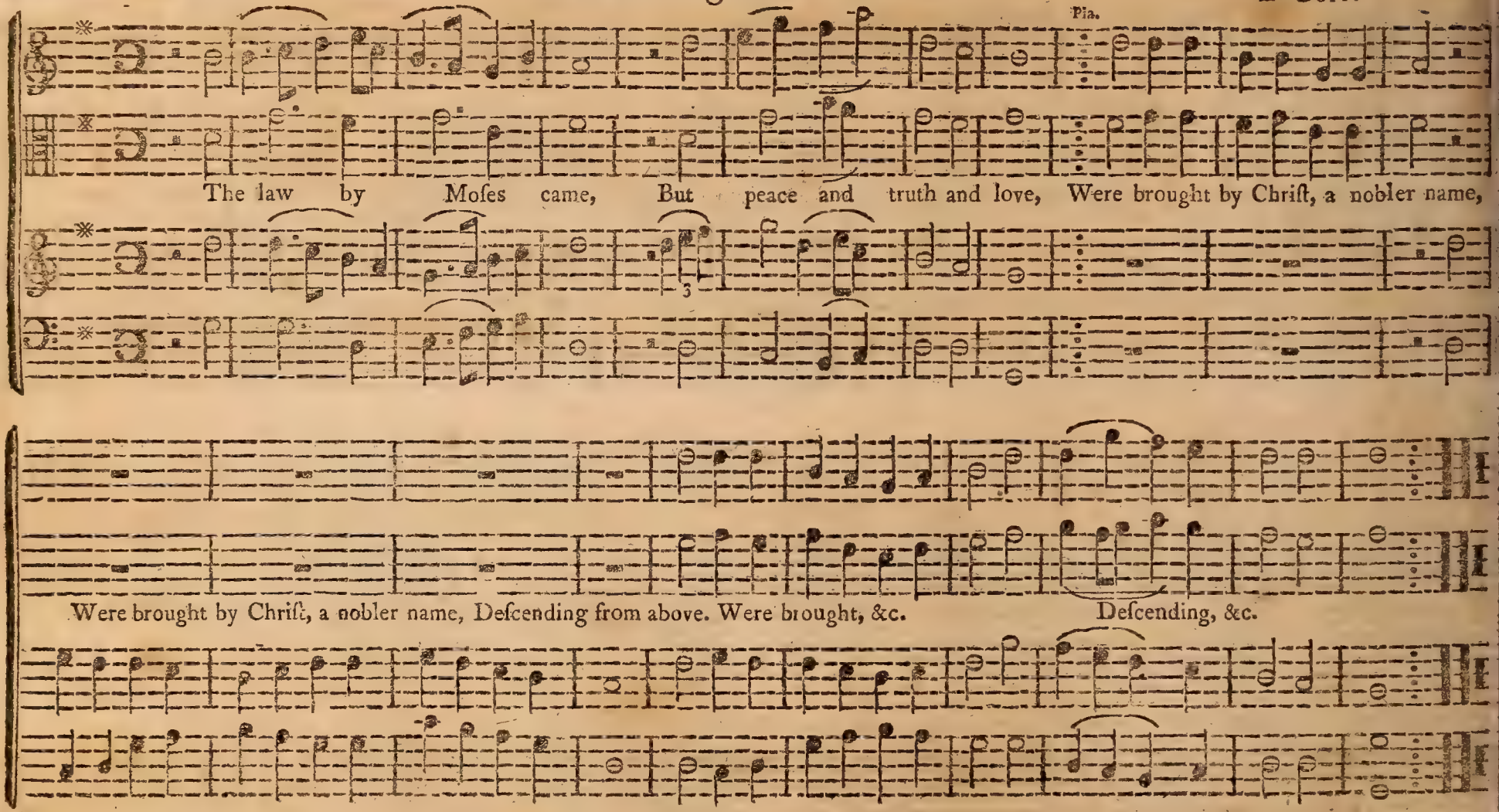
Conway. S. M.

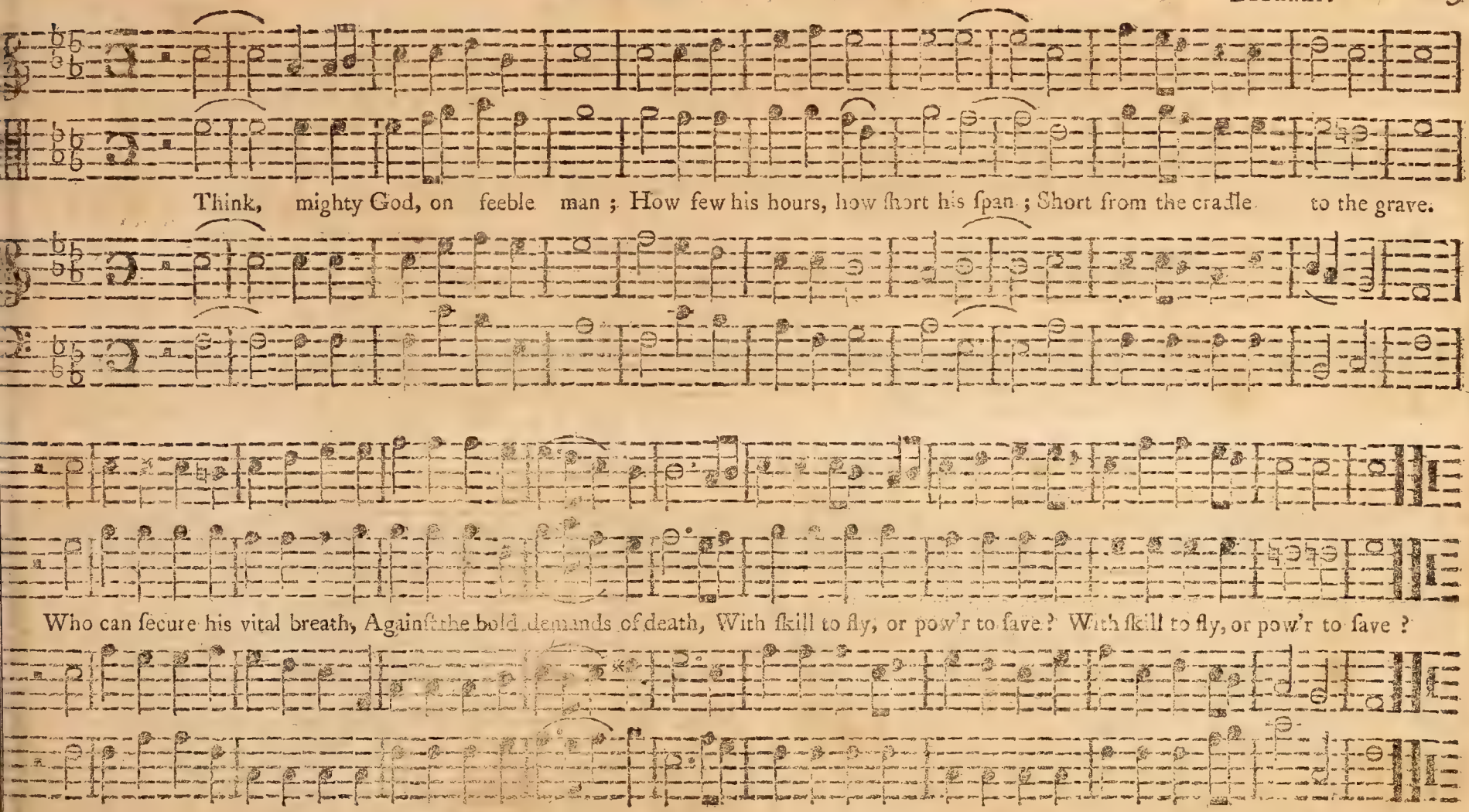

Air.
Our days are as the graſs, Or like a morning flow'r; If one ſharp blaſt ſweep o'er the field. It
withers in an hour. If one ſharp blaſt ſweep o'er the field, It withers in an hour.


This life's a dream an empty ſhow; But the bright world to which I go Hath joys ſubſtantial and ſincere;
When ſhall I wake; When ſhall I wake, When ſhall I wake and find me there? When ſhall I wake and find me there?
When ſhall I wake, &c.

Lunenburgh. S. M.

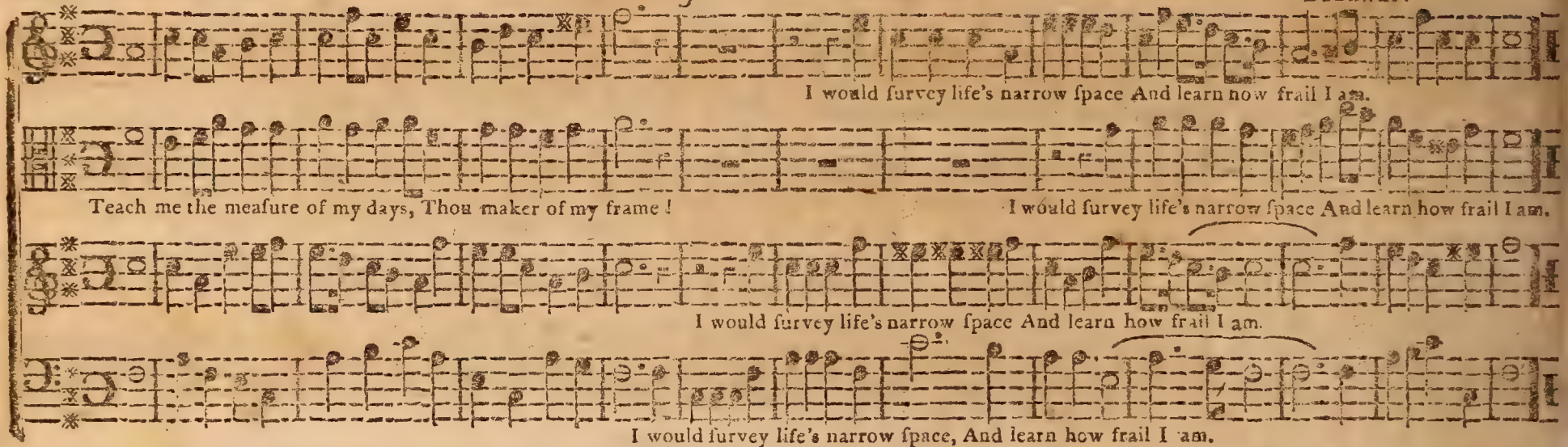
E. Gorr.




Think, mighty God, on feeble man ; How few his hours, how ſhort his ſpan ; Short from the cradle to the grave.
Who can ſecure his vital breath, Againſt the bold demands of death, With ſkill to fly, or pow'r to ſave? With ſkill to fly, or pow'r to ſave ?

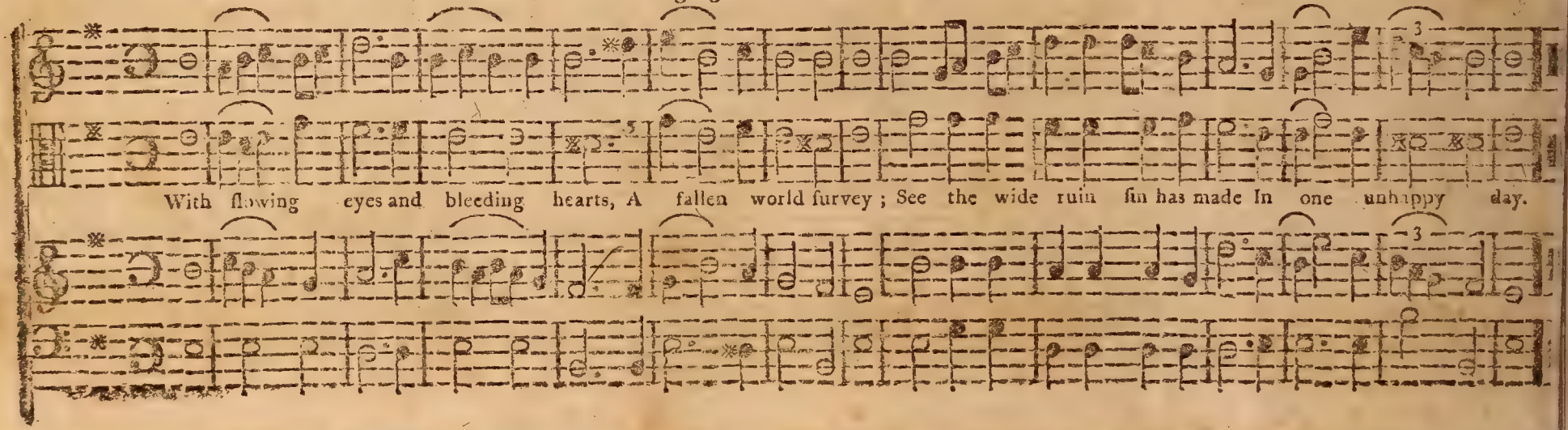
Penobſcot. C. M.

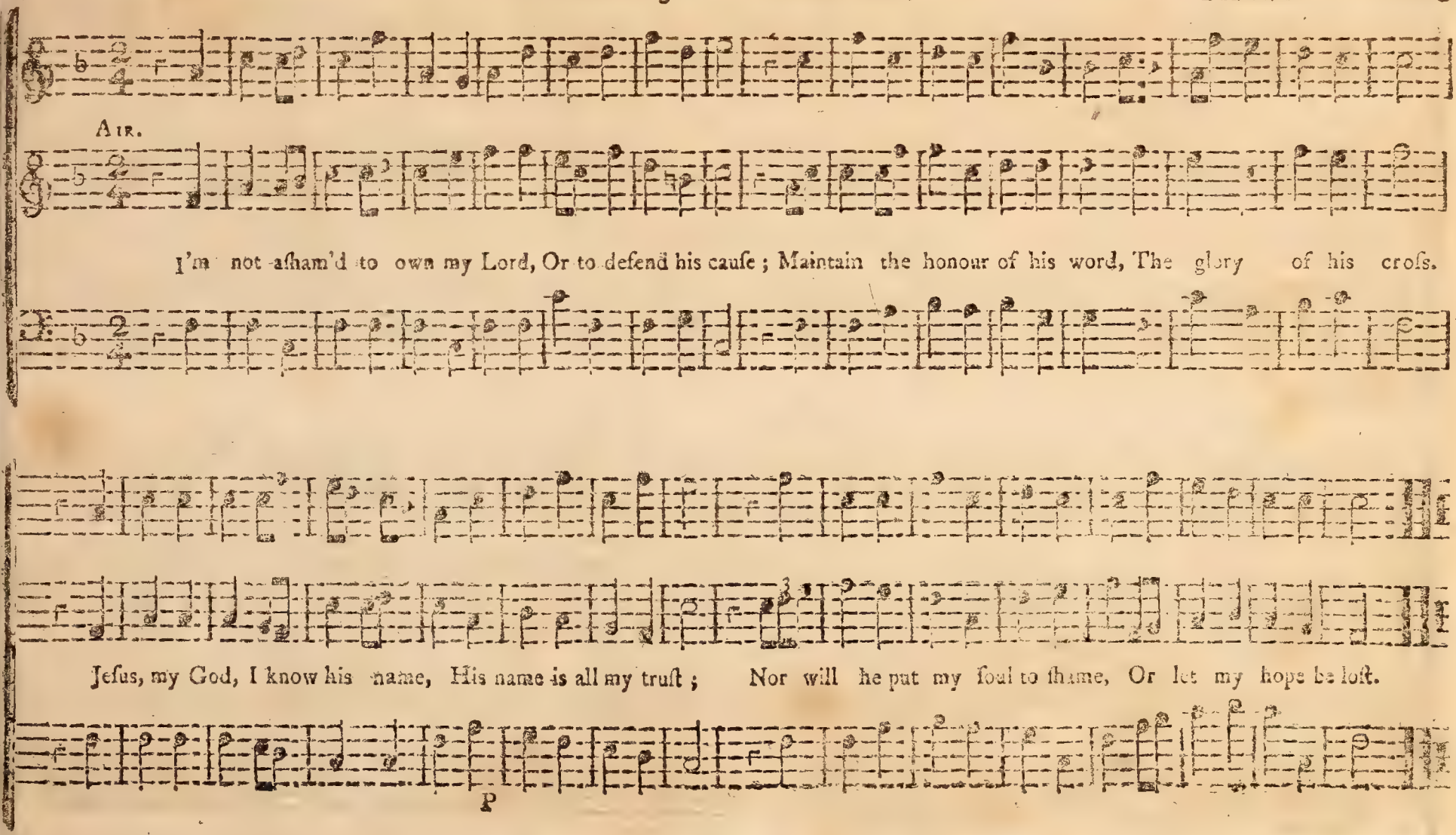
BELKNAP.



Belfaſt. C. M.

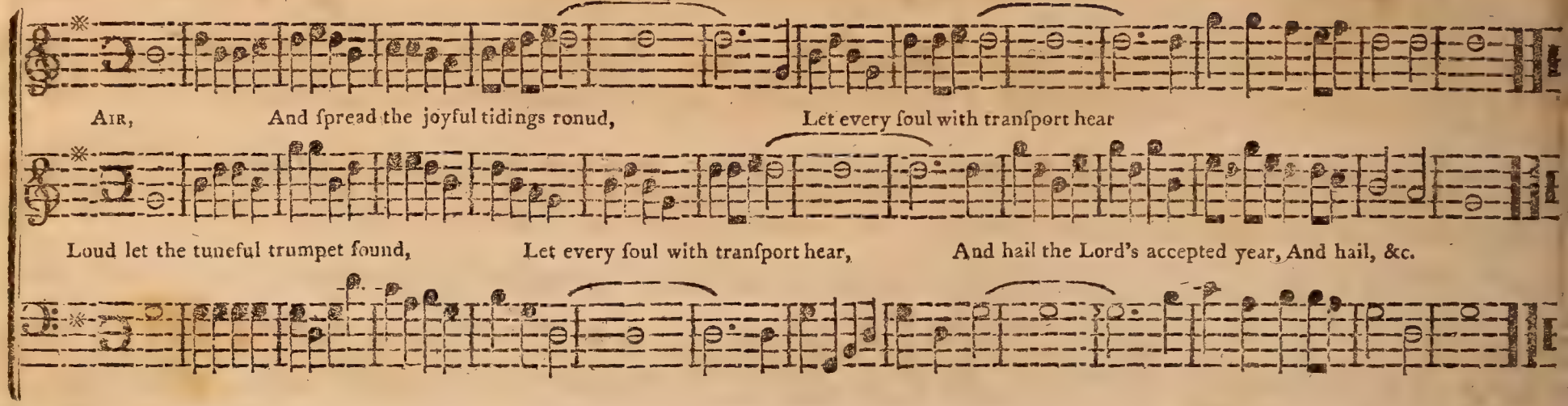
BELKNAP.



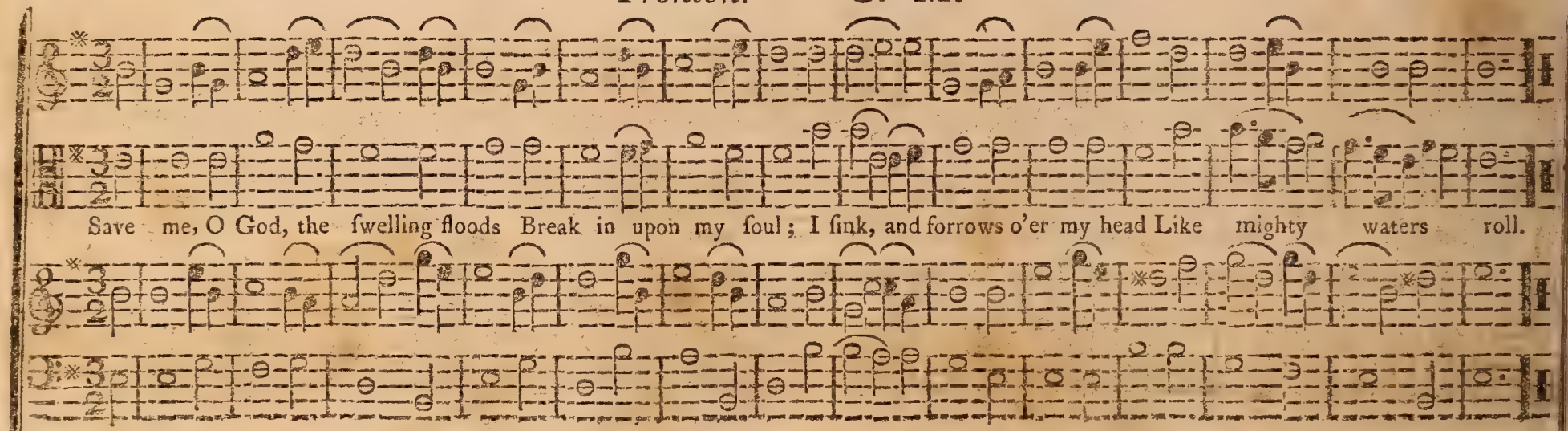

Air.
I'm not aſham'd to own my Lord, Or to defend his cauſe; Maintain the honour of his word, The glory of his croſs.
Jeſus, my God, I know his name, His name is all my truſt; Nor will he put my ſoul to ſhame, Or let my hope be loſt.
P

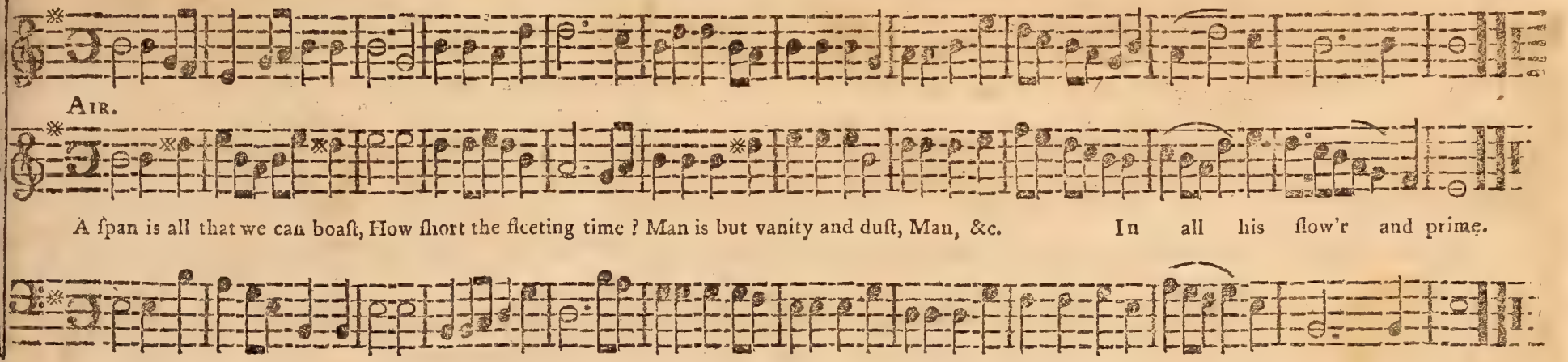
Aſhford. L. M.

BELKNAP



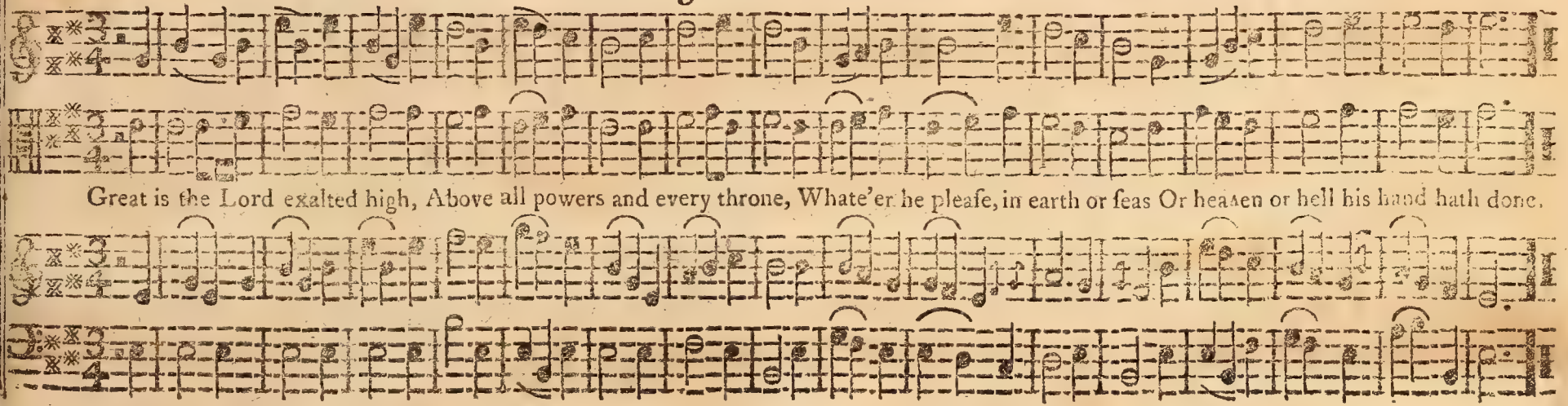
Trenton. C. M.




AIR.
A ſpan is all that we can boaſt, How ſhort the ſleeting time ? Man is but vanity and duſt, Man, &c. In all his flow'r and prime.

No. 30. L. M.

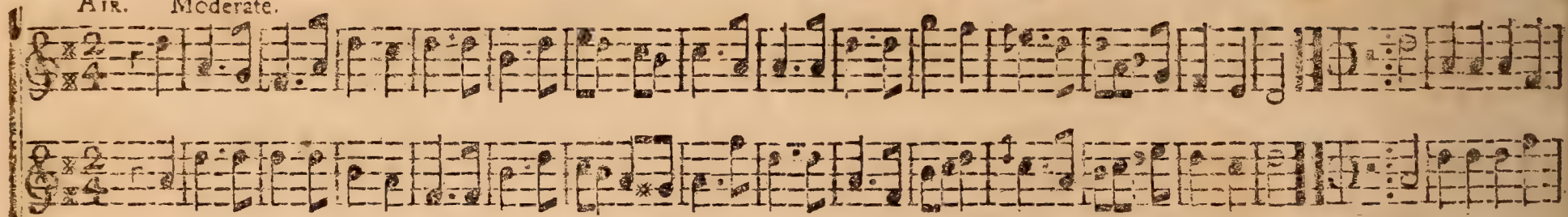
MANN.


Great is the Lord exalted high, Above all powers and every throne, Whate'er he pleaſe, in earth or ſeas Or heaven or hell his hand hath done.

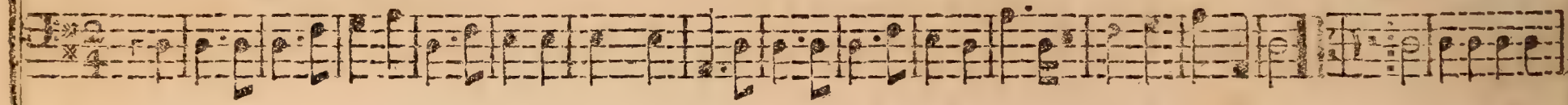
Auſpicious Morn. C. M.

BABCOCK.

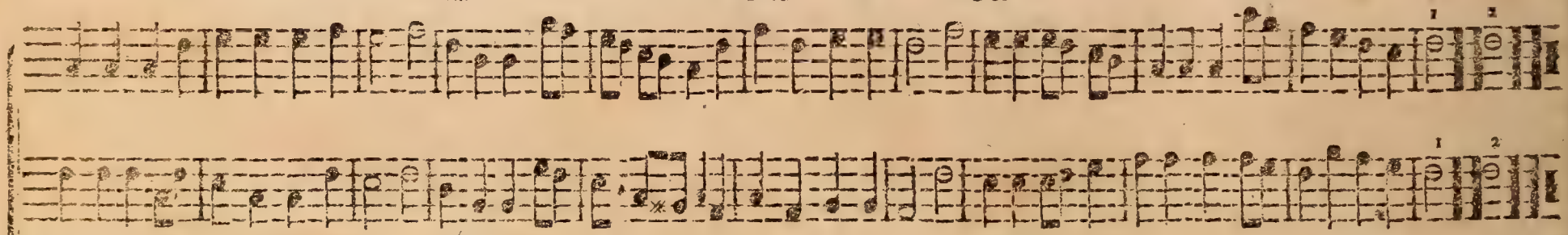
AIR. Moderate.



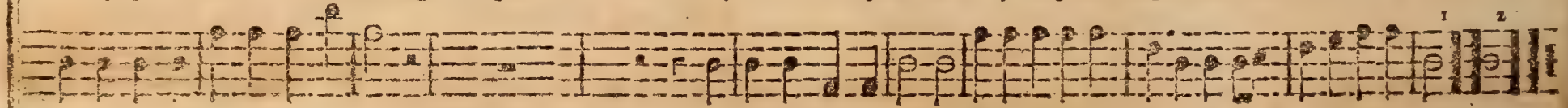
Again the Lord of life and light Awakes the kindling ray, Unſeals the eyelids of the morn, And pours increaſing day. This day be grateful



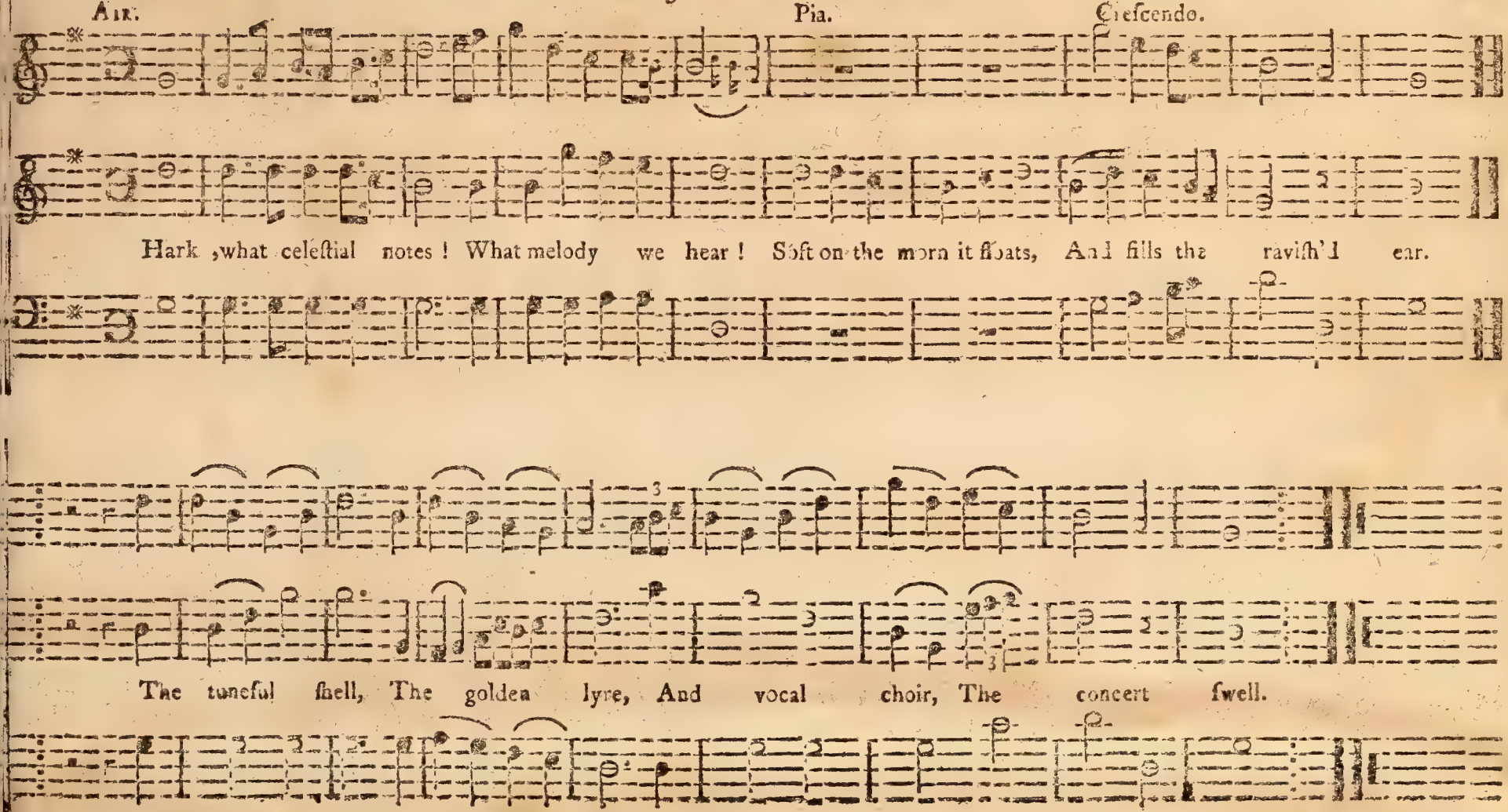
Pia. Cres. For.



homage paid And loud hoſannas ſung, Let gladneſs dwell on every heart, And praiſe on every tongue, Let gladneſs, &c.



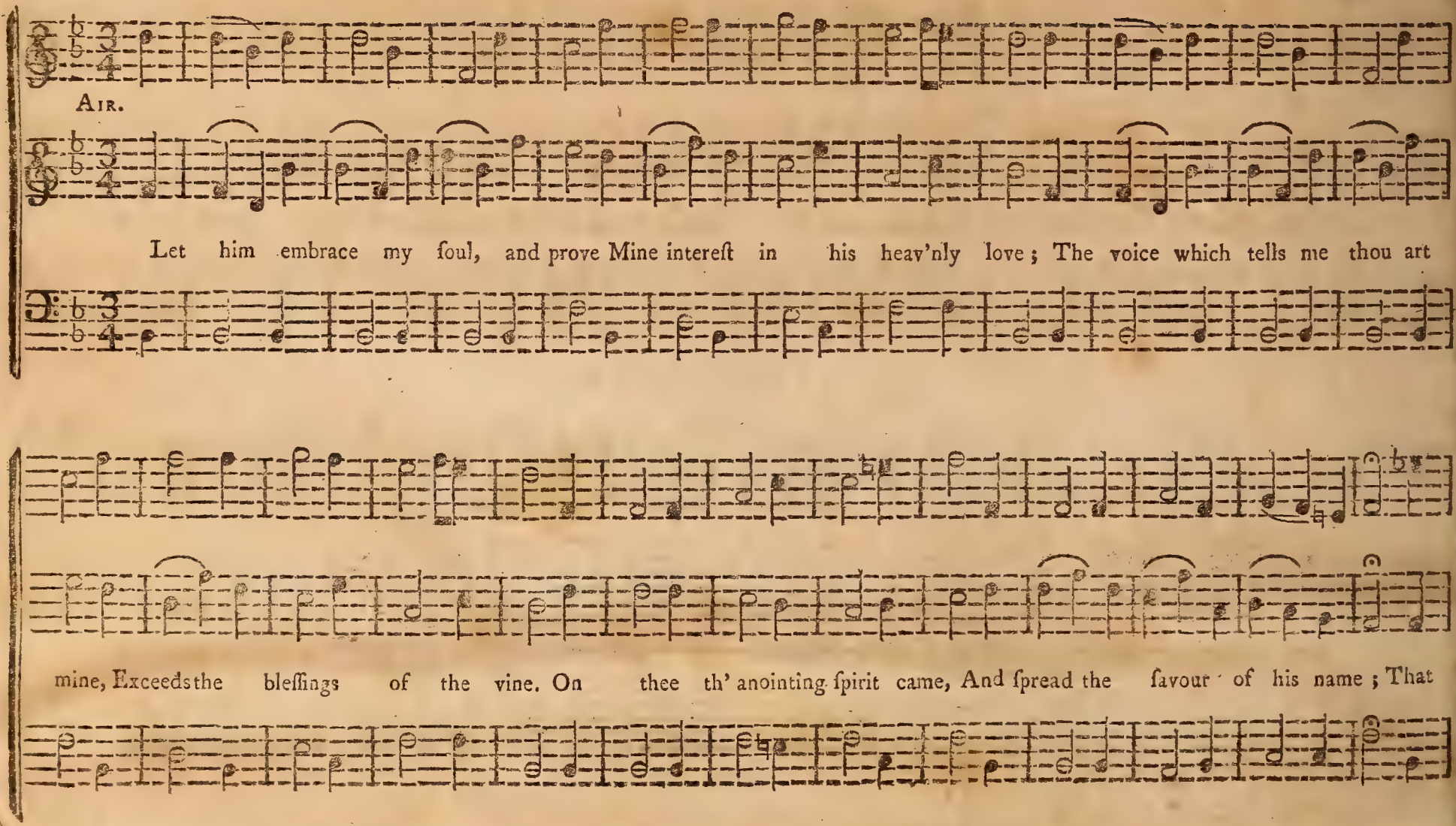
Torringford. H. M.

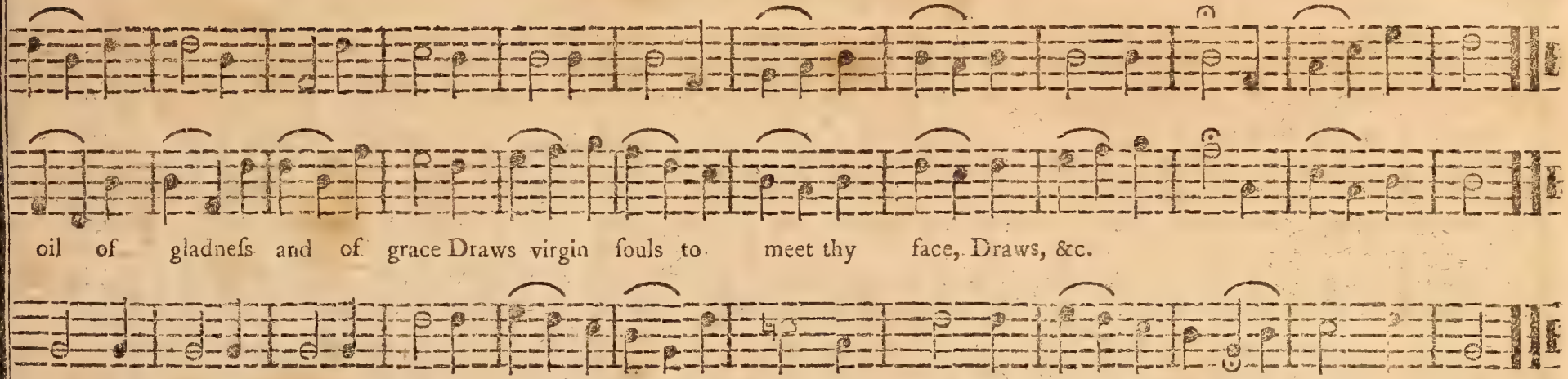


Italy. L. M.

SACCHINI.

AIR.

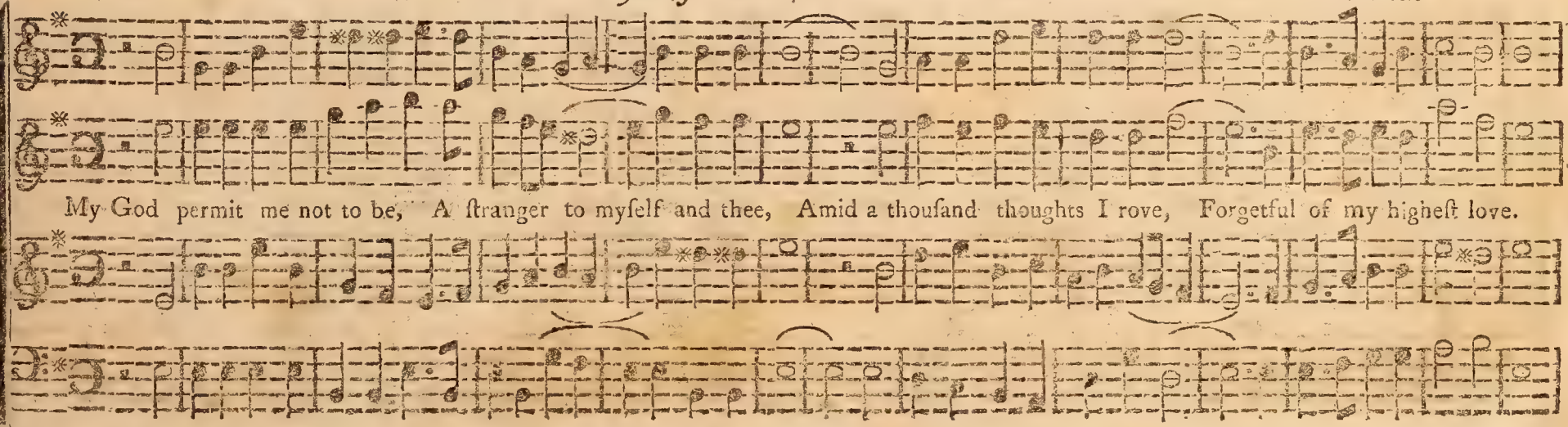




oil of gladneſs and of grace Draws virgin ſouls to meet thy face, Draws, &c.

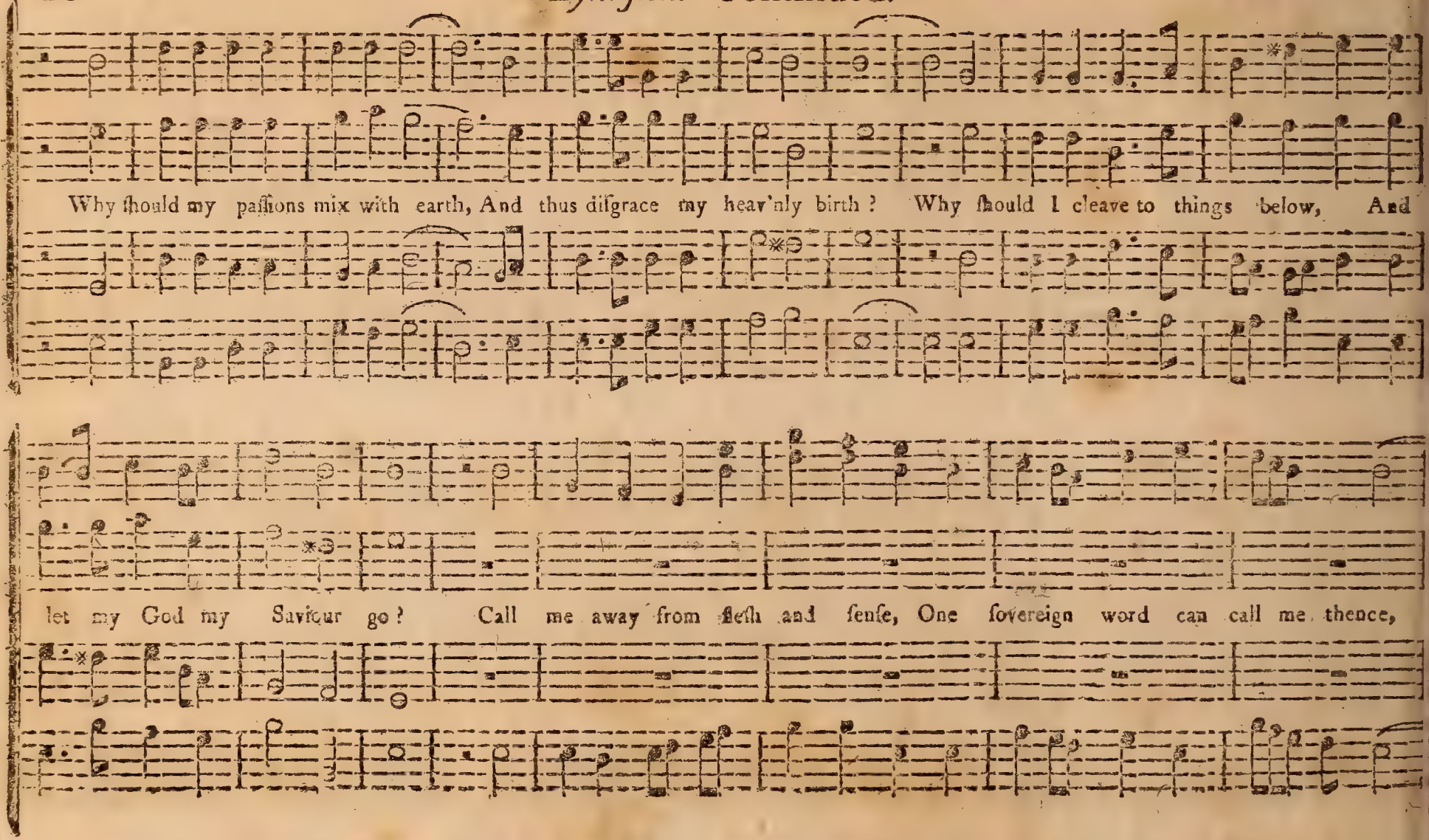
Lynnfield. L. M.

HOLDEN.

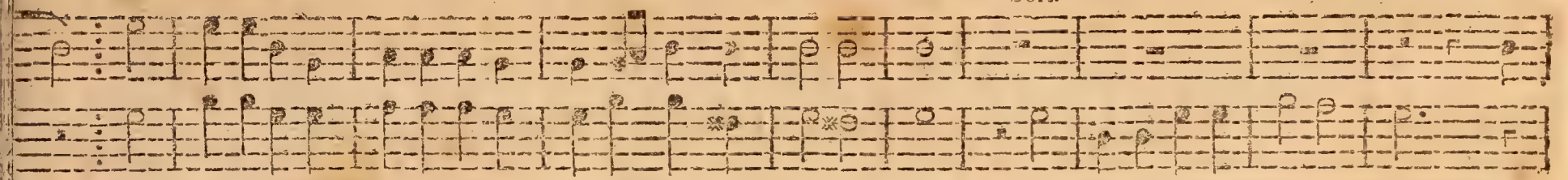


My God permit me not to be, A ſtranger to myſelf and thee, Amid a thouſand thoughts I rove, Forgetful of my higheſt love.

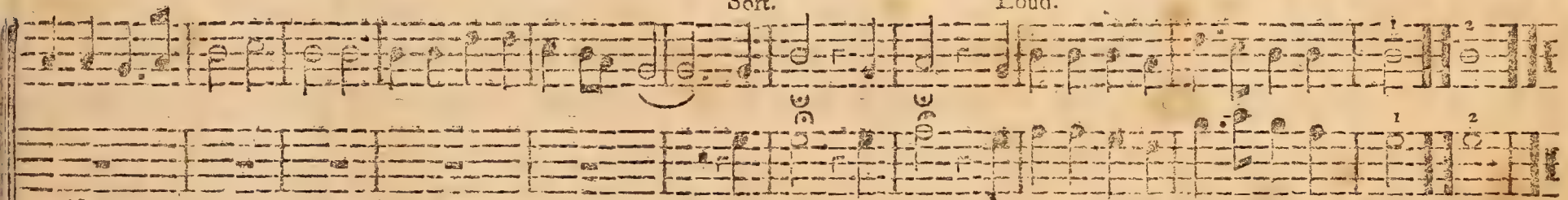
Lynnfield Continued.



Soft.

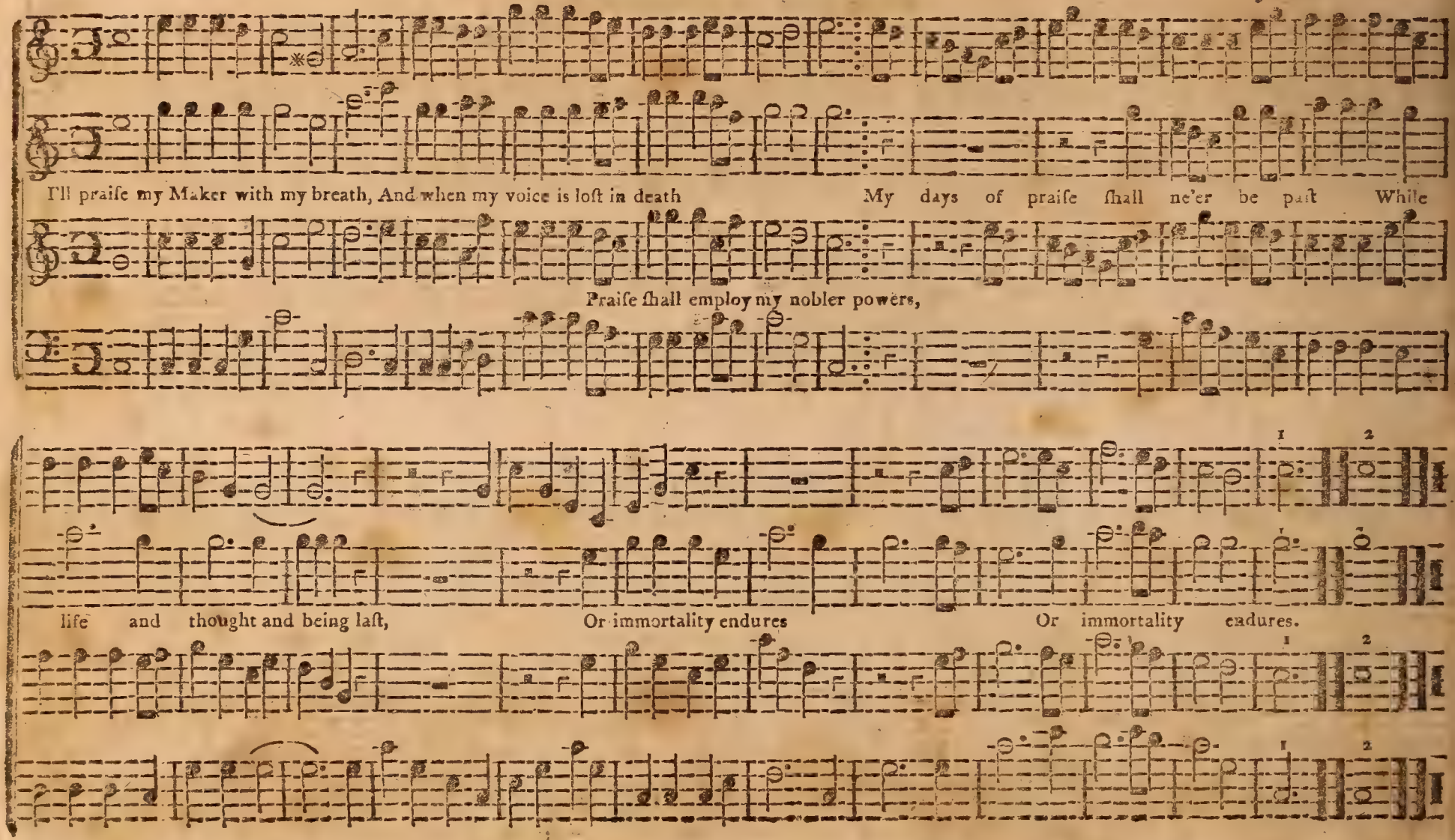


Soft. Loud.

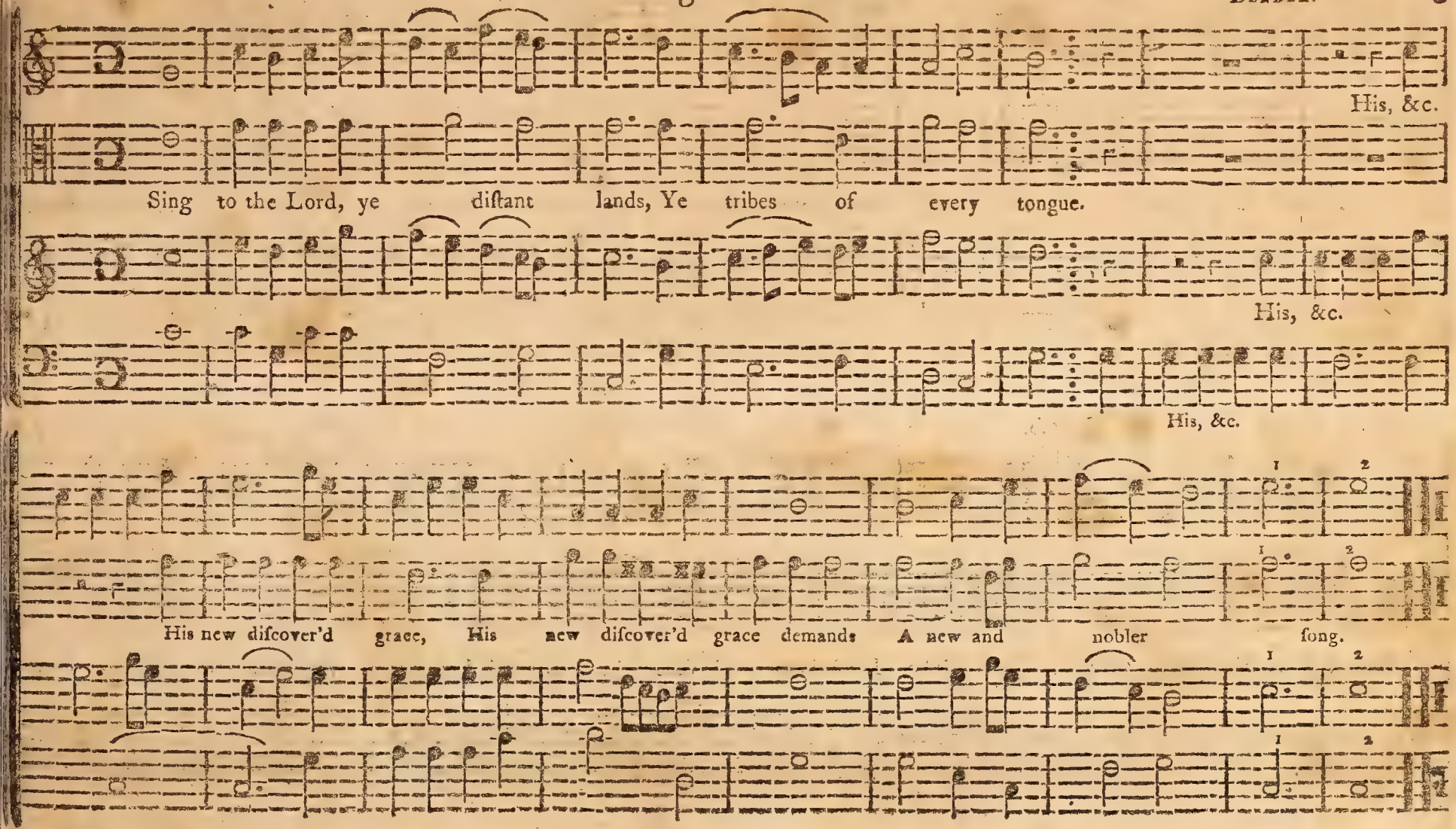


Tolland. L. P. M.

JENKS.



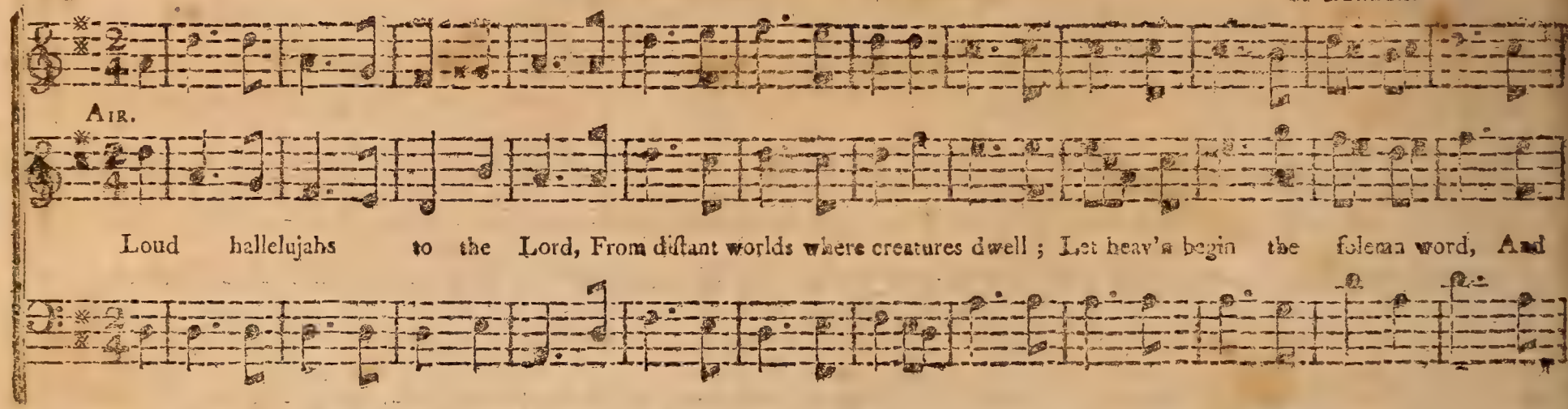
Scarborough. C. M.



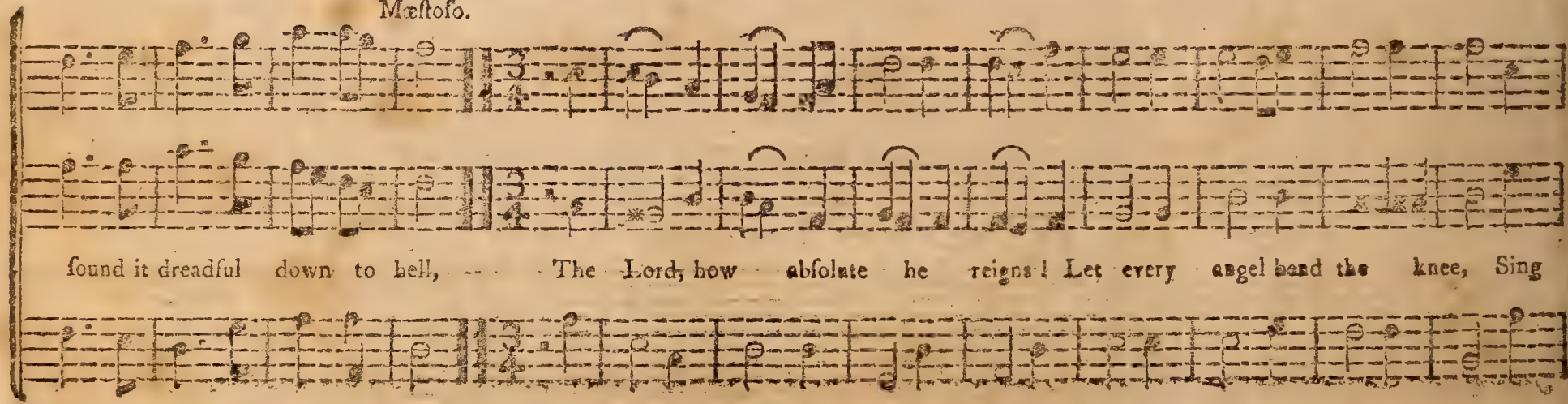
St. Germains. L. M.

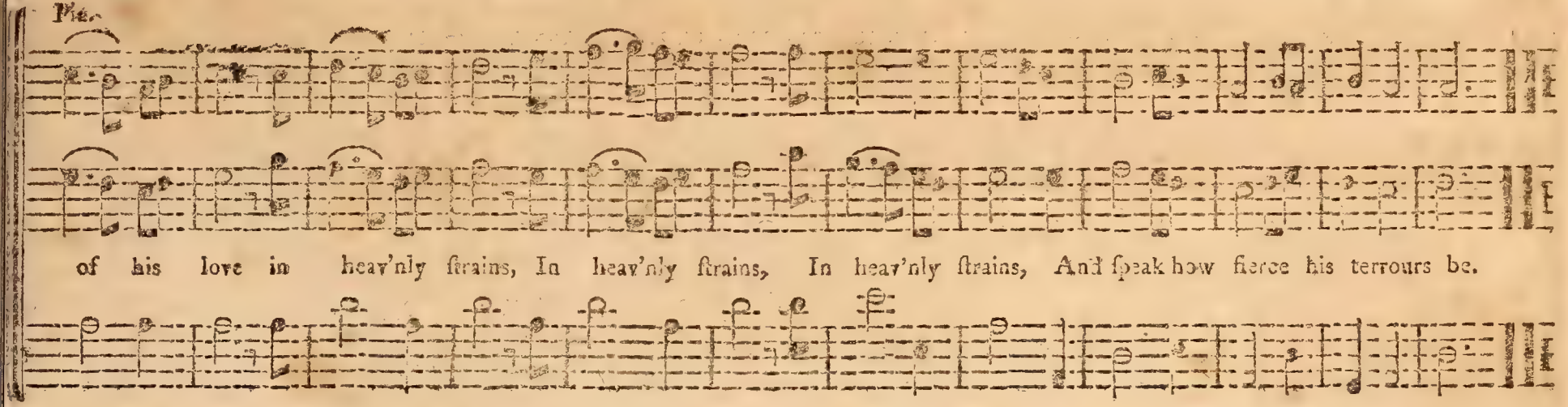
S. Benedict

Air.



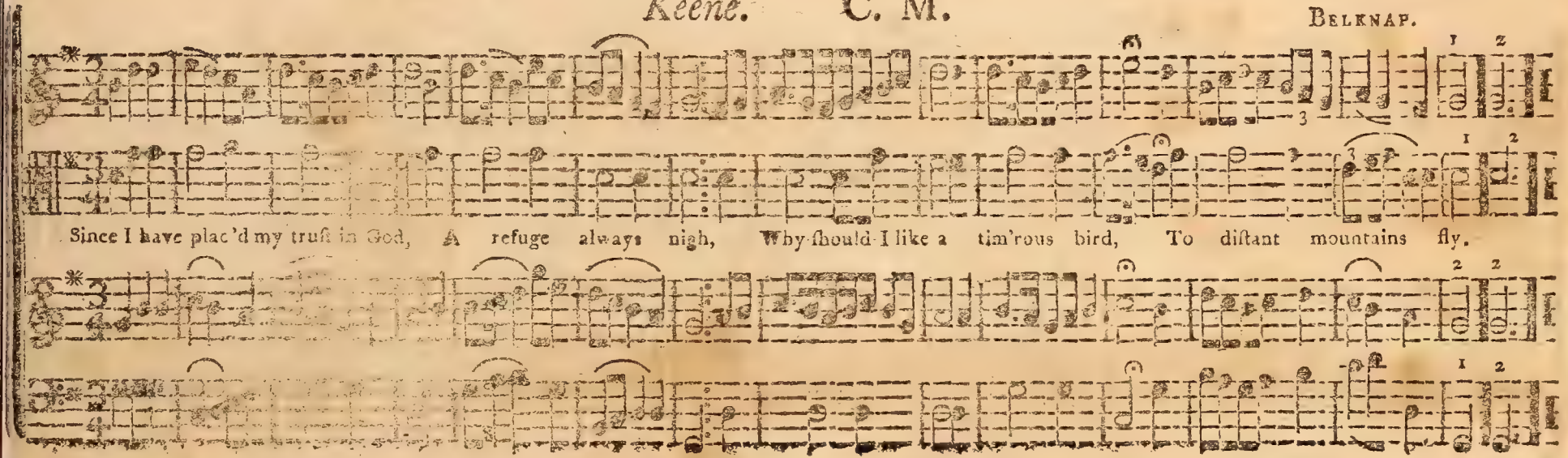
Maeſtoſo.





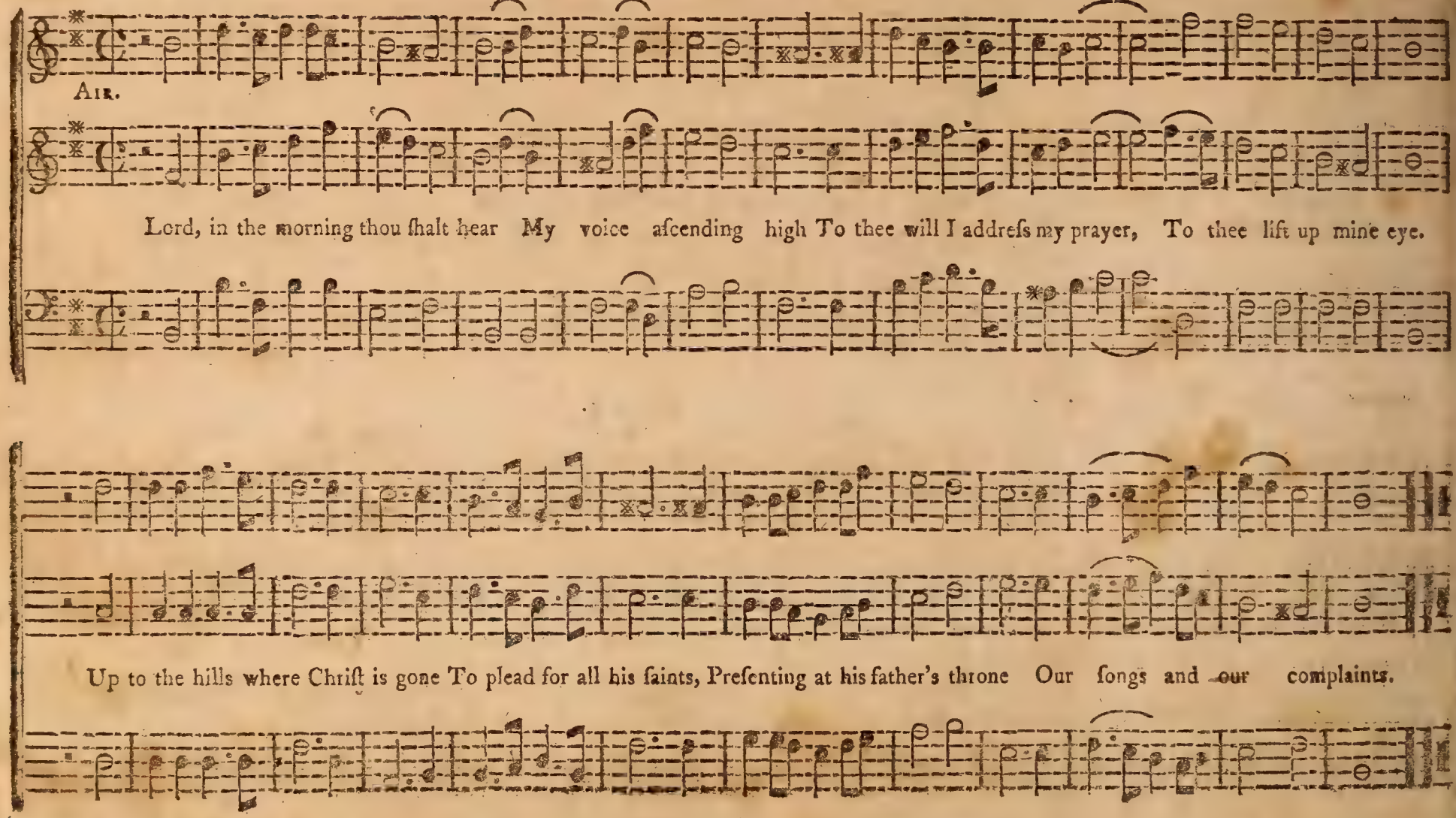
Keene. C. M.

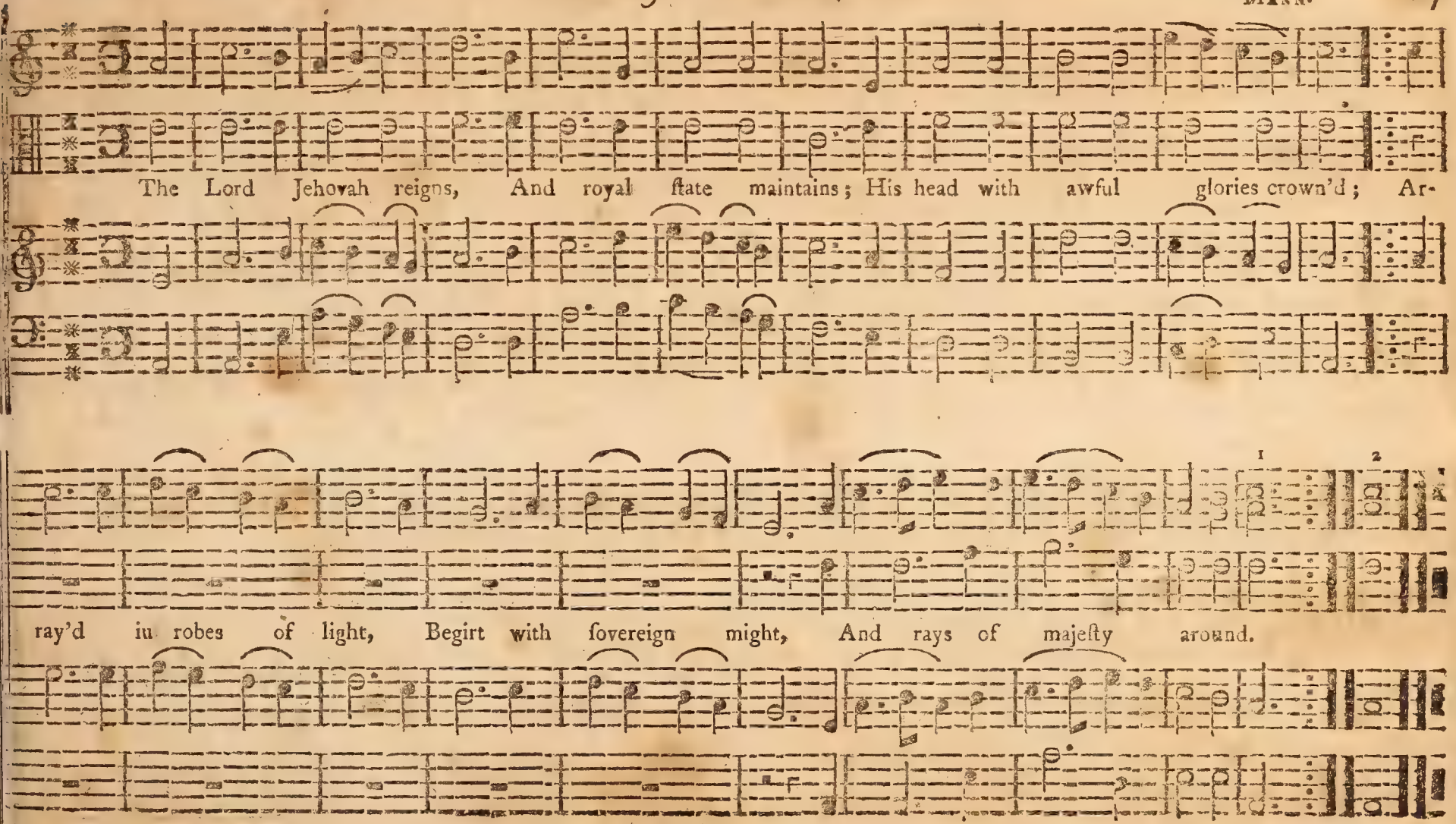
BELKNAP.



Brunſwick. C. M.

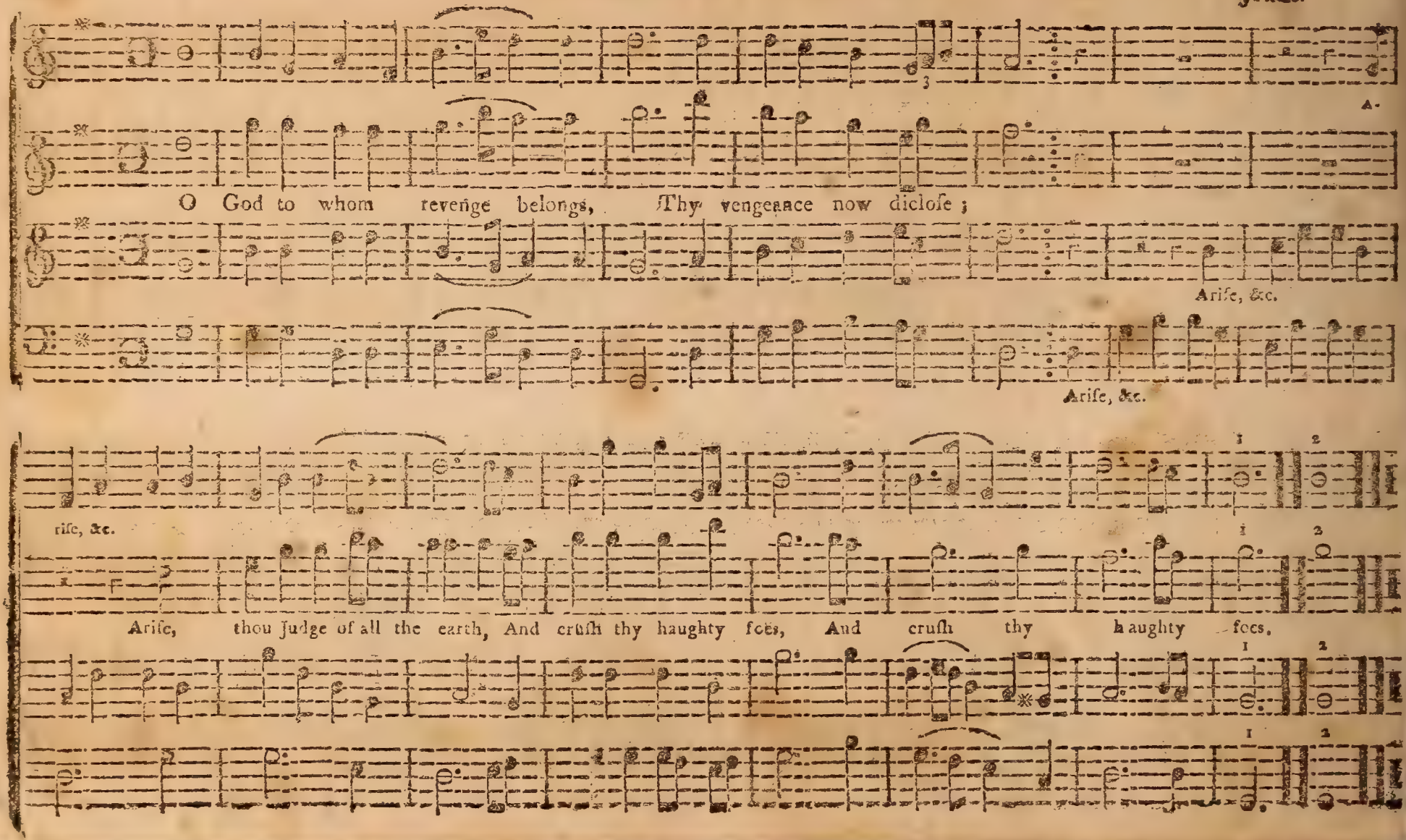
BENDER.

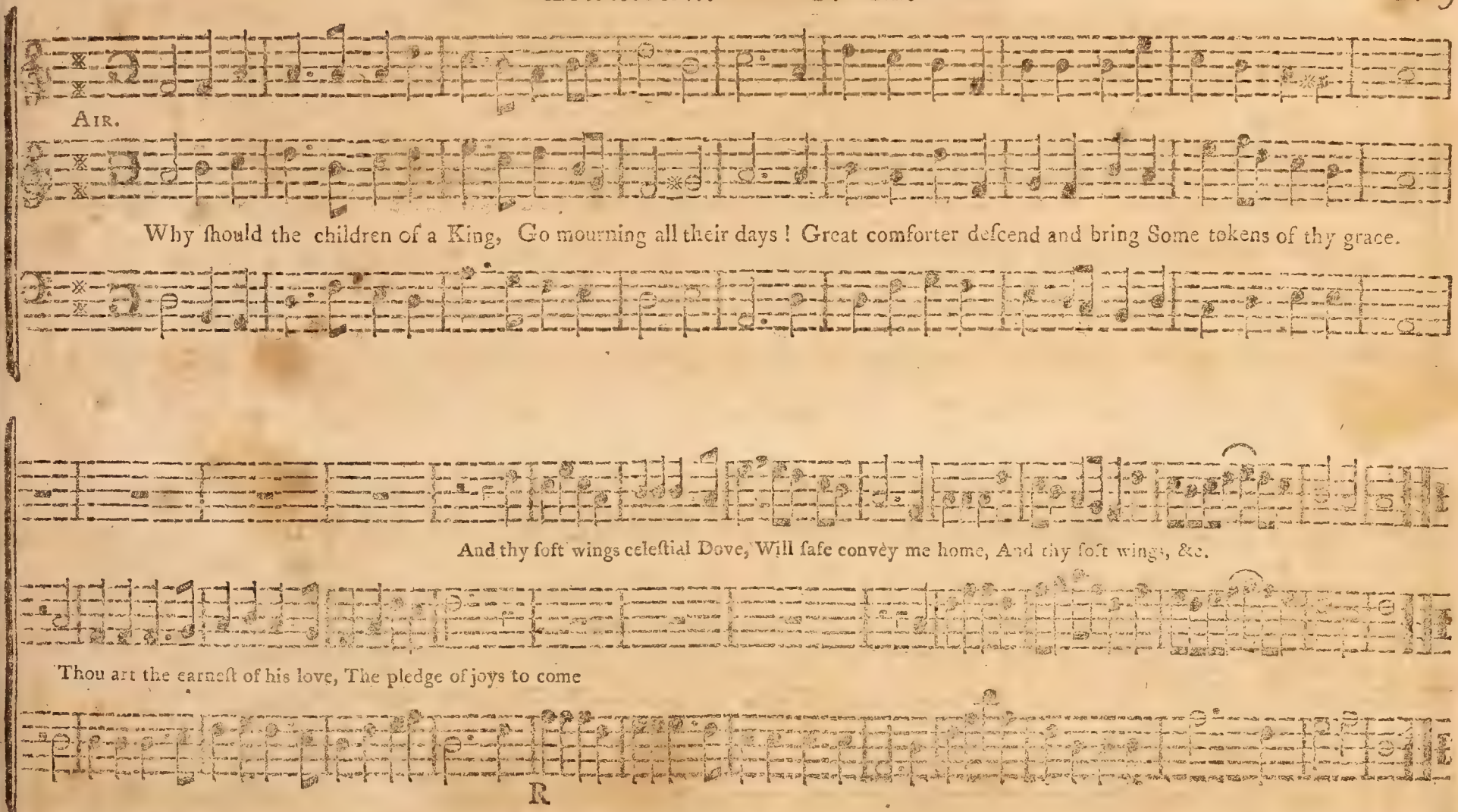



The Lord Jehovah reigns, And royal ſtate maintains; His head with awful glories crown'd; Ar-
ray'd in robes of light, Begirt with ſovereign might, And rays of majeſty around.

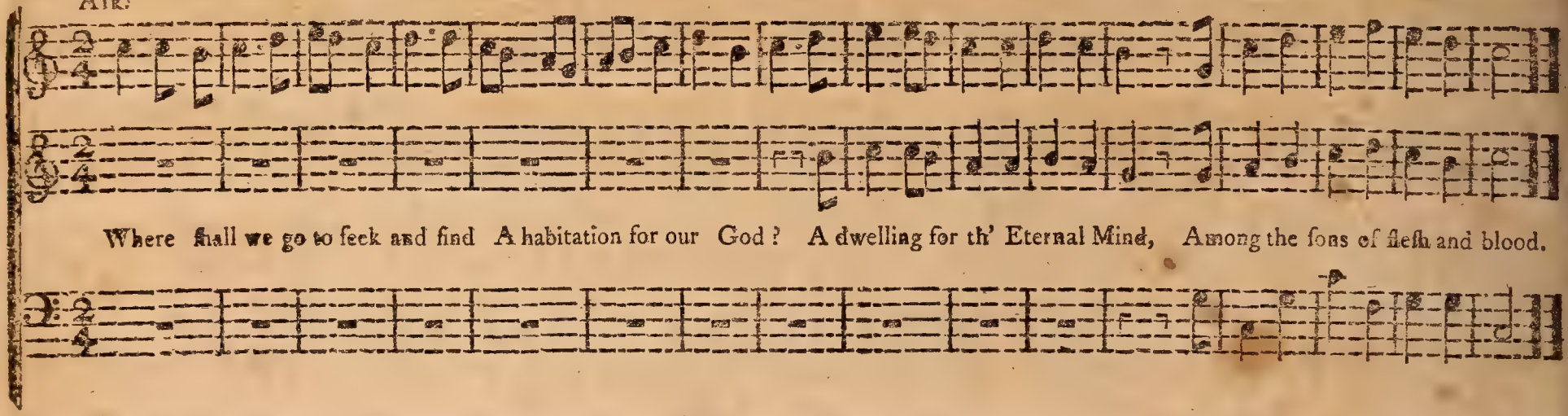
Norwalk. C. M.

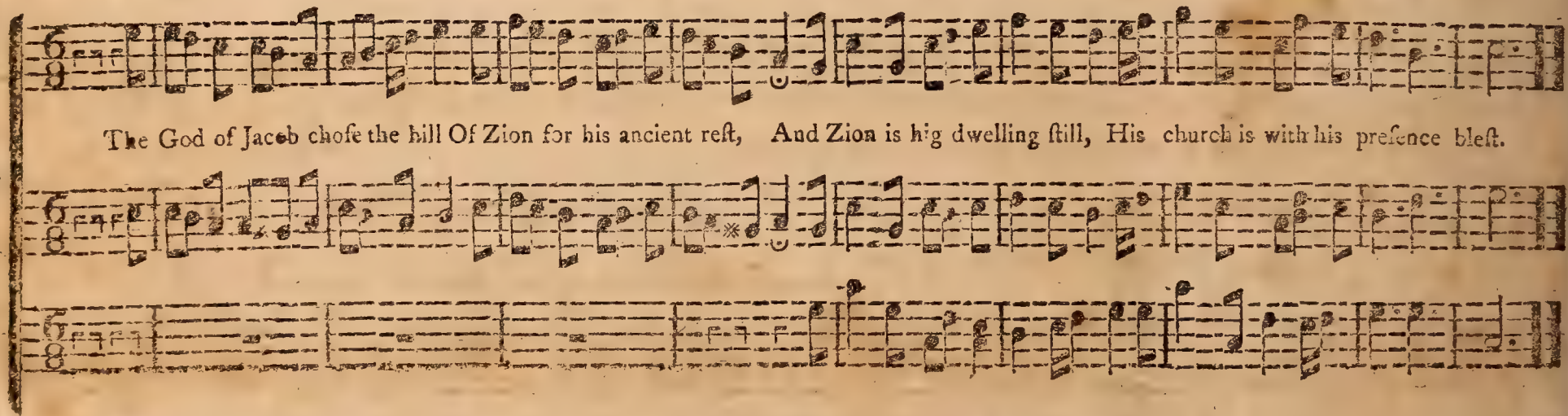
JENKS.

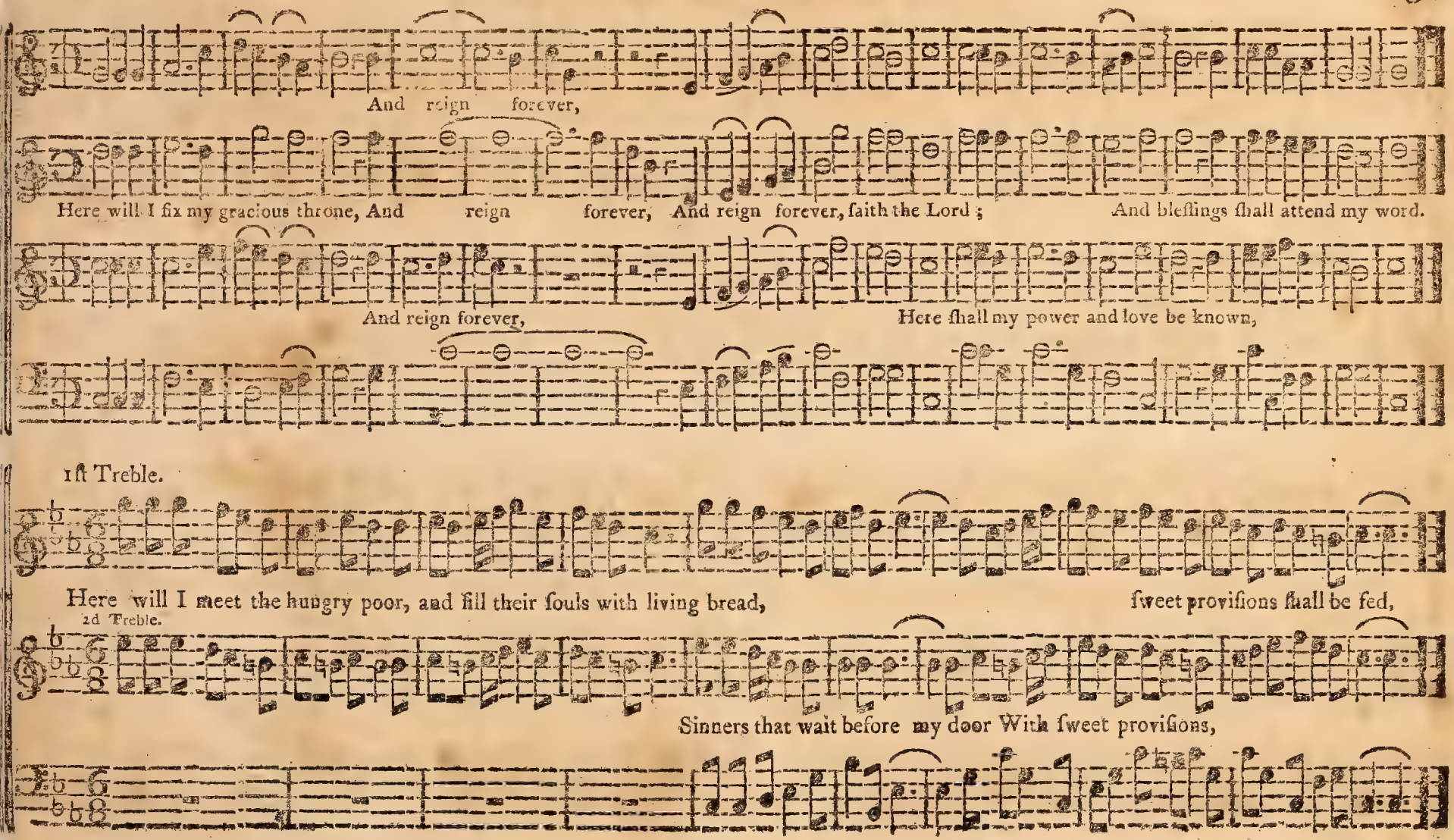


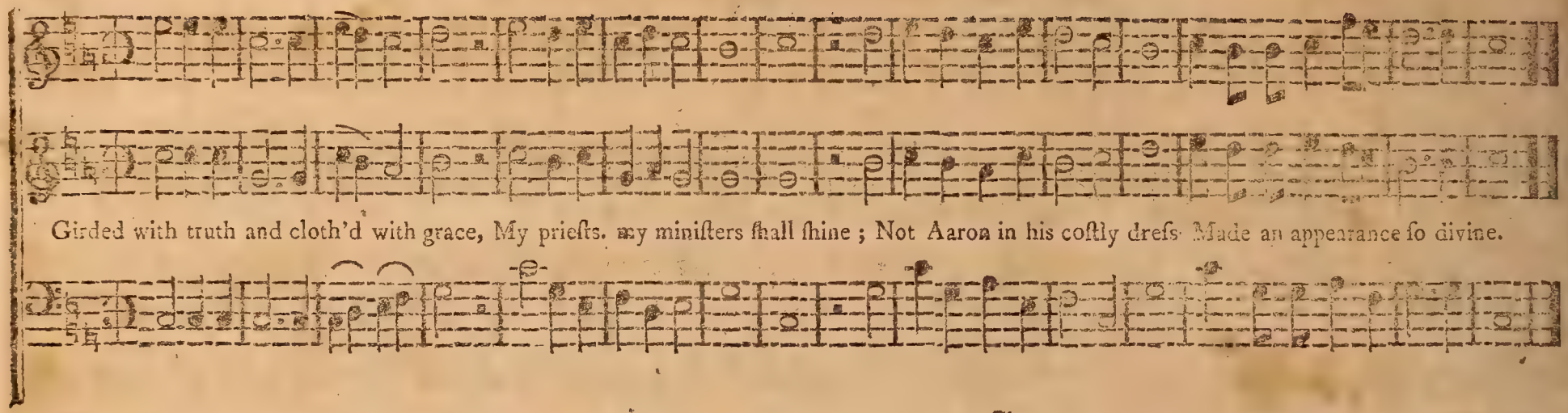

AIR.
Why ſhould the children of a King, Go mourning all their days! Great comforter deſcend and bring Some tokens of thy grace.
And thy ſoft wings celeſtial Dove, Will ſafe convèy me home, And thy ſoft wings, &c.
Thou art the earneſt of his love, The pledge of joys to come

Air.

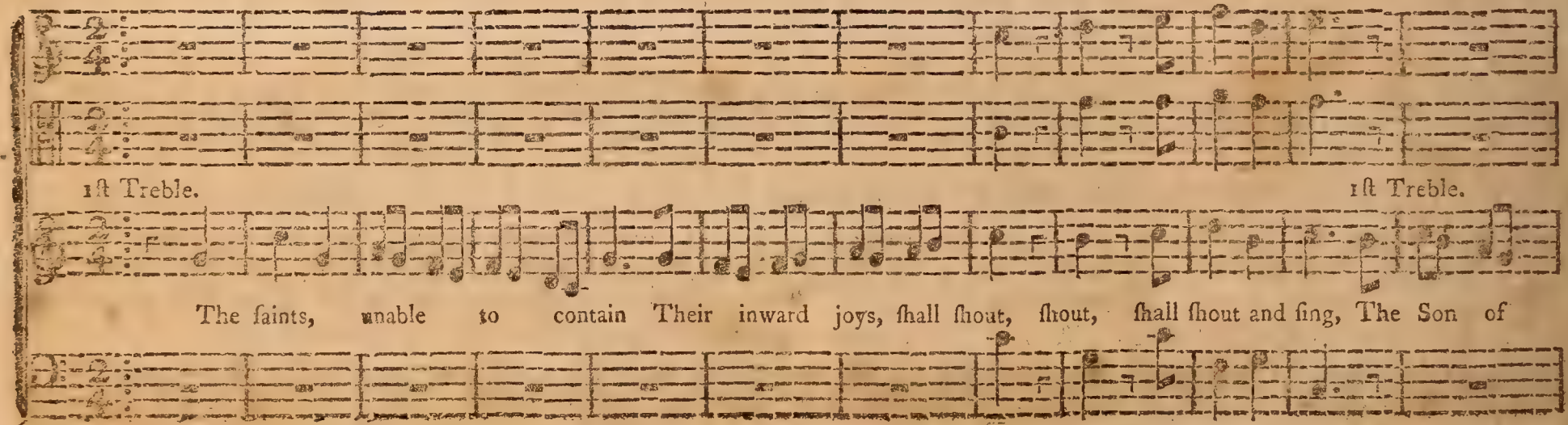

Where ſhall we go to ſeek and find A habitation for our God? A dwelling for th' Eternal Mind, Among the ſons of fleſh and blood.

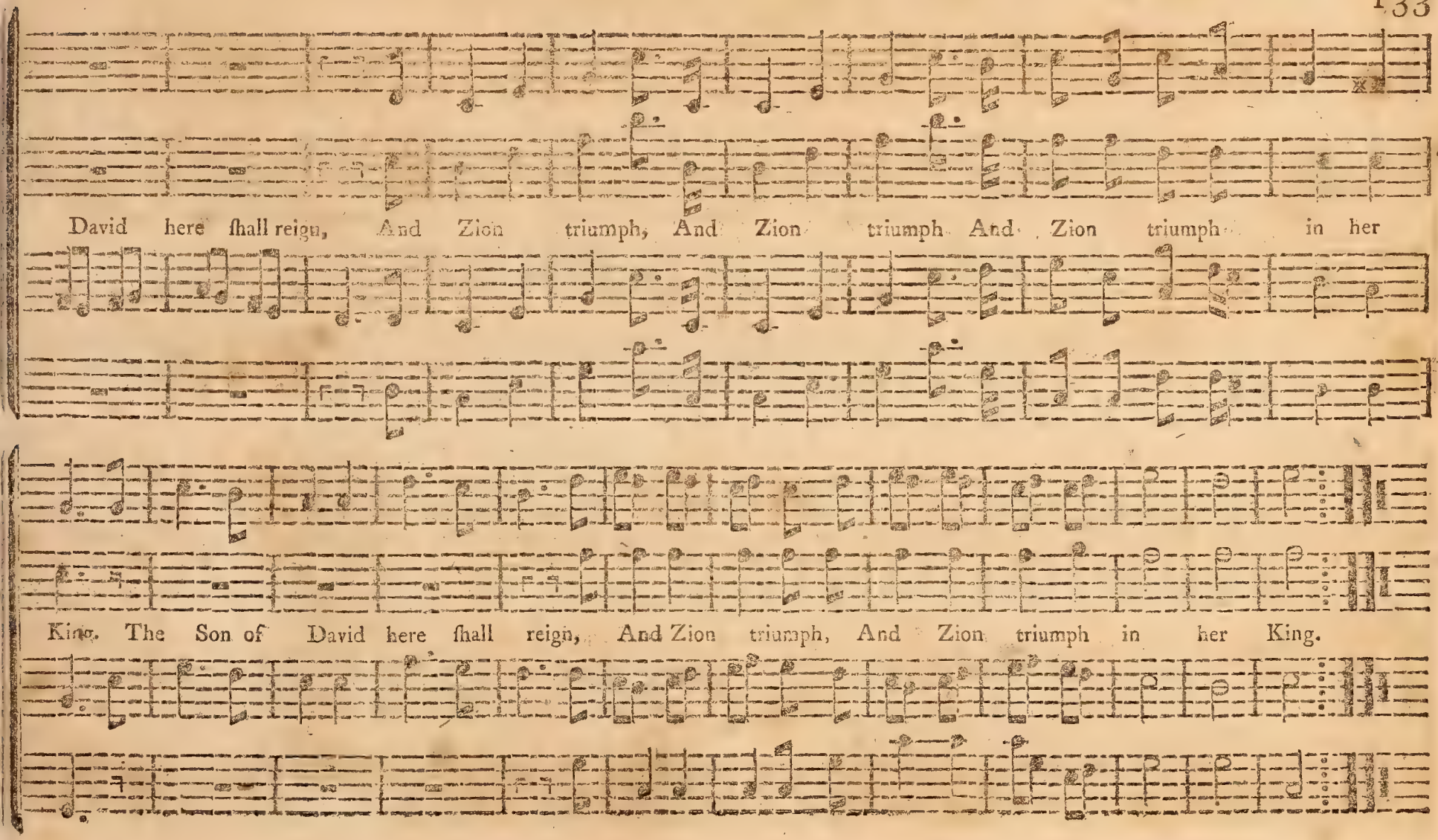

The God of Jacob choſe the hill Of Zion for his ancient reſt, And Zion is his dwelling ſtill, His church is with his preſence bleſt.


And reign forever,
Here will I fix my gracious throne, And reign forever, And reign forever, ſaith the Lord ; And bleſſings ſhall attend my word.
And reign forever,
Here ſhall my power and love be known,
1ſt Treble.
Here will I meet the hungry poor, and fill their ſouls with living bread, ſweet proviſions ſhall be fed,
2d Treble.
Sinners that wait before my door With ſweet proviſions,

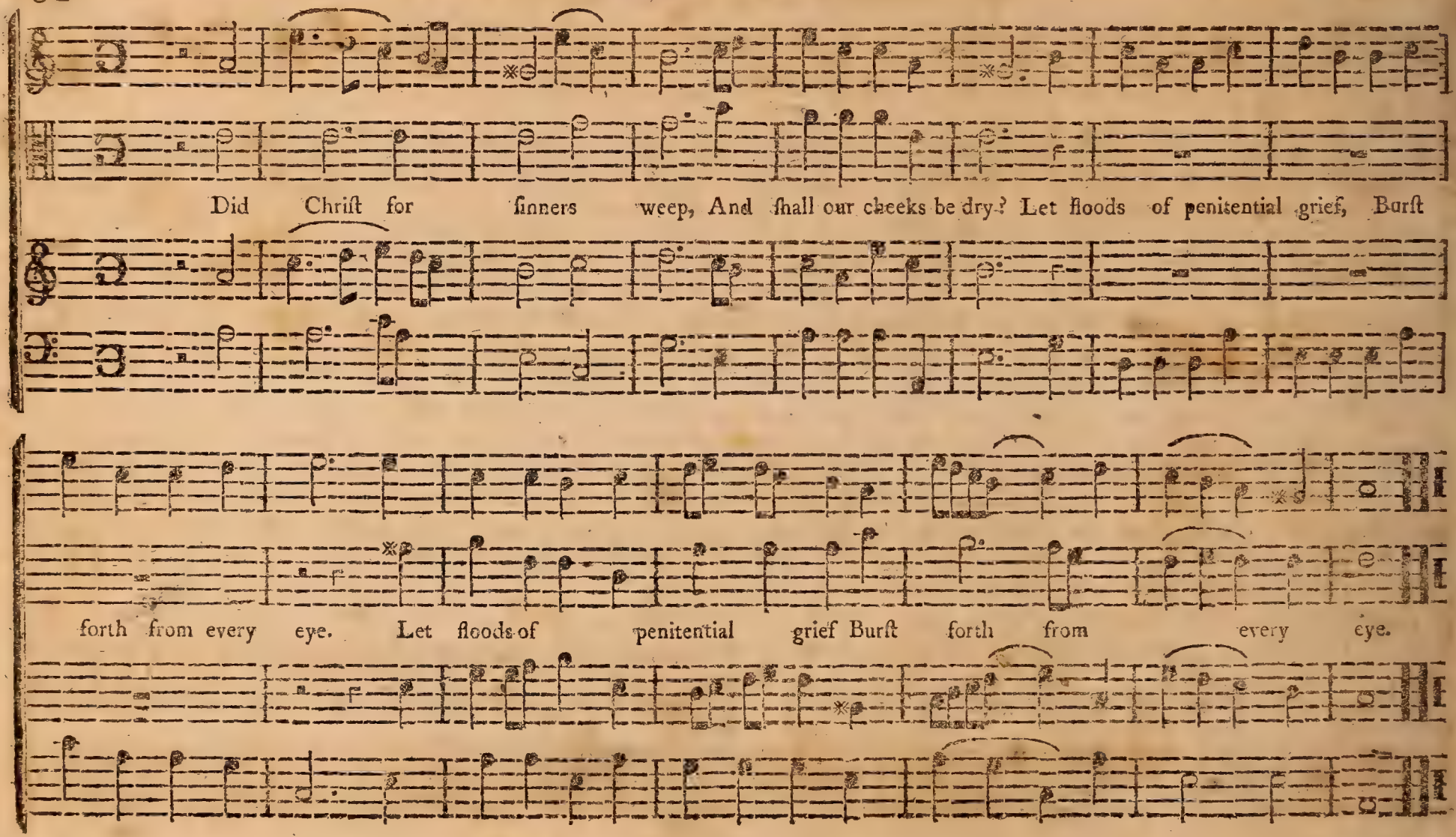

Girded with truth and cloth'd with grace, My prieſts. my miniſters ſhall ſhine ; Not Aaron in his coſtly dreſs Made an appearance ſo divine.

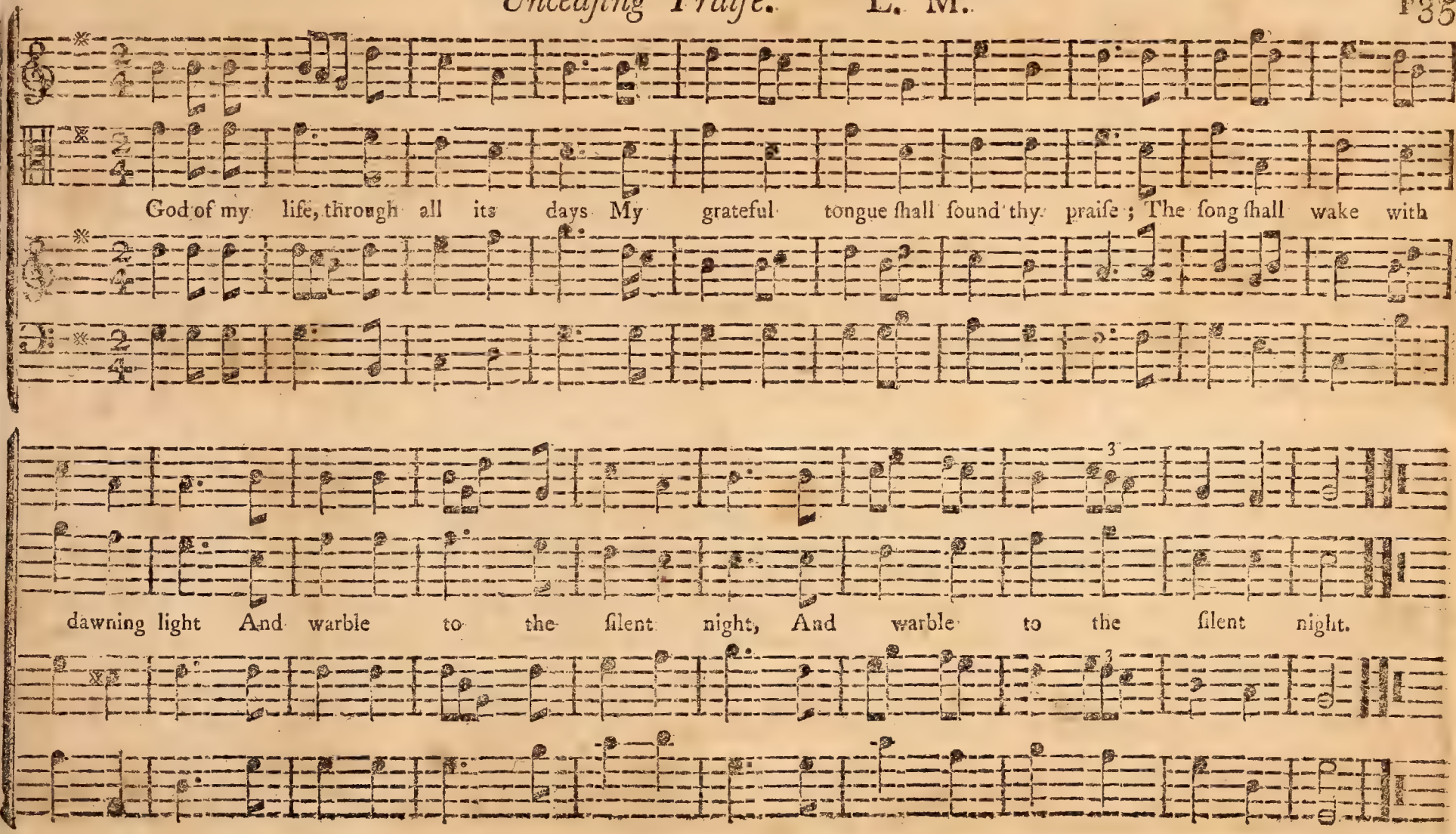
Chorus.


1ſt Treble.
1ſt Treble.
The ſaints, unable to contain Their inward joys, ſhall ſhout, ſhout, ſhall ſhout and ſing, The Son of


David here ſhall reign, And Zion triumph, And Zion triumph And Zion triumph in her
King. The Son of David here ſhall reign, And Zion triumph, And Zion triumph in her King.

Rowe. S. M.

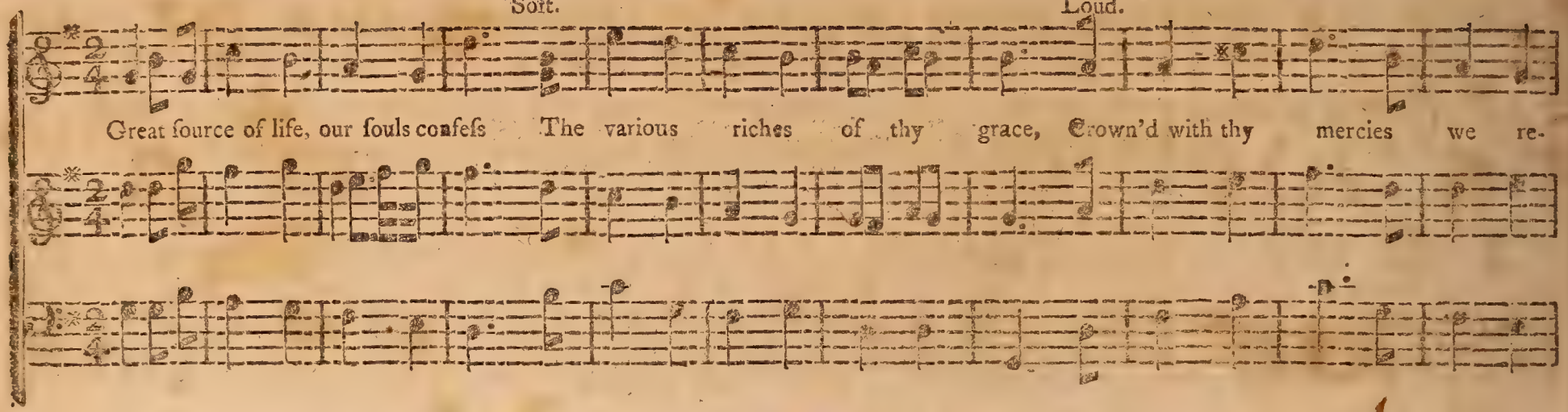

Did Chriſt for ſinners weep, And ſhall our cheeks be dry? Let floods of penitential grief, Burſt
forth from every eye. Let floods of penitential grief Burſt forth from every eye.


God of my life, through all its days My grateful tongue ſhall ſound thy praiſe; The ſong ſhall wake with
dawning light And warble to the ſilent night, And warble to the ſilent night.

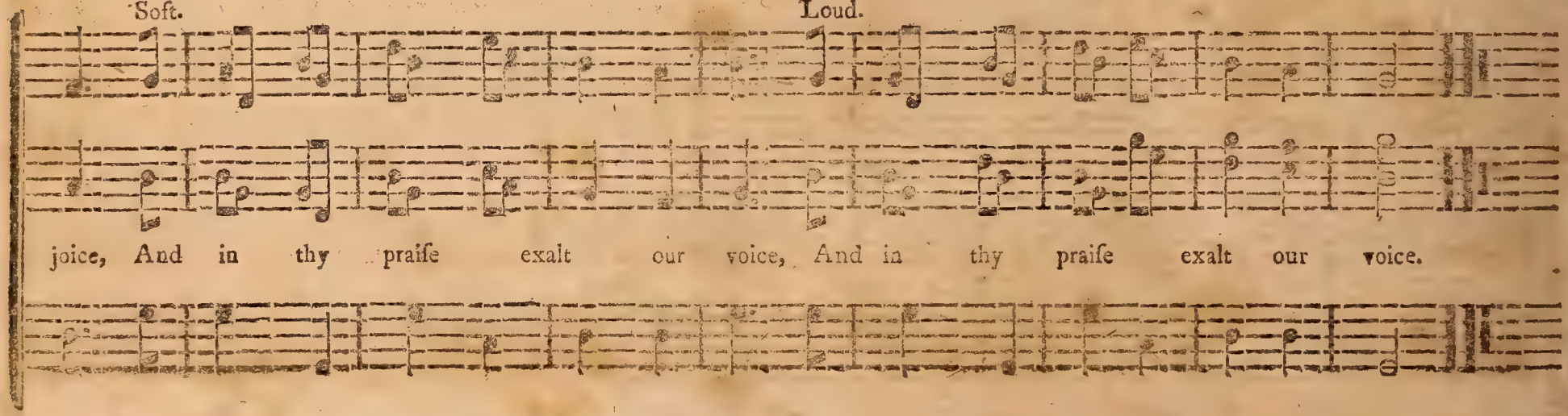
Dunstan. L. M.

DR. MADAN.

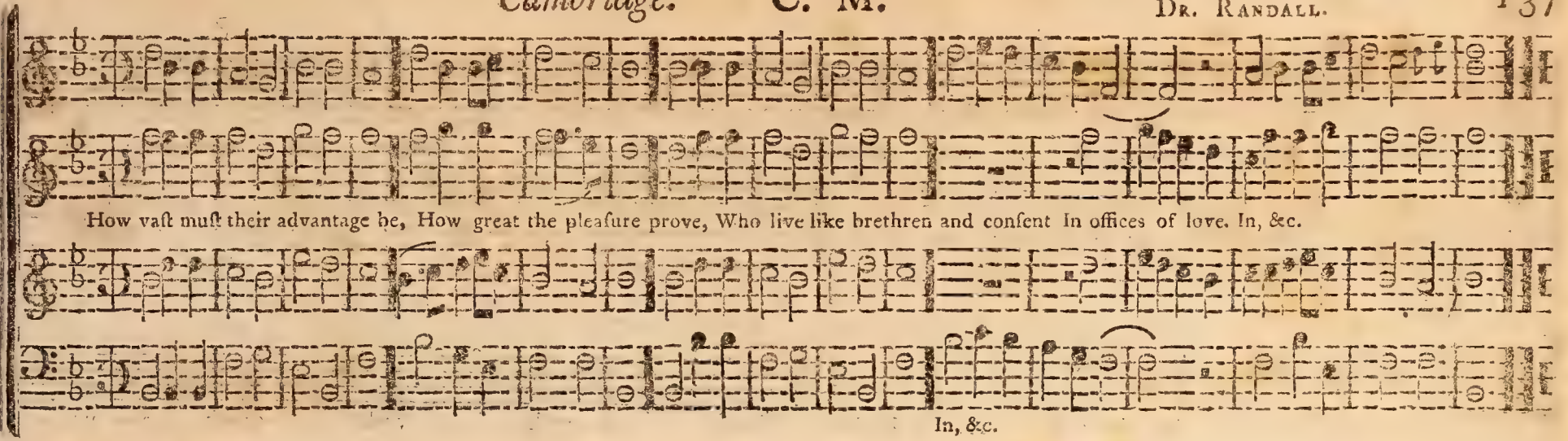
Soft. Loud.



Soft. Loud.



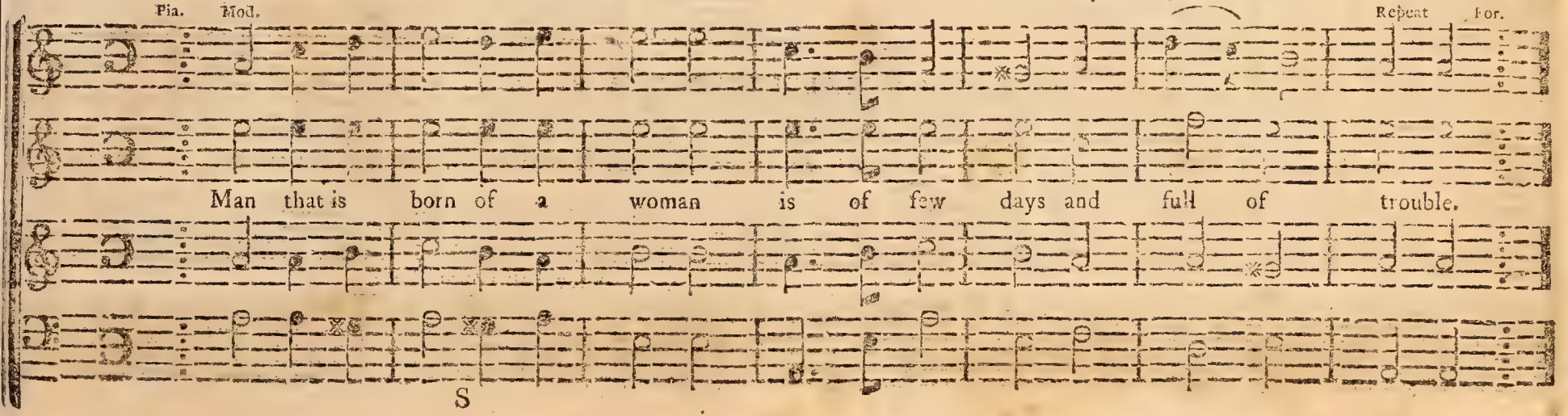
Cambridge. C. M. DR. RANDALL.



Funeral Anthem.

From Job 14th, and from Dr. Dwight's Seasons, moralized.

HOLDEN.



Baſs and Treble

He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down; he fleeth also as a ſhadow, and continueth not

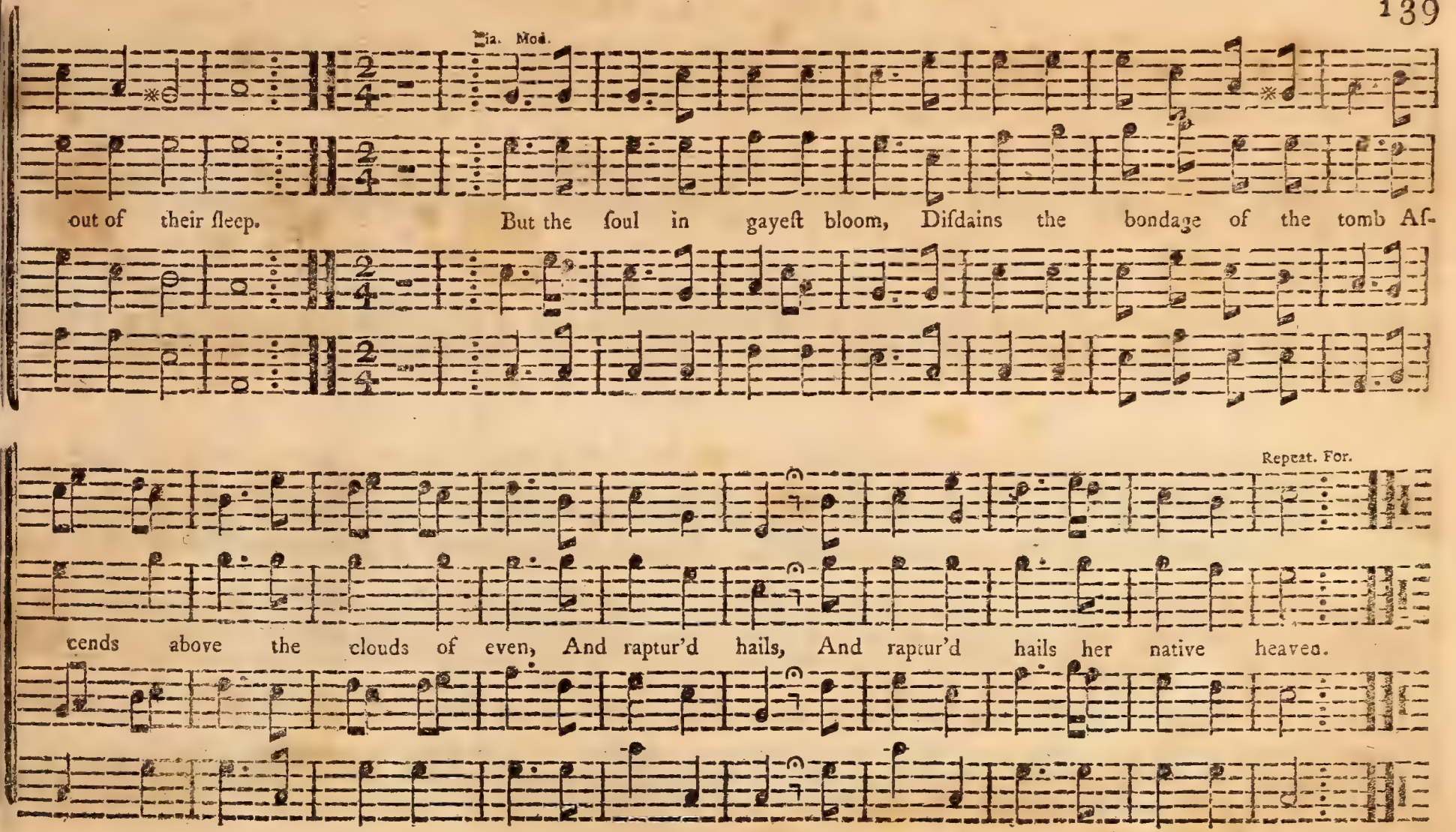
Baſs ſolo.

As the waters fail from the ſea and the flood decayeth and drieth up,

For.

So man lieth down and riſeth not; Till the heav'ns be no more, they ſhall not awake, they ſhall not awake, nor be raiſed

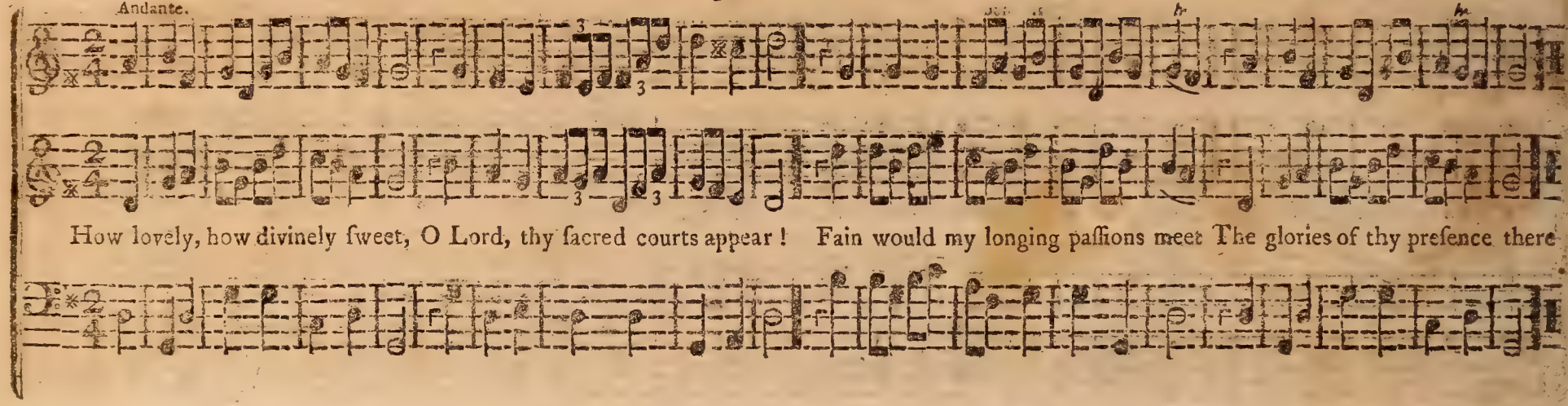
They ſhall not owake,


Via. Mod.
out of their ſleep. But the ſoul in gayeſt bloom, Diſdains the bondage of the tomb Aſ-
Repeat. For.
cends above the clouds of even, And raptur'd hails, And raptur'd hails her native heaven.

Portugal. L. M.

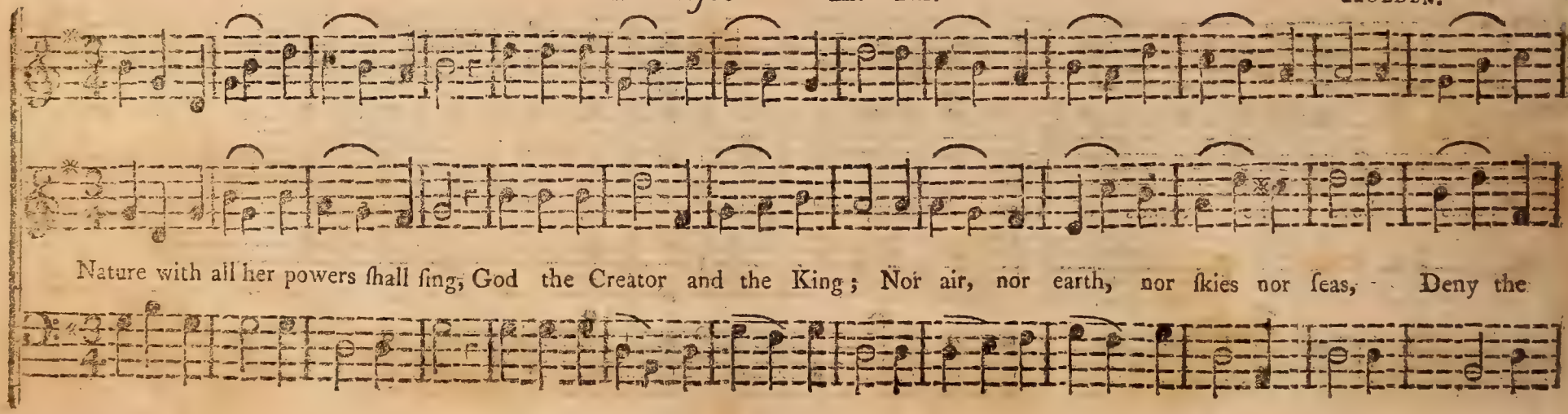
THORLEY.

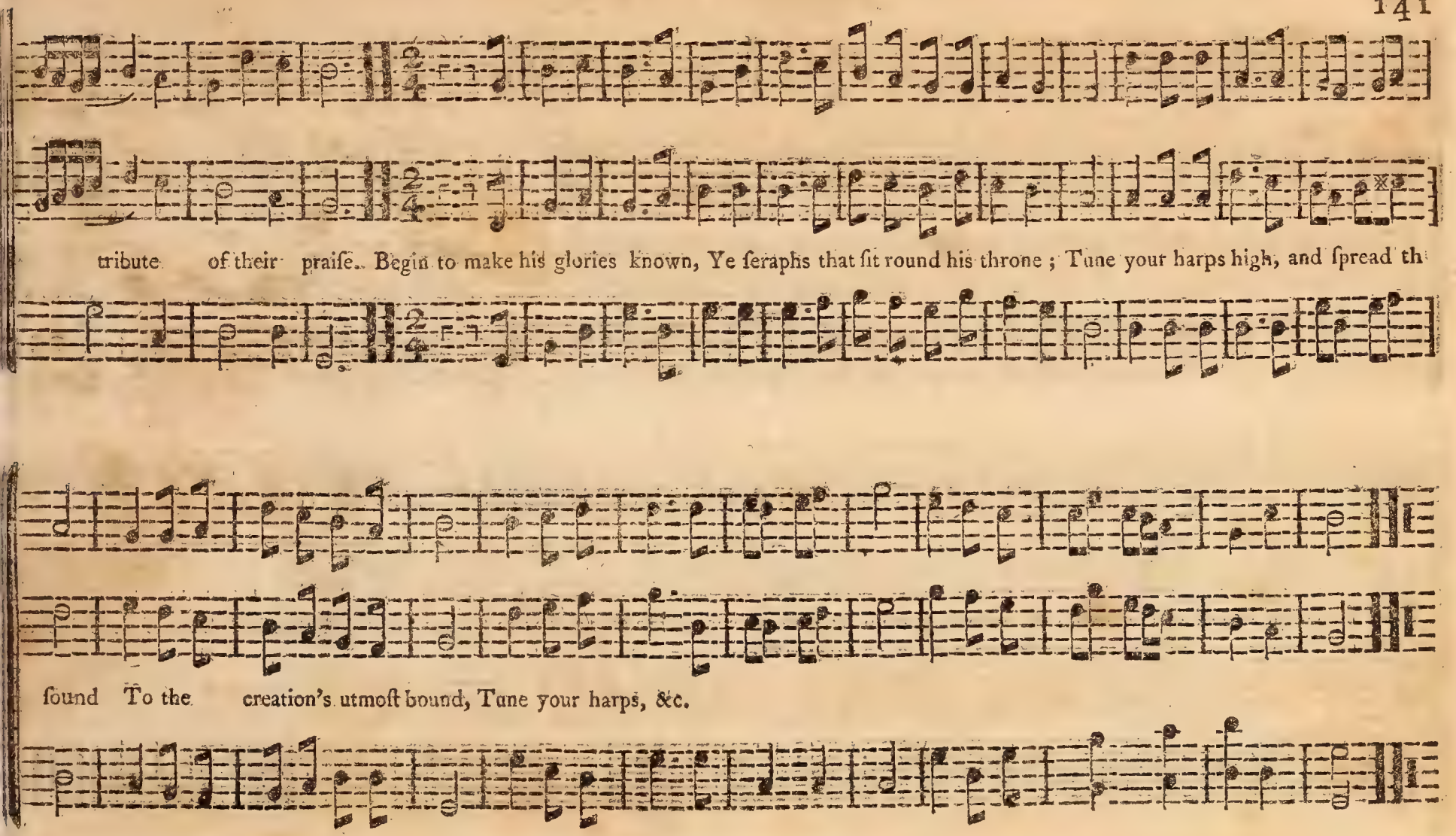
Andante.



Incenſe. L. M.

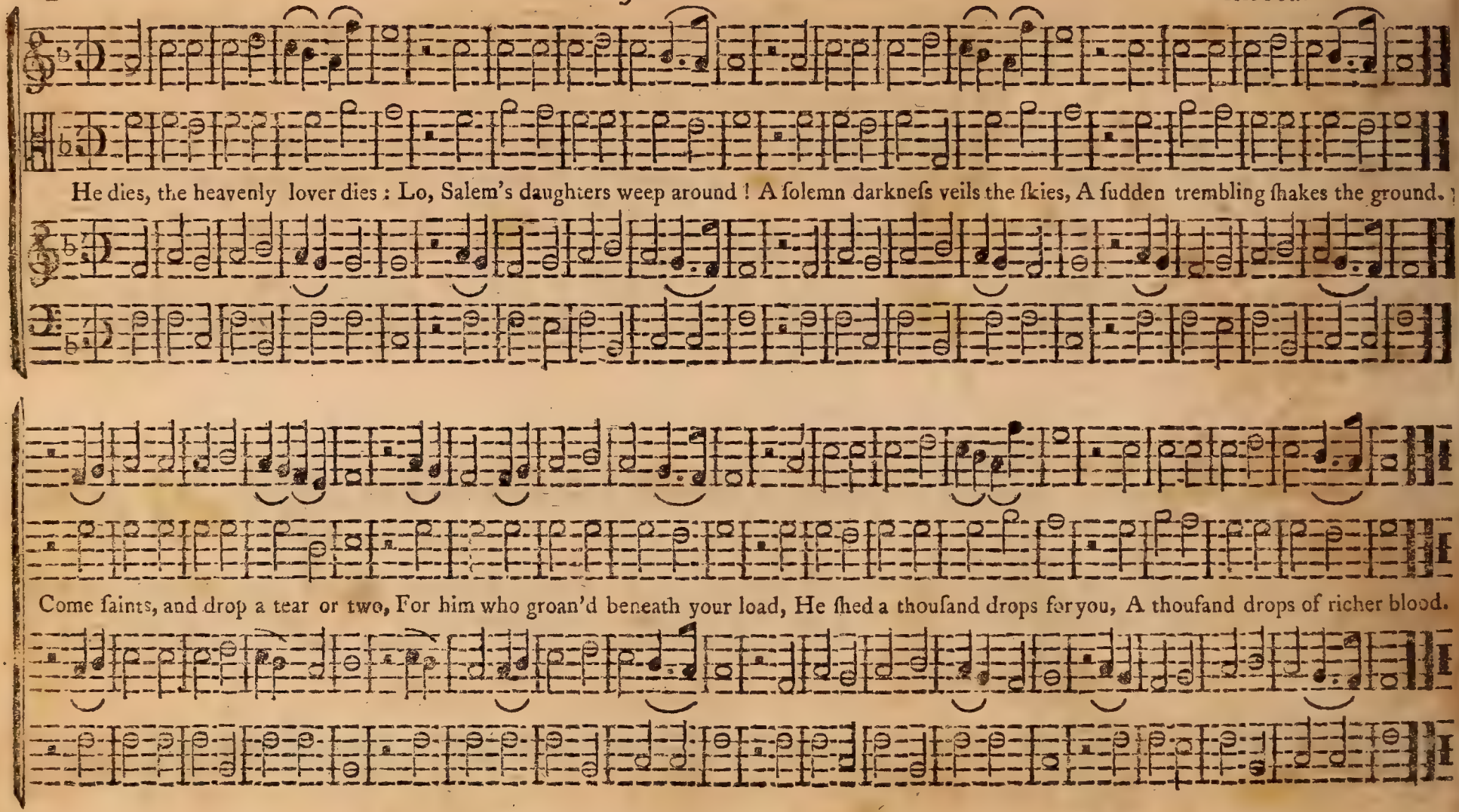
HOLDEN.

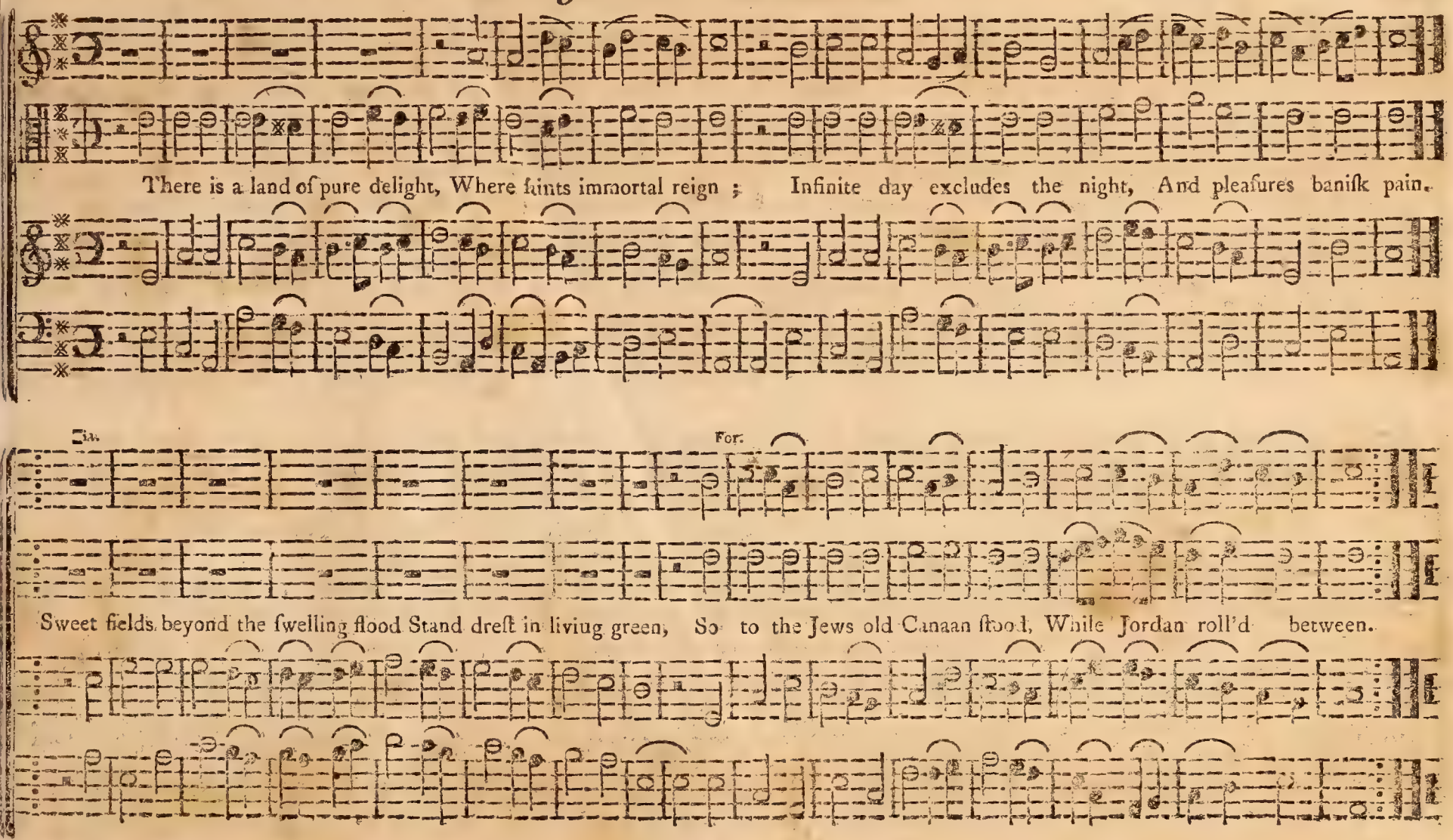



tribute of their praiſe. Begin to make his glories known, Ye ſeraphs that ſit round his throne ; Tune your harps high, and ſpread th
ſound To the creation's utmoſt bound, Tune your harps, &c.

Dreſden. L. M.

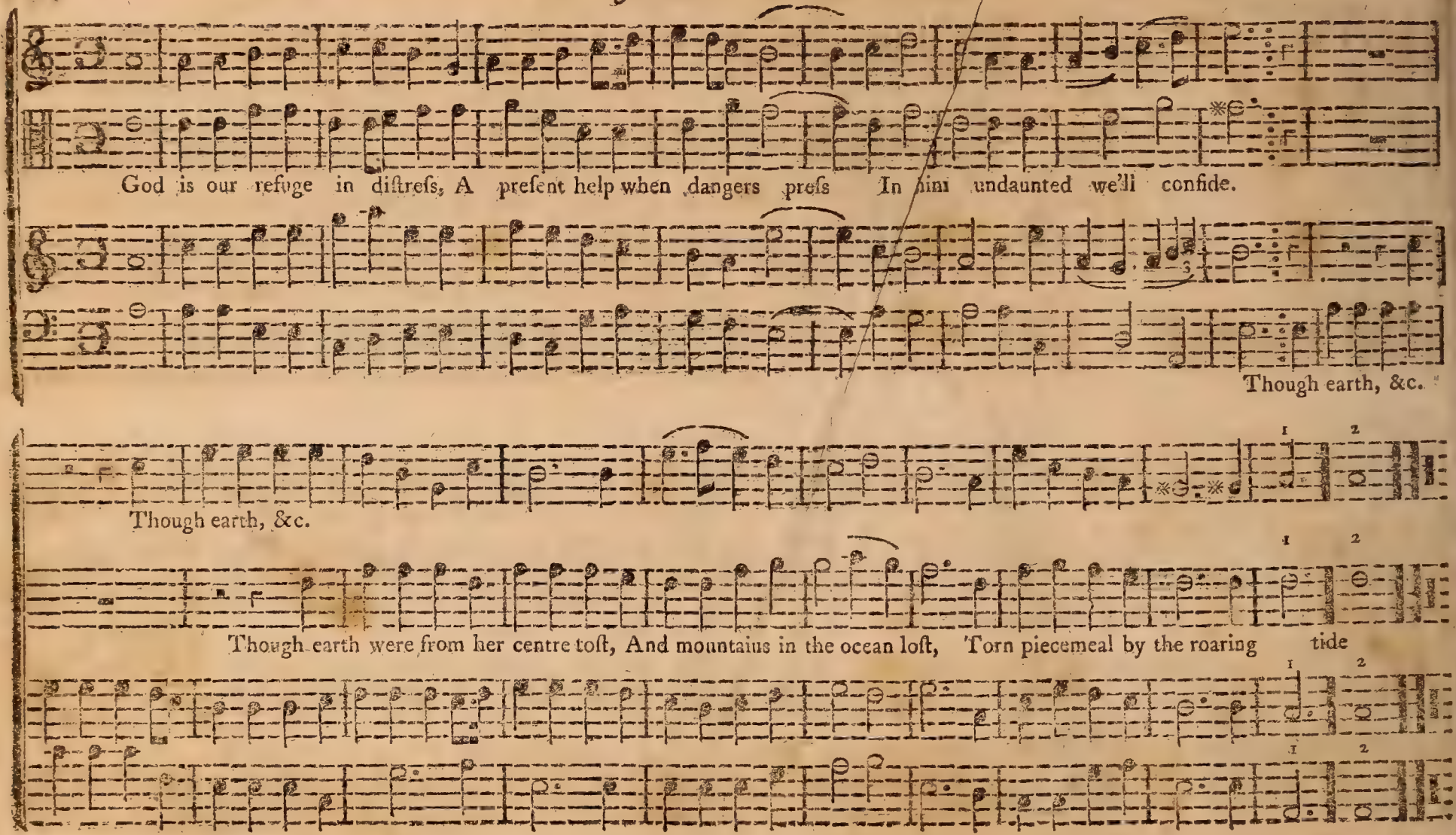
RIPPON.

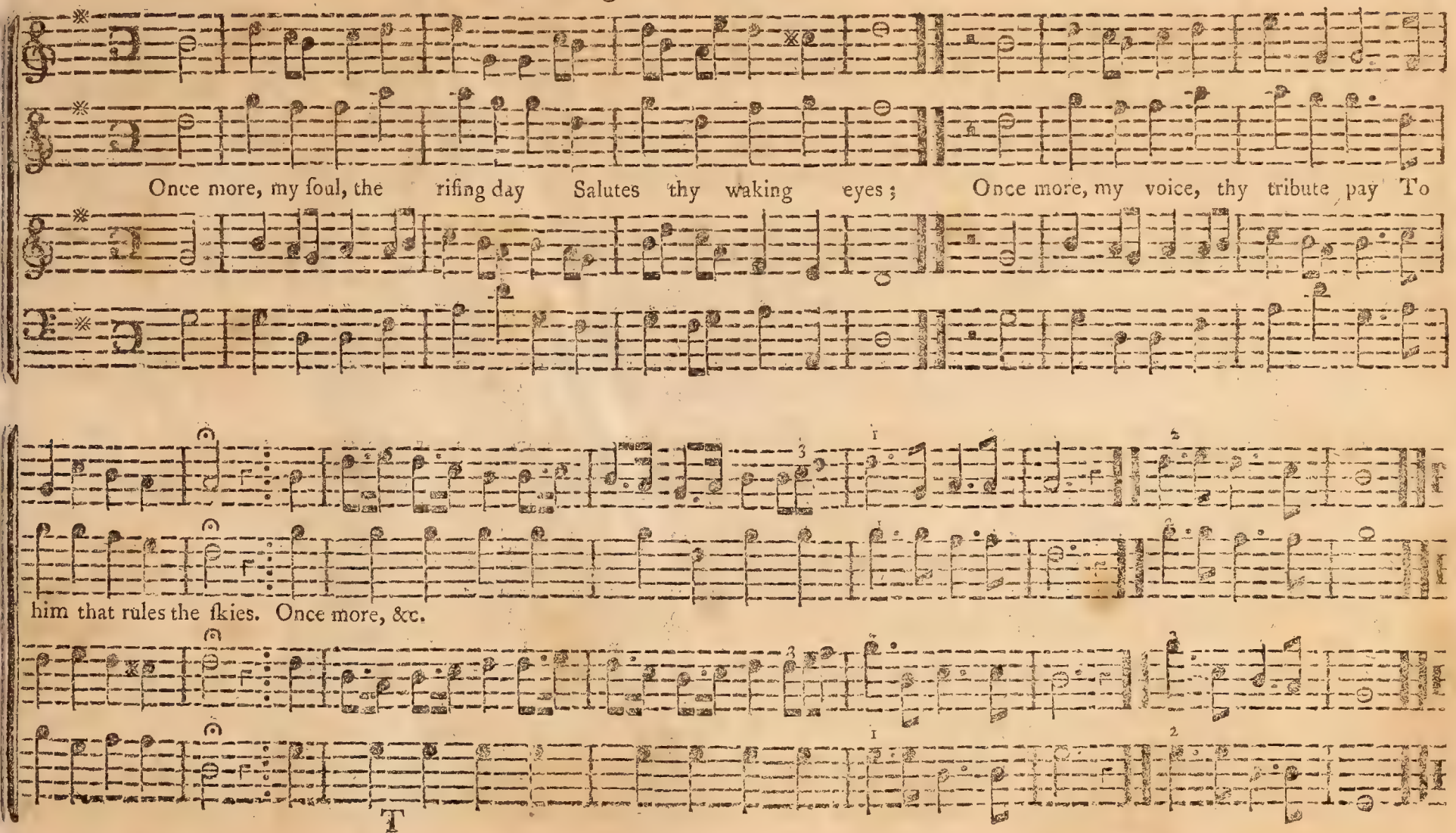



There is a land of pure delight, Where ſaints immortal reign ; Infinite day excludes the night, And pleaſures baniſh pain.
Sweet fields beyond the ſwelling flood Stand dreſt in living green, So to the Jews old Canaan ſtood, While Jordan roll'd between.

Greenfield. P. M.

EDSON.

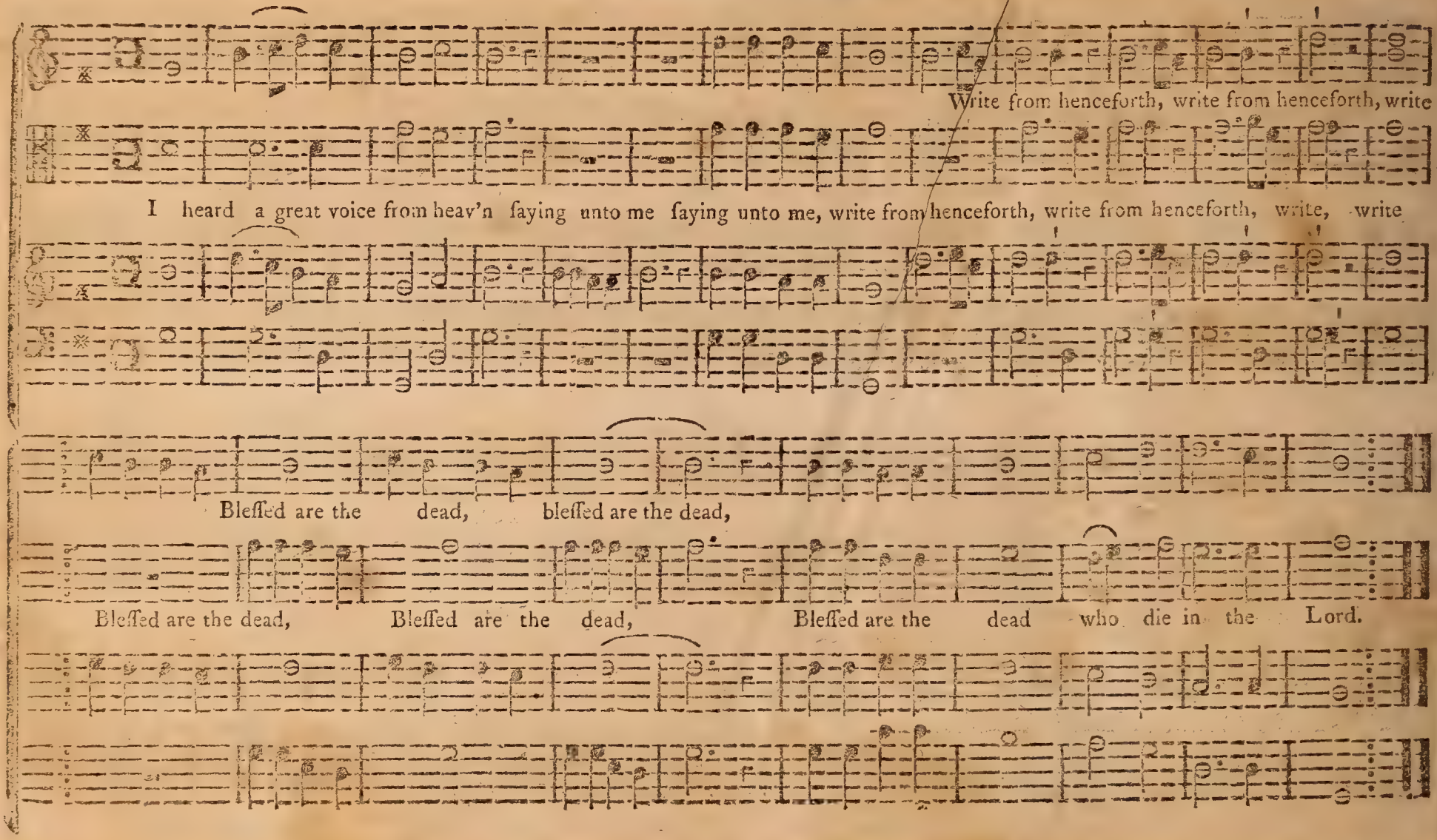


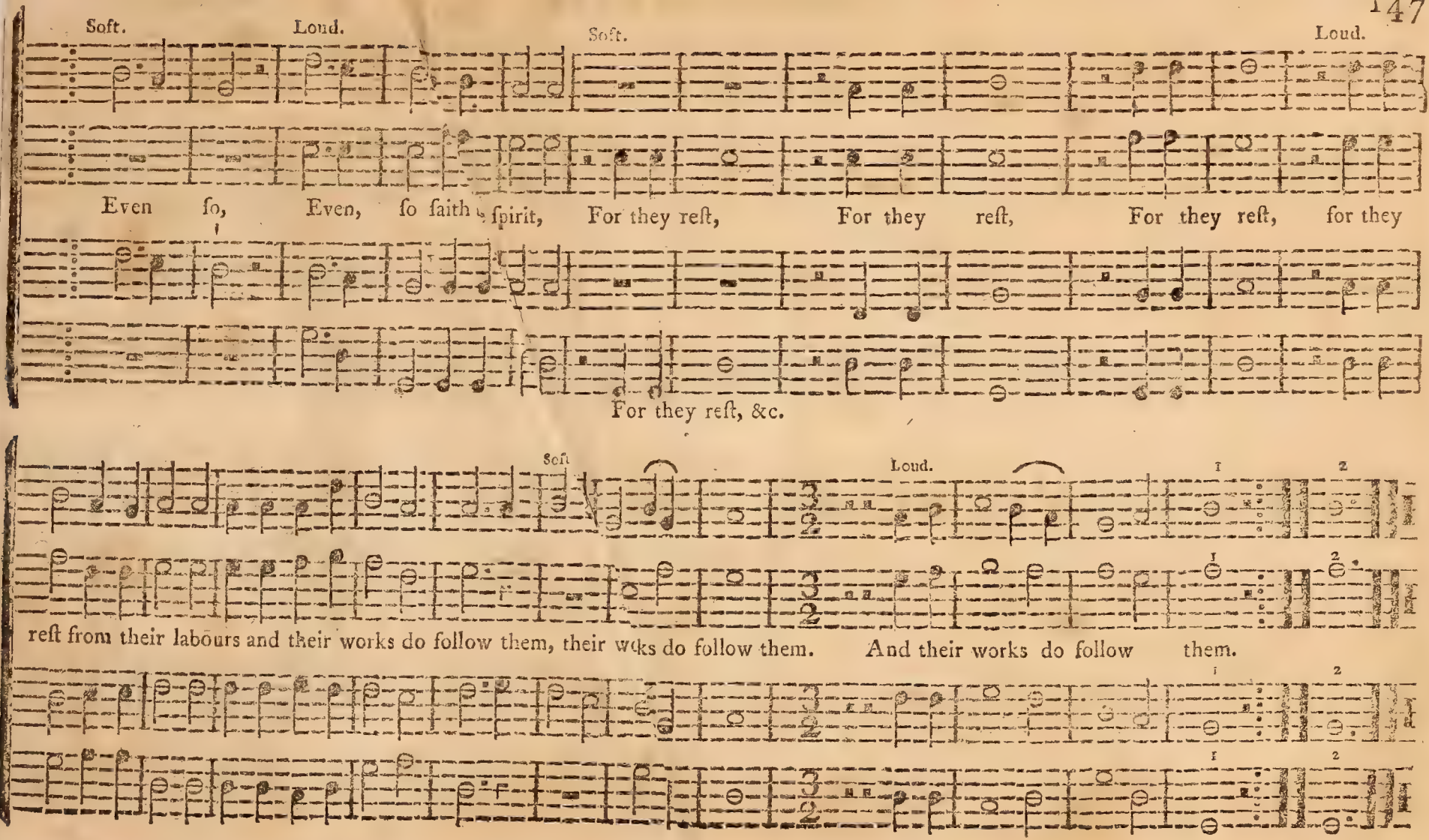

Once more, my ſoul, the rifing day Salutes thy waking eyes; Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay To
him that rules the ſkies. Once more, &c.

T

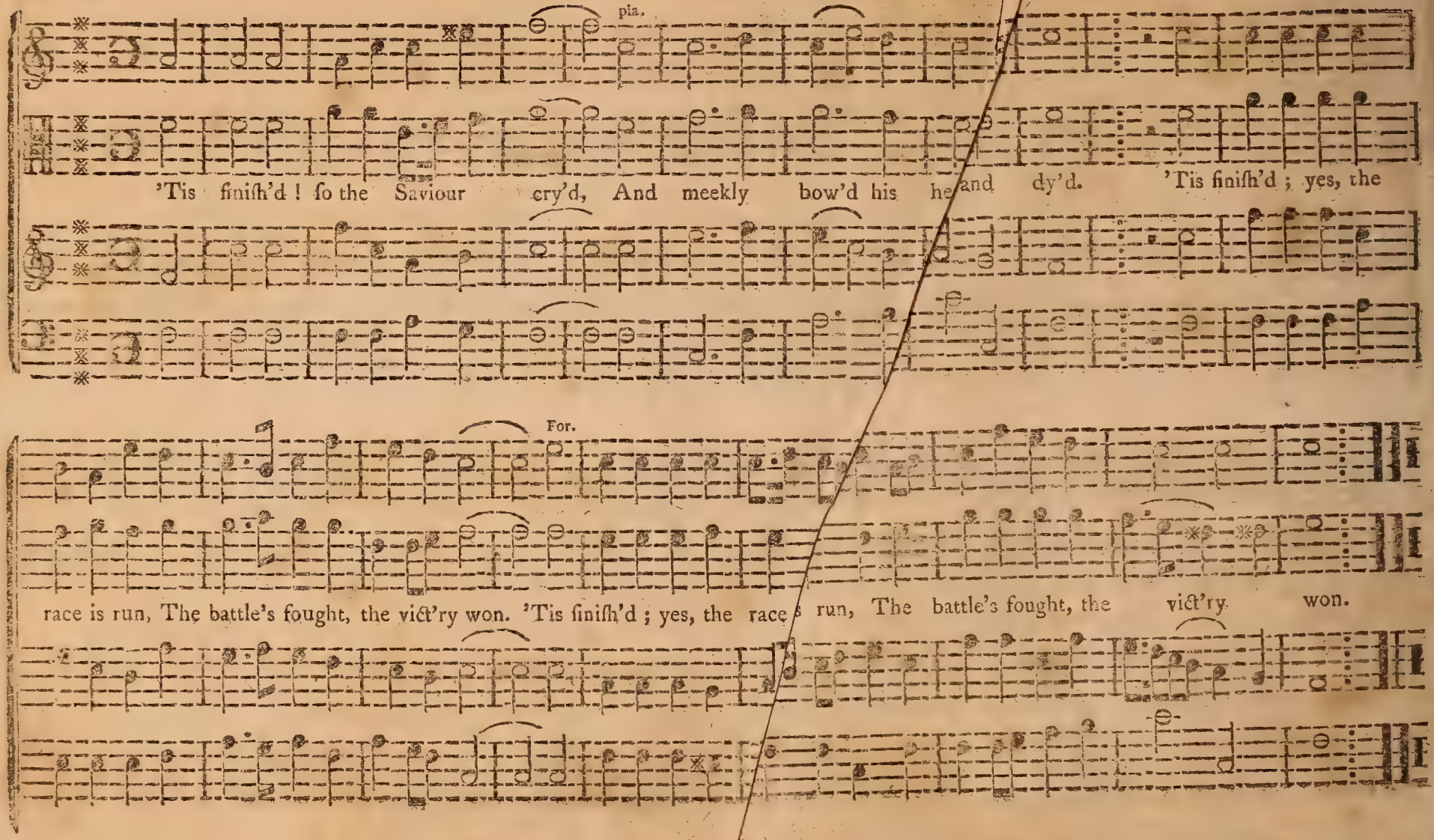
A Funeral Anthem.

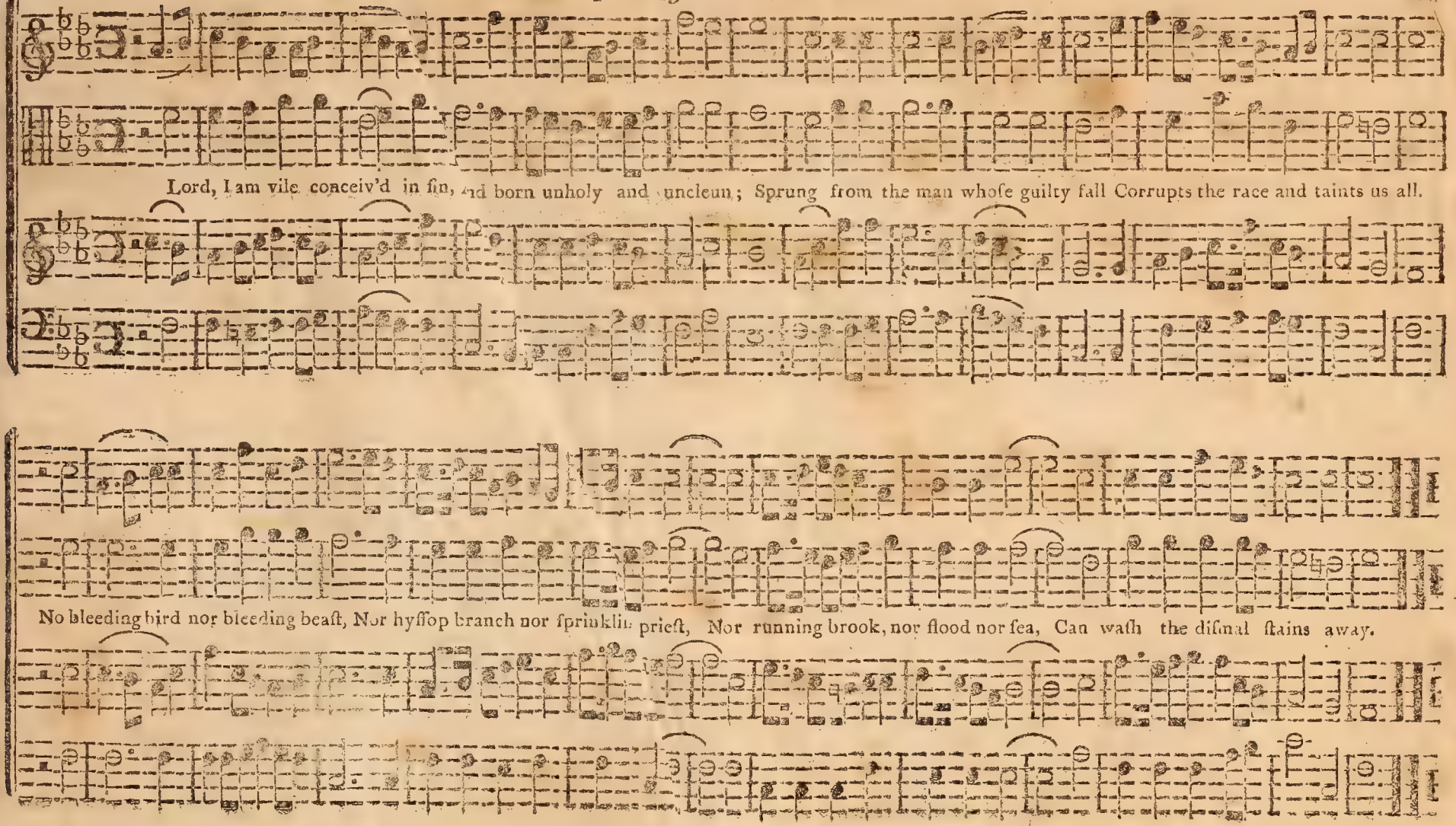
E. Goff.



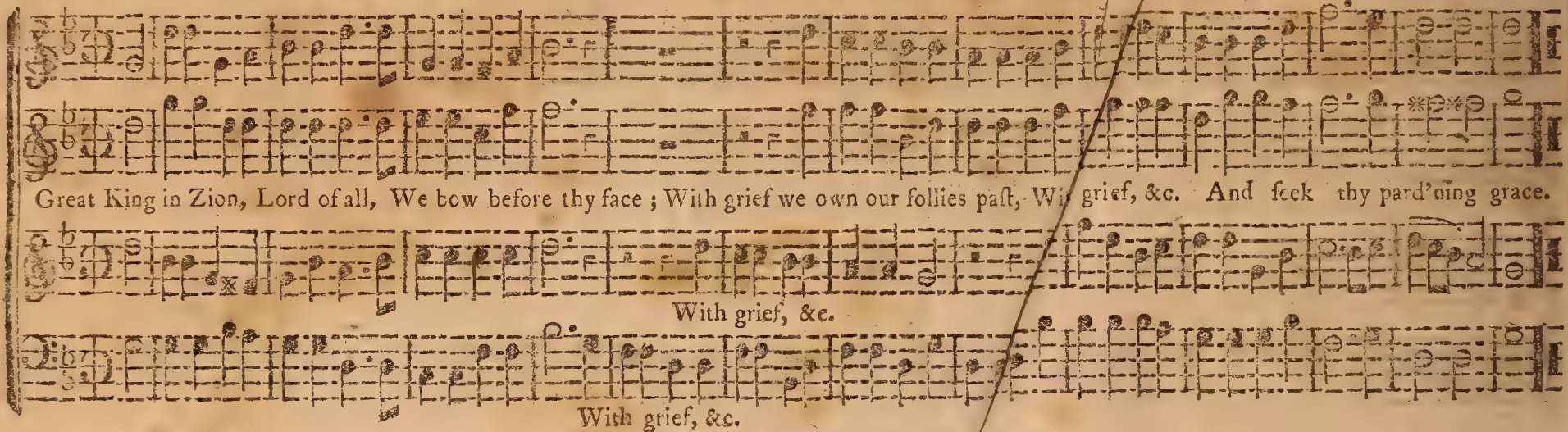

Soft.
Loud.
Soft.
Loud.
Even ſo, Even, ſo faith, ſpirit, For they reſt, For they reſt, For they reſt, for they
For they reſt, &c.
Soft
Loud.
1
2
reſt from their labours and their works do follow them, their works do follow them. And their works do follow them.

Concord L. M.


pia.
'Tis finiſh'd! ſo the Saviour cry'd, And meekly bow'd his head and dy'd. 'Tis finiſh'd; yes, the
For.
race is run, The battle's fought, the vict'ry won. 'Tis finiſh'd; yes, the race is run, The battle's fought, the vict'ry won.


Lord, I am vile conceiv'd in ſin, and born unholy and uncleun; Sprung from the man whoſe guilty fall Corrupts the race and taints us all.
No bleeding bird nor bleeding beaſt, Nor hyſſop branch nor ſprinklin prieſt, Nor running brook, nor flood nor ſea, Can waſh the diſmal ſtains away.

Reſolution. C. M. For Faſt Day. HOLDEN.



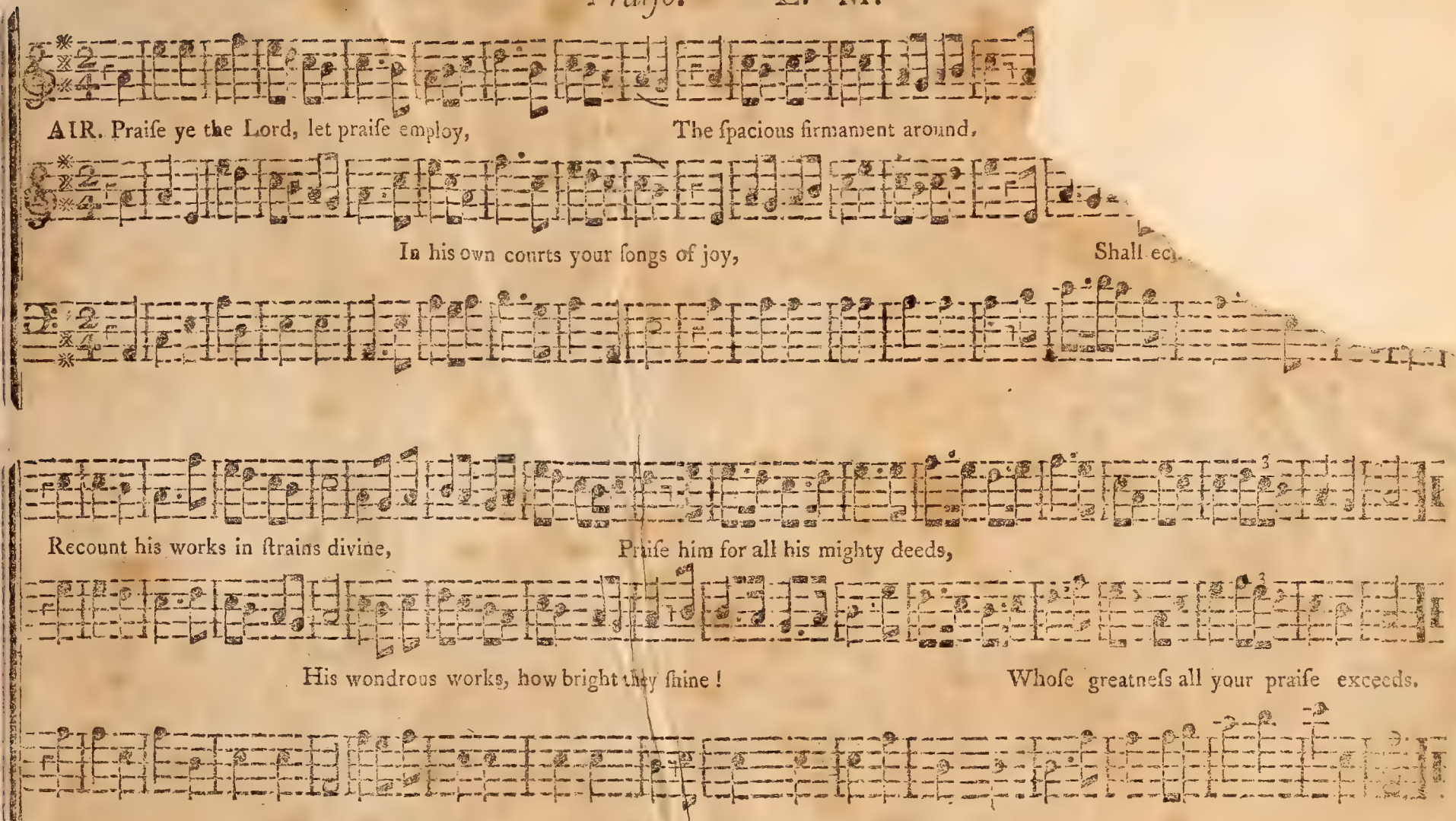
2 While we invoke thine awful name
In this appointed rite,
May love divine inſpire our ſongs,
And fill our ſouls with light.

3 Near to thy ſeat would we approach,
And find acceptance there.
Jeſus, by thy own ſacrifice,
Preſent our ardent prayer.

4 A grateful tribute, Lord, inſpire,
For all thy mercies paſt :
Let goodneſs crown each future day,
While months and years ſhall laſt.

5 Before thy throne, great God, we bring
Our highly favour'd land
Be thou our never failing friend,
And guide us by thine hand.

Praiſe. L. M.


AIR. Praiſe ye the Lord, let praiſe employ, The ſpacious firmament around,
In his own courts your ſongs of joy, Shall ec
Recount his works in ſtrains divine, Praiſe him for all his mighty deeds,
His wondrous works, how bright they ſhine! Whoſe greatneſs all your praiſe exceeds.

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B.P.L. Bindery.
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